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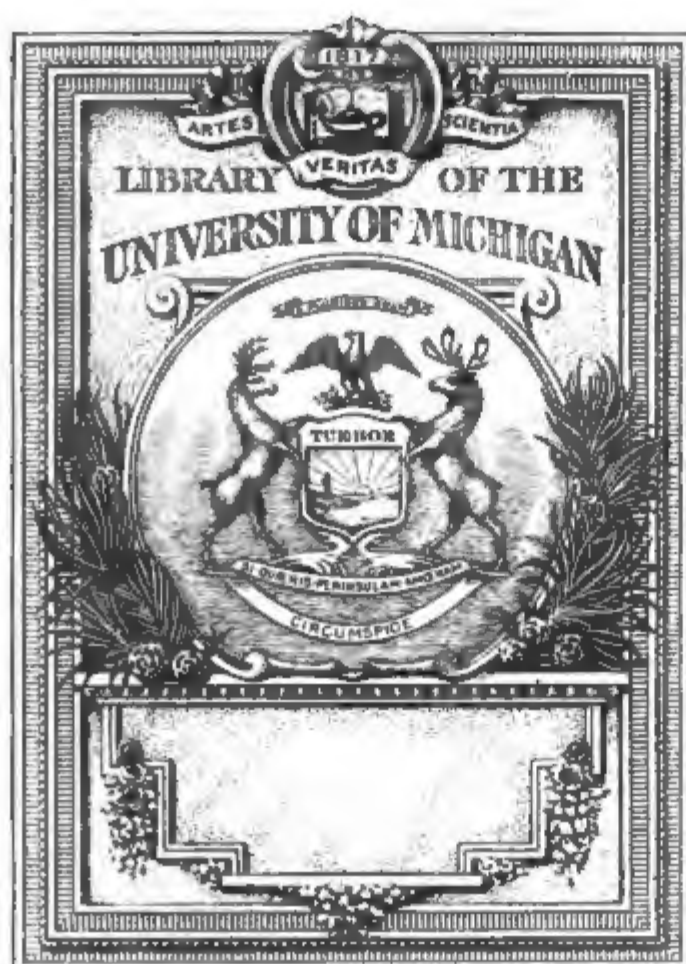
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A New
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS

Relating to

State Affairs.

FROM

OLIVER CROMWEL

To this present Time:

By the Greatest

Wits of the Age:

Wherein, not only those that are Contain'd in
the Three Volumes already Published are
incerted, but also large Additions of chiefest
Note, never before Published.

The whole from their respective Originals,
without Castration.

L O N D O N,

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T H E

P R E F A C E

IN attempting to say something of this Undertaking, I shall neither follow the Modern Way of Prefacing, nor Treat you with a long *Harangue*, in substance as tedious as a *Fanatick Grace*, or a *Mountebank's Oration*, before the Distribution of his *Packet*.

'Tis certain the Original Design of these Collections was Good, and the Reputation of the *Authors*, a better Testimony of their Merits, than any I can produce. At first you had Sound Wholesome Wit for your Money; 'till to enlarge the matter, abundance of *Quack Remedies* were put off with it: And rather than you should want *Buffoonry* to swell it out, you had *Merry Andrew's Packet* into the Bargain: As *Halfpenny Ballads*, *Merry Catches*, and such lean and

A a 2 hungry

The Preface.

hungry Stuff, as *Buckingham, Sidley, &c.* would have Blush'd at.

Therefore to perfect this Volume, we have purged it from all Dross, and to oblige the Town, have Coin'd it at Standard! We have made choice of such things as will stand the Test, and Authority of Wit, and that have more than a bare Inscription to make them pass Current: And certainly no Collection had ever more Advantage than this, especially since we have reduc'd the Price from 18 Shillings to 6: Besides supplying it with several Celebrated *Poems* of the best Wits now in Being.

In Epitomizing History, and other Treatises, the Judicious are often perplex'd, when through the Indiscretion of the *Abstracters*, they are led into a *Labyrinth*, where for want of a due Connexion, to render an Intelligible Idea of the Work, they are left to wander through the solitary *Pages*, without being able to find their way out. Whereas in this Volume, we have made the Way more smooth and delightful to the Reader.

To

The Preface.

To conclude, The whole is an impartial Collection of the best *Poems* of this last *Age*, and to excuse me from saying more, it wants no *Wit* but its own to recommend it to the *World*.

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POEMS

P O E M S

O N

State Affairs,

*A Panegyrick on O. Cromwell, and his Victories.
By E. Waller, Esq.*

WHile with a strong, and yet a gentle Hand,
You bridle Faction, and our Hearts Command;
Protect us from our selves and from the Foe;
Make us unite, and make us Conquer too.
Let partial Spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot Reign;
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their Fellows prey.
Above the Waves as Neptune show'd his Face,
To chide the Winds, and save the Trojan Race:
So has your Highness (rais'd above the rest)
Storms of Ambition tossing us repress.
Your drooping Country, torn with Civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious State:
The Seat of Empire, where the *Irish* come,
And the unwilling *Scot* to fetch their doom.
The Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet,
With bending Sails, each Vessel in our Fleet.
Your Pow'r resounds as far as Wind can blow,
Or swelling Sails upon the Globe may go.

B

Heaven

Heaven that has plac'd this Island to give Law,
 To balance *Europe* and her State to awe ;
 In this Conjunction does on *Britain* smile,
 The greatest Leader to the greatest Isle.
 Whether this Portion of the World were rent
 By the wide Ocean from the Continent ;
 Or thus created, it was sure design'd
 To be the sacred Refuge of Mankind.
 Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
 Justice to crave, and Succour of your Court ;
 And then, your Highness, not for ours alone,
 But for the World's Protector shall be known.
 Fame, swifter than your winged Navy flies
 Through every Land that near the Ocean lies ;
 Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful News
 To all that Piracy and Rapine use :
 With such a Chief the meanest Nation blest,
 Might hope to lift her head above the rest.
 What may be thought impossible to do
 For us, embraced by the Sea and you ?
 Lords of the World's great waste, the Ocean, we
 Whole Forests send to reign upon the Sea :
 And every Coast may trouble and relieve,
 But none can visit us without your leave.
 Angels and we know this Prerogative,
 That none can at our happy Seat arrive,
 While we descend at pleasure to invade
 The bad with Vengeance, or the good to aid ;
 Our little World, the Image of the great,
 Like that amidst the boundless Ocean set,
 Of her own growth has all that Nature craves,
 And all that's Rare, as Tribute from the Waves.
 As *Egypt* does not on the Clouds rely,
 But to the *Nile* owes more than to the Sky :
 So what our Heaven, or what our Earth denies,
 Our ever constant Friend, the Sea, supplies.
 The taste of hot *Arabia's* Spice we know,
 Free from the scorching Sun that makes it grow.
 Without the Worm in *Persian* Silks we shine,
 And without Planting, drink of every Vine.

To dig up Wealth we weary not our Limbs;
Gold, tho' the heaviest Metal, hither swims.
Ours is the Harvest where the *Indians* mow;
We plough the Deep, and reap what others sow;
Things of the noblest kind our own Soil breeds;
Stout are our Men, and Warlike are our Steeds.
Rome, tho' her Eagle through the World had flown,
Could never make this Island all her own.
Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* to
France-conquering *Henry* flourish'd, and now Ye
For whom we staid, as did the *Grecian* State,
Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate.
When for more Worlds that *Macedonian* cry'd,
He wist not *Thetis* in her Lap did hide
Another yet, a World reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.
He safely might old Troops to Battle lead
Against th' unwarlike *Persian*, or the *Mede*,
Whose hasty Flight did form a bloodless Field;
More Spoil than Honour to the Victor yield.
A Race unconquer'd by their Clime made bold,
The *Caledonians* arm'd with want and cold,
Have by a Fate indulgent to your Fame,
Been from all Ages kept for you to tame;
Whom the old *Roman* Wall so ill confin'd,
With a new Chain of Garisons you bind.
Here Foreign Gold no more shall make them come,
Our *English* Iron holds them fast at home.
They that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer Region than their Hills of Snow,
May blame the Sun, but must extol your Grace,
Which in our Senate hath allow'd them place.
Preferr'd by Conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one.
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd Foes free Citizens of *Rome*.
Like favour find the *Irish*, with like Fate
Advanc'd to be a Portion of our State;
While by your Valour, and your courteous Mind,
Nations divided by the Sea, are join'd.

Holland, to gain your Friendship, is content
To be our Out-guard on the Continent.
She from her Fellow-Provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her Foe.
In our late Fight, when Cannons did diffuse,
Preventing Posts, the terror of the News,
Our Neighbour-Provinces tremble at their roar,
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.
Your never-failing Sword made War to cease,
And now you heal us with the Arts of Peace;
Our Minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Unite Affections, and restrain our Rage.
Less pleasures take brave Minds in Battel won,
Than in restoring such as are undone.
Tygers have Courage, and the rugged Bear,
But Man alone can whom he Conquers spare:
To pardon willing, and to punish loth,
You strike with one Hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the Dead again to live.
When Fate or Error had our Age misled,
And o'er these Nations such Confusion spread;
The only Cure which could from Heaven come down,
Was so much Power and Clemency in one;
One whose Extraction's from an Ancient Line,
Gives hopes again that well-born Men may shine:
The meanest in your Nature, mild and good,
The noble rest secured in your Blood.
Oft have we wonder'd how you hid in Peace
A Mind proportion'd to such things as these:
How such a Ruling Spirit could restrain,
And practise first o'er your own self to Reign.
Your private Life did a just Pattern give,
How Fathers, Husbands, pious Sons should live.
Born to Command, your Princely Virtues slept,
Like humble *David*, whilst the Flock he kept.
But when your troubled Country call'd you forth,
Your flaming Courage, and your matchless Worth,
Dazling the Eyes of all that did pretend
To sow Contention, gave a prosperous end;

Still as you rise, the State's exalted too,
Finds no Distemper while it's chang'd by you:
Chang'd like the World's great Scene, when without
The rising Sun Night's vulgar Lights destroys. (noise
Had you some Ages past this Race of Glory
Run, with Amazement we should read your Story.)
But living Virtue all Atchievements past,
Meets Envy still to grapple with at last.
This *Cæsar* found, and that ungrateful Age,
With losing him, fell back to Blood and Rage.
Mistaken *Brutus* thought to break their Yoke,
But cut the Bond of Union with that stroke.
That Sun once set, a thousand meaner Stars
Gave a dim Light to Violence and Wars;
To such a Tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty Arm prevent the fall.
If *Rome's* great Senate could not wield the Sword,
Which of the conquer'd World had made them Lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their Power was new,
To rule victorious Armies, but by you?
You that had taught them to subdue their Foes,
Could Order teach, and all their Hearts compose;
To every Duty could their Minds engage,
Provoke their Courage, and command their Rage.
So when a Lion shakes his dreadful Main,
And angry grows; if he that first took pain,
To tame his Youth, approach the haughty Beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.
As the vex'd World to find repose at last,
It self into *Augustus* Arms did cast:
So *England* now does, with like toil oppress'd,
Her weary Head upon your Bosom rest.
Then let the Muses with such Notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our Peace:
Your Battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the Image of our *Mars* in Fight;
Tell of Towns storm'd, of Armies over-run,
And mighty Kingdoms by your Conduct won:
How, while you thunder'd, Clouds of Dust did choak
Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in Smoak.

Illustrious Arts high Raptures do infuse,
 And every Conqueror creates a Muse.
 Here in low strains your milder Deeds we sing ;
 But there, my Lord, we'll Bays and Olives bring
 To crown your Head, while you in Triumph ride,
 O'er vanquish'd Nations, and the Sea beside :
 While all your Neighbour Princes unto You,
 Like *Joseph's* Sheaves, pay Reverence and Bow.

*Stanza's on the late Usurper Oliver Cromwell:
 Written after his Funeral, by Mr. Dryden.*

I.

AND now 'tis time ; for their officious haste,
 Who would before have born him to the Sky,
 Like eager *Romans*, e'er all Rites were past,
 Did let too soon the sacred Eagle fly.

II.

Tho' our best Notes are Treason to his Fame,
 Join'd with the loud Applause of publick Voice ;
 Since Heaven, what praise we offer to his Name,
 Hath render'd too authentick by its choice.

III.

Tho' in his praise no Arts can liberal be,
 Since they whose Muses have the highest flown,
 Add not to his Immortal Memory,
 But do an act of Friendship to their own.

IV.

Yet 'tis our Duty, and our Interest too,
 Such Monuments as we can build to raise,
 Lest all the World prevent what we should do,
 And claim a Title in him by their praise.

V.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
 To draw a Fame so truly Circular ?
 For in a round, what order can be shew'd,
 Where all the Parts so equal perfect are ?

His

VI.

His Grandeur he deriv'd from Heaven alone,
For he was great e're Fortune made him so ;
And Wars like Mists that rise against the Sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn, ,
But to our Crown he did fresh Jewels bring ;
Nor was his Vertue poyson'd soon as born,
With the too early Thoughts of being King.

VIII.

Fortune (that easy Mistress to the young,
But to her ancient Servants coy and hard)
Him at that Age her Favourites rank'd among,
When she her best lov'd *Pompey* did discard.

IX.

He private, mark'd the Faults of others fway,
And set as Sea-marks for himself to shun ;
Not like rash Monarchs, who their Youth betray,
By Acts their Age too late would wish undone.

X.

And yet Dominion was not his Design,
We owe that Blessing not to him, but Heaven,
Which to fair Acts unfought Rewards did join ;
Rewards that less to him than us were given.

XI.

Our former Chiefs like Sticklers of the War,
First fought t'inflame the Parties, then to poise ;
The Quarrel lov'd, but did the Cause abhor,
And did not strike to hurt, but made a noise.

XII.

War, our Consumption, was their gainful Trade ;
He inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our Pain ;
He fought to hinder fighting, and assay'd
To stanch the Blood by Breathing of the Vein.

XIII.

Swift and resistless through the Land he past,
Like that bold *Greek*, who did the *East* subdue ;
And made to Battles such Heroick hast,
As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought secure of Fortune as of Fame,
 Still by new Maps the Island might be shewn,
 Of Conquests which he strew'd where-e'er he came,
 Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars is sown.

XV.

His Palms, tho' under weights they did not stand,
 Still thriv'd, no Winter could his Laurels fade :
 Heaven in its Portraict shew'd a Workman's hand,
 And drew it Perfect, yet without a shade.

XVI.

Peace was the price of all its toil and care,
 Which War had banish'd, and did now restore ;
Bologna's Walls thus mounted in the Air,
 To seat themselves more surely than before.

XVII.

Her safety rescu'd *Ireland* to him owes,
 And treacherous *Scotland* to no int'rest true,
 Yet bless'd that Fate which did his Arms dispose
 Her Land to civilize, as to subdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like those Stars which only shine,
 When to pale Mariners they Storms portend ;
 He had his calmer Influence, and his Mein
 Did Love and Majesty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true his Countenance did imprint an awe ;
 And naturally all Souls to his did bow,
 As Wands of Divination downward draw,
 And point to Beds where Sov'raign Gold doth grow.

XX.

When past all offerings to *Pheretrian Jove*,
 He *Mars* depos'd, and Arms to Gowns made yield ;
 Successful Councils did him soon approve,
 As fit for close Intrigues as open Field.

XXI.

To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsaf'd a Peace,
 Our once bold Rival of the *British* Main,
 Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
 And buy our Friendship with her Idol, Gain.

XXII.

Fame of the asserted Sea through *Europe* blown,
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love;
Each knew that side must Conquer he would own;
And for him fiercely, as for Empire strove.

XXIII.

No sooner was the *Frenchman's* Cause embrac'd,
Than the light *Monsieur* the grave Don outweigh'd :
His Fortune turn'd the Scale where it was cast,
Tho' *Indian* Mines were in the other laid.

XXIV.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his Right;
For tho' that some mean Artists Skill were shewn
In mingling Colours, or in placing Light;
Yet still the fair Designment was his own.

XXV.

For from all Tempers he could Service draw;
The worth of each with its Allay he knew;
And, as the Confident of Nature, saw
How she Complexions did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their single Virtues did survey,
By intuition in his own large Breast,
Where all the rich Ideas of them lay,
That were the Rule and Measure to the rest.

XXVII.

When such Heroick Vertue Heaven set out,
The Stars, like Commons, sullenly obey;
Because it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a Tax they seldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high Spring our Foreign Conquests flow,
Which yet more glorious Triumphs do portend;
Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,
If Streams as high as Fountains may ascend.

XXIX.

He made us Free-men of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before;
To Nobler Preys the *English* Lyon sent,
And taught him first in *Belgian* Walks to roar.

That

We know, blest'd Spirit, that thy mighty Name
 Wants no addition of anothers Beam ;
 It's for our Pens too high, and full of Theme :
 The Muses are made great by thee, not thou by them.
 Thy Fame's eternal Lamp will live,
 And in thy sacred Urn survive,
 Without the food of Oyl, which we can give
 'Tis true ; but yet our Duty calls our Songs ;
 Duty commands our Tongues :
 Tho' thou want not our Praises, we
 Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee ;
 For so Men from Religion are not freed,
 But from the Altars Clouds must rise,
 Tho' Heaven it self doth nothing need,
 And tho' the Gods don't want an earthly Sacrifice.

III.

Great Life of Wonders, whose each Year
 Full of new Miracles did appear !
 Whose every Month might be
 Alone a Chronicle, or a History !
 Others great Actions are
 But thinly scatter'd here and there ;
 At best, but all one single Star ;
 But thine the Milky-way,
 All one continued Light, of undistinguish'd Day ;
 They throng'd so close, that nought else could be seen,
 Scarce any common Sky did come between :
 What shall I say, or where begin ?
 Thou may'st in double Shapes be shown,
 Or in thy Arms, or in thy Gown ;
 Like *Jove* sometimes with Warlike Thunder, and
 Sometimes with peaceful Scepter in thy Hand ;
 Or in the Field, or on the Throne.
 In what thy Head, or what thy Arm hath done,
 All that thou didst was so refin'd,
 So full of substance, and so strongly join'd,
 So pure, so weighty Gold,
 That the least Grain of it,
 If fully spread and beat,
 Would many Leaves and mighty Volumes hold.

Before

IV.

Before thy Name was publish'd, and whilst yet
Thou only to thy self wer't great,
Whilst yet thy happy Bud
Was not quite seen, or understood,
It then sure signs of future Greatness shew'd :
Then thy Domestick worth
Did tell the World what it would be,
When it should fit occasion see,
When a full Spring should call it forth :
As Bodies in the Dark and Night,
Have the same Colours, the same red and white,
As in the open Day and Light,
The Sun doth only shew,
That they are bright, not make them so.
So whilst but private Walls did know
What we to such a mighty Mind should owe,
Then the same Virtues did appear,
Tho' in a less and more contracted Sphere :
As full, tho' not, as large, as since they were :
And like great Rivers, Fountains, tho'
At first so deep thou didst not go :
Tho' then thine was not so enlarg'd a Flood ;
Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear, as good.

V.

'Tis true thou wast not born unto a Crown,
Thy Scepter's not thy Father's, but thy own ;
Thy Purple was not made at once in hast,
But after many other Colours past,
It took the deepest Princely Dye at last.
Thou didst begin with lesser Cares,
And private Thoughts took up thy private Years :
Those Hands, which were ordain'd by Fates
To change the World, and alter States,
Practis'd at first that vast Design
On meaner things with equal Mind.
That Soul which should so many Scepters sway,
And whom so many Kingdoms should obey,
Learn'd first to rule in a domestick way :
So Government it self began

From

From Family, and single Man;
 Was by the small relation first,
 Of Husband and of Father nurs'd,
 And from those less beginnings past,
 To spread it self o'er all the World at last.

VI.

But when thy Country (then almost enthrall'd)
 Thy Virtue, and thy Courage call'd;
 When *England* did thy Arms intreat,
 It had been Sin in thee not to be Great.
 When every Stream, and every Flood,
 Was a true Vein of Earth, and run with Blood;
 When unus'd Arms, and unknown War
 Fill'd every Place, and every Ear;
 When the great Storms and dismal Night
 Did all the Land affright;
 'Twas time for thee to bring forth all our Light.
 Thou left'st thy more delightful Peace,
 Thy private Life, and better ease;
 Then down thy Steel and Armour took,
 Wishing that it still hung upon the Hook:
 When Death had got a large Commission out,
 Throwing her Arrows, and her Sting about;
 Then thou (as once the healing Serpent rose)
 Wast lifted up, not for thy self, but us.

VII.

Thy Country wounded was, and sick before
 Thy Wars and Arms did her restore:
 Thou knew'st where the Disease did lie,
 And like the Cure of Sympathy,
 Thy strong and certain Remedy
 Unto the Weapon didst apply;
 Thou didst not draw the Sword, and so
 Away the Scabbard throw,
 As if thy Country shou'd
 Be the Inheritance of *Mars* and Blood:
 But that when the great Work was spun,
 War in it self should be undone;
 That Peace might land again upon the Shore,
 Richer and better than before.

The Husbandmen no Steel shall know,
None but the useful Iron of the Plow.
That Bays might creep on every Spear;
And tho' our Sky was overspread
With a destructive Red;

'Twas but till thou our Sun didst in full Light appear:
VIII.

When *Ajax* dy'd, the purple Blood,
That from his gaping Wound had flow'd,
Turn'd into Letter, every Leaf
Had on it wrote his Epitaph:
So from that Crimson Flood,
Which thou by Fate of times wert led,
Unwillingly to shed,
Letters, and Learning rose, and renewed:
Thou fought'st not out of Envy, Hope, or Hate,
But to refine the Church and State;
And like the *Romans*, whate'er thou
In the Field of *Mars* didst mow,
Was, that a Holy Island hence might grow.
Thy Wars, as Rivers raised by a Shower,
With welcome Clouds do pour:
Tho' they at first may seem
To carry all away with an enraged Stream;
Yet did not happen, that they might destroy,
Or the better parts annoy:
But all the Filth and Mud to scour,
And leave behind another Slime,
To give a birth to a more happy Power.

IX.

In Fields unconquer'd, and so well
Thou didst in Battles and in Arms excel;
That steelly Arms themselves might be
Worn out in War as soon as thee.
Success so close upon thy Troops did wait,
As if thou first hadst conquer'd Fate;
As if uncertain Victory
Had been first overcome by thee;
As if her Wings were clipt, and could not flee,
Whilst thou didst only serve,

Before

Before thou hadst what first thou didst deserve.
 Others by thee did great things do,
 Triumphd'st thy self, and mad'st them triumph too ;
 Tho' they above thee did appear,
 As yet in a more large and higher Sphere:
 Thou the great Sun, gav'st Light to every Star ;
 Thy self an Army wert alone,
 And mighty Troops contain'd in one.
 Thy only Sword did guard the Land,
 Like that, which flaming in the Angel's Hand,
 From Men God's Garden did defend :
 But yet thy Sword did more, than his,
 Not only guarded, but did make this Land a Paradise:

X.

Thou fought'st not to be High or Great,
 Nor for a Scepter or a Crown,
 Or Ermin, Purple, or the Throne ;
 But as the Vestal Heat,
 Thy Fire was kindled from above alone.
 Religion putting on thy Shield,
 Brought thee Victorious to the Field.
 Thy Arms like those, which Ancient Heroes wore,
 Were giv'n thee by the God thou didst adore ;
 And all the Swords thy Armies had,
 Were on an Heavenly Anvil made.
 Not Int'rest, or any weak desire
 Of Rule or Empire, did thy Mind inspire.
 Thy Valour like the Holy Fire,
 Which did before the *Persian* Armies go,
 Liv'd in the Camp, and yet was sacred too.
 Thy mighty Sword anticipates,
 What was reserv'd by Heaven, and those blest Seats,
 And makes the Church triumphant here below:

XI.

Tho' Fortune did hang on thy Sword,
 And did obey thy mighty Word ;
 Tho' Fortune for thy side and thee,
 Forgot her lov'd Inconstancy ;
 Amidst thy Arms and Trophies thou
 Wert valiant and gentle too ;

Wounded'st

Wounded'st thy self, when thou didst kill thy Foe ;
 Like Steel, when it much work has past,
 That which was rough does shine at last,
 Thy Arms by being oftner us'd did smother grow.
 Nor did thy Battles make thee Proud, or High ;
 Thy Conquest rais'd the State, not Thee :
 Thou overcam'st thy self in every Victory.
 As when the Sun in a directer Line,
 Upon a polish'd Golden Shield doth shine,
 The Shield reflects unto the Sun again his Light :
 So when the Heavens smil'd on thee in Fight ;
 When thy propitious God had lent
 Success, and Victory to thy Tent,
 To Heav'n again the Victory was sent.

XII.

England till thou didst come,
 Confin'd her Valour home ;
 Then our own Rocks did stand
 Bounds to our Fame, as well, as Land,
 And were to us as well,
 As to our Enemies unpassable :
 We were astonish'd at what we read,
 And blush'd at what our Fathers did,
 Because we came so far behind the Dead.
 The *British* Lion hung his Main, and droop'd ;
 To Slavery and Burden stoop'd,
 With a degenerate Sleep and Fear,
 Lay in his Den, and languish'd there.
 At whose least Voice before,
 A trembling Eccho ran through every Shore,
 And shook the World at every Roar :
 Thou his subdu'd Courage didst restore,
 Sharpen his Claws and his Eyes,
 Mad'st the same dreadful Lightning rise ;
 Mad'st him again affright the neighbouring Floods,
 His mighty Thunder sounds through all the Woods.
 Thou hast our Military Fame redeem'd,
 Which was lost, or clouded seem'd :
 Nay, more, Heaven did by thee bestow
 On us, at once an Iron Age, and happy too.

XIII.

Till thou command'st that Azure Chain of Waves,
Which Nature round about us sent,
Made us to every Pirate Slaves,
Was rather Burden than an Ornament.
Those Fields of Sea that wash'd our shores,
Were plow'd, and reap'd by other Hands than ours :
To us, the liquid Mass,
Which doth about us run,
As 'tis to the Sun,
Only a Bed to sleep on was :
And not as now a powerful Throne,
To shake and sway the World thereon.
Our Princes in their Hand a Globe did shew,
But not a perfect one,
Compos'd of Earth and Water too.
But thy Commands the Floods obey'd,
Thou all the Wilderness of Water sway'd ;
Thou didst not only wed the Sea,
Nor make her equal, but a Slave to thee.
Neptune himself did bear thy Yoke,
Stoop'd, and trembled at thy Stroke :
He that ruled all the Main,
Acknowled'd thee his Sovereign :
And now the conquer'd Sea doth pay
More Tribute to thy *Thames*, than that unto the Sea

XIV.

Till now our Valour did our selves more hurt ;
Our Wounds to other Nations were a sport ;
And as the Earth, our Land produc'd
Iron and Steel, which should to tear our selves be us'd :
Our strength within it self did break,
Like thundring Cannons creak,
And kill'd those, that were near,
While the Enemies secure and untouch'd were.
But now our Trumpets thou hast made to Sound
Against our Enemies Walls in foreign Ground ;
And yet no Eccho back to us returning found.
England is now the happy peaceful Ile,
And all the World the while

Is exercising Arms and Wars
 With Foreign, or intestine Jars.
 The Torch extinguish'd here, we lend to others Oyl,
 We give to all, yet know our selves no fear;
 We reach the Flame of Ruin and of Death,
 Where-e'er we please, our Swords to antheath,
 Whilst we in calm and temperate Regions breath:
 Like to the Sun, whose heat is hurl'd
 Through every Corner of the World;
 Whose Flame through all the Air doth go,
 And yet the Sun himself the while no Fire does know.

XV.

Besides, the Glories of thy Peace
 Are not in number, nor in value less.
 Thy Hand did cure, and close the Scars
 Of our bloody Civil Wars;
 Not only lanch'd but heal'd the Wound,
 Made us again as healthy and as sound.
 When now the Ship was well nigh lost,
 After the Storm upon the Coast,
 By its Mariners endanger'd most,
 When they their Ropes and Helm had left;
 When the Planks asunder cleft,
 And Floods came roaring in with mighty sound,
 Thou a safe Land and Harbour for us found,
 And sav'd'st those that would themselves have drown'd:
 A work which none but Heaven and Thee could do,
 Thou mad'st us happy whether we would or no:
 Thy Judgment, Mercy, Temperance so great,
 As if those Vertues only in thy Mind had seat:
 Thy Piety not only in the Field, but Peace,
 When Heaven seem'd to be wanted least,
 Thy Temples not like Janus only were,
 Open in time of War,
 When thou hadst greater cause of fear:
 Religion and the awe of Heaven possess
 All places and all times alike thy Breast.

XVI.

Nor didst thou only for thy Age provide,
 But for the Years to come beside;

Our after-times, and late Posterity,
 Shall pay unto thy Fame, as much, as we;
 They two are made by thee.
 When Fate did call thee to a higher Throne,
 And when thy mortal Work was done:
 When Heaven did lay it, and thou must be gone,
 Thou him to bear thy burden chose,
 Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loss;
 Nor hadst thou him design'd,
 Had he not been
 Not only to thy Blood, but Virtue kin,
 Not only Heir unto thy Throne, but Mind:
 'Tis he shall perfect all thy Cures,
 And with a fine Thread weave out thy Loom:
 So one did bring the chosen People from
 Their Slavery and Fears,
 Led them through their pathless Road,
 Guided himself by God.
 He brought them to the Borders; but a second hand
 Did settle and secure them in the promis'd Land.

Upon the late Storm, and Death of the Protector Oliver Cromwell, ensuing the same. By Mr. Waller.

WE must resign; Heav'n his great Soul doth claim
 In Storms, as loud, as his Immortal Fame.
 His dying Groans, his last Breath shakes our Isle,
 And Trees uncut fall for his Funeral Pile.
 About his Palace their broad Roots are tost
 Into the Air: So *Romulus* was lost.
 New *Rome* in such a Tempest mist their King,
 And from obeying fell to worshipping.
 On *Oeta's* Top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
 With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread;
 The Poplar too, whose Bough he us'd to wear
 On his Victorious Head, lay prostrate there.
 Those his last Fury from the Mountain rent,
 Our dying Hero, from the Continent,

RavMh'd

Ravish'd whole Towns, and Forts from *Spaniards* rest,
 As his last Legacy to *Britain* left.
 The Ocean which so long our hopes confin'd,
 Could give no Limits to his vaster Mind,
 Our Bounds enlargement was his latest Toil,
 Nor hath he left us Prisoners to our Isle:
 Under the Tropick is our Language spoke,
 And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our Yoke.
 From Civil Broils he did us disengage;
 Found nobler Objects for our Martial Rage;
 And with wise Conduct to his Country shew'd
 Their ancient way of Conquering abroad.
 Ungrateful then, if we no Tears allow
 To him that gave us Peace and Empire too:
 Princes that fear'd him, griev'd, concern'd to see
 No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free.
 Nature her self took notice of his Death,
 And sighing swell'd the Sea with such a Breath,
 That to remotest Shores her Billows rowl'd,
 Th' approaching Fate of her great Ruler told.

Directions to a Painter concerning the Dutch War:
 in 1667.

By Sir John Denham.

NAY, Painter, if thou dar'st design that Fight,
 Which *Waller* only Courage had to write;
 If thy bold Hands can without shaking draw,
 What ev'n th' Actors trembl'd at when they saw,
 Enough to make thy Colours change like theirs,
 And all thy Pencils bristle like their Hairs.

First in fit distance of the curling Main,
 Paint *Allen* tilting at the Coast of *Spain*;
 Heroick Act! and never heard till now!
 Stemming of *Hercles* Pillars with the Prow!
 And how he left his Ship the Hills to waft,
 And with new Sea-marks *Cales* and *Dover* graft.

Next let the flaming *London* come in view,
 Like *Nero's Rome*, burnt to re-build it new;

What lesser Sacrifice, than this, was meet,
 To offer for the safety of the Fleet?
 Blow one Ship up, another thence will grow.
 See what free Cities and wise Courts can do.
 So some old Merchant to insure his Name,
 Marries afresh, and Countiers share the Dame.
 So whatsoe'er is broke, the Servants pay't,
 And Glasses are more durable than Plate.
 No May'r till now, so rich a Pageant feign'd,
 Nor one Barge all the Companies contain'd.

Then Painter draw *Cerulean Coventry*,
 Keeper, or rather Chancellor o'th' Sea;
 And more exactly to express his hue,
 Use nothing but *Ultra-Marinish Blue*.
 To pay his Fees, the Silver Trumpet spends;
 And Boat-swain's Whistle for his Place depends;
 Pilots in vain repeat their Compa's o'er,
 Until of him they learn that one Point more.
 The constant Magnet to the Pole doth hold,
 Steel to the Magnet, *Coventry* to Gold.
Muscovy sells us Pitch, and Hemp, and Tar:
 Iron and Copper, *Sweden*; *Munster*, War;
Ashly, Prize; *Warwick*, Custom; *Cart'ret*, Pay;
 But *Coventry* doth sell the Fleet away.

Now let our Navy stretch its Canvas Wings,
 Swoln like his Purse, with Tackling like his Strings,
 By slow degrees of the increasing Gale,
 First under Sail, and after under Sale.
 Then in kind visit unto *Opdam's* Gout,
 Hedge the *Dutch* in, only to let them out.
 So Huntsmen fair unto the Hares give Law,
 First find them, and then civilly withdraw.
 That the blind Archer when they take the Seas,
 The *Hamborough* Convoy may betray with ease.
 So that the Fish may more securely bite,
 The Angler baits the River over Night.

But Painter, now prepare, t'inrich thy Piece,
 Pencil of Ermins, Oyl of *Ambergreece*:
 See where the *Dutchess*, with triumphant trail
 Of numerous Coaches, *Harwich* doth assail!

So the Land-Crabs, at Nature's kindly call,
 Down to the Sea there to ingender crawl.
 See then the Admiral with the Navy whole,
 To *Harwich* through the Ocean carry Coal.
 So Swallows, bred in the Sea, at Spring
 Return to Land, with Summer in their Wing.
 One thaisy Ferry-boat of Mother-pearl,
 Suffic'd of old the Cyprian Girl;
 Yet Navies are but Foppetries when here,
 A small Sea-mask, and built to court your Dear:
 Three Goddesses in one; *Pallas* for Art,
Venus for Sport, but *Jove* in your Heart.
 O Dutchess! if thy Nuptial Pomp was meant,
 'Tis paid with Interest in thy Naval Scene.
 Never did *Roman Mars* within the Nile,
 So feast the fair *Egyptian Crocodile*;
 Nor the *Roman Duke* with such a State
 The *Adriatick* marry at that rate.

Now Painter, spare thy weaker Art; forbear
 To draw her parting Passions and each Tear:
 For Love, alas! hath but a short delight;
 The Sea, the Dutch, the King, all call'd to fight.
 She therefore the Duke's Person recommends
 To *Brinker*, *Pen* and *Coventry*, her Friends:
 To *Pen* much, *Brinker* more, most *Coventry*;
 For they she knew were all more 'fraid, than he.
 Of flying Fishes one had sav'd the fin,
 And hop'd by this he through the Air might spin.
 The other thought he might avoid the Knell,
 By the invention of the Diving Bell.
 The third had try'd it, and affirm'd a Cable
 Coild round about him was impenetrable,
 But these the Duke rejected, only chose
 To keep far off; let others interpose.
Rupert that knew no fear, but Health did want,
 Kept State suspended in a Chair volant.
 All save his Head shut in that wooden Case,
 He shew'd but like a broken Weatherglass;
 But arm'd with the whole *Lyon Cap-a-Chin*,
 Did represent the *Hercules* within.

Dear shall the *Dutch* his twinging anguish know;
 And see what Valour whet with Pain can do.
 Curst in the mean time be that treach'rous *Yankee*,
 That through his Princely Temples drove the Nail.
Rupert resolv'd to fight it like a Lyon;
 And *Sandwich* hop'd to fight it like *Ariën*;
 He to prolong his Life in the Dispute,
 And charm the *Holland Pirates*, tun'd his Lute,
 Till some judicious *Dolphin* might approach,
 And land him safe and sound as any Roach.

Now Painter, reassume thy Pencils care,
 Thou hast but Skirmisht yet, now Fight prepare;
 And draw that Battle terrible to show,
 As the last Judgment was of *Angelo*.

First let our Navy scowr through Silver Proth;
 The Ocean's burdens, and the Kingdoms Bosh;
 Whose very bulk may represent its birth,
 From *Hide* and *Paston*, burdens of the Earth;
Hide whose transcendent Panch so swells of late,
 That he the Rupture seems of Law and State;
Paston, whose Belly bears more Millions
 Than *Indian Carracks*, and contains more Tuns.
 Let Shoals of Porpoises on every side
 Wonder in swimming by our Oaks out-vy'd;
 And the Sea-fowl all gaze, t' behold a thing
 So vast, more swift and strong than they of Wing.
 But yet presaging *George* they keep in sight,
 And follow for the Relicks of a Fight.
 Then let the *Dutch* with well dissembled Fear,
 Or bold Despair, more than we wish draw near:
 At which our Gallants, to the Sea but tender,
 And more to Fight their easy Stomachs render;
 With Breasts so panting, that at every Stroke
 You might have felt their Hearts beat through the
 While one concerned in the interval. (Oak:
 Of straining Choler, thus did vent his Gall.

Noah be damn'd! and all his Race accurst,
 Who in Sea-brine did pickle Timber first!
 What tho' he planted Vines, be Pines cut down,
 He taught us how to Drink, and how to Drown.

He first built Ships, and in his Wooden Wall,
 Saving but Eight, e'er since endanger'd all.
 And thou Dutch Necromantick Fryer, be damn'd,
 And in thine own first Mortar-piece be tam'd!
 Who first invented Cannon in thy Cell,
 Nitre from Earth, and Brimstone fetcht from Hell.
 But damn'd, and treble damn'd in Clarendine,
 Our Severn's Edward, with all his House and Line!
 Who to divert the danger of the War,
 With Bristol, bounds us on the Hollander:
 Fool-coated Gown-man! sells to fight with Hant,
 Dunkirk; dismantling Scotland, quarrels France;
 And hopes he now hath business shap'd, and Power
 T' out-last our Lives or his; and scape the Tower;
 And that he yet may see, e'er he go down,
 His dear *Charinda* circled in a Crown.

By this time both the Fleets in reach dispute,
 And each the other mortally salute:
 Draw pensive Neptune biting of his Thumb,
 To think himself a Slave whoe'er o'ercomes.
 The frighted Nymphs retreating to their Rocks,
 Beating their blue Breasts, tearing their green Locks.
 Paint *Ecco* slain, only th' alternate sound
 From the repeating Cannon doth rebound.
Opdam Sails placed on his Naval Throne,
 Assuming Courage greater than his own;
 Makes to the Duke, and threatens him from far,
 To nail him to his Boards like a Petar;
 But in the vain attempt took Fire too soon,
 And flies up in his Ship to catch the Moon.
 Monsieurs like Rockets mount aloft, and crack
 In thousand Sparks, then dancingly fall back.
 Yet e'er this happen'd, destiny allow'd
 Him his Revenge, to make his Death more proud.
 A fatal Bullet from his side did range,
 And batter'd *Lawson*: Oh too dear Exchange!
 He led our Fleet that day too short a space,
 But lost his Knee, since dy'd in glorious Race.
Lawson! whose Valour beyond Fate did go,
 And still fights *Opdam* in the Lake below.

The Duke himself, tho' *Pax* did not forget,
 Yet was not out of danger's Random set.
Falmouth was there, I know not what to act;
 Some say 'twas to grow Duke too by contact.
 An untaught Bullet in its wanton Scope,
 Dashes him all to pieces, and his Hope.
 Such was his rise, such was his fall, unprais'd;
 A Chance-shot sooner took him, than Chance rais'd.
 His shatter'd Head the fearless Duke distains,
 And gave the last first proof, that he had Brains.
Bartlet had heard it soon, and thought not good
 To venture more of Royal *Harding's* Blood:
 To be Immortal he was not of Age,
 And did e'en now the *Indian Prize* preface;
 And judg'd it safe and decent, cost what cost,
 To lose the Day, *since his dear Brother's* lost.
 With his whole Squadron straight away he bore,
 And like good Boy, promis'd to fight no more.
 The *Dutch Armes* careless at us sail'd;
 And promis'd to do what *Opdam* fail'd:
Smith to the Duke doth intercept her way,
 And cleaves t' her closer than a *Remora*:
 The Captain wonder'd, and withal disdain'd;
 So strongly by a thing so small, detain'd;
 And in a raging bravery to him runs,
 They stab their Ships with one another's Guns.
 They fight so near, it seems to be on Ground,
 And e'en the *Bullets* meeting, *Bullets* wound.
 The Noise, the Smoak, the Fire, the Sweat, the Blood,
 Is not to be exprest, nor understood.
 Each Captain from his Quarter-deck commands,
 They wave their bright Swords glittering in their
 All Luxury of War, all Man can do, (hands:
 In a *Sea-fight*, did pass between them two.
 But one must Conquer whosoever Fight;
Smith takes the Giant, and is made a Knight:
Marlborough that knew, and durst do more, than all,
 Fell, undistinguisht by an Iron-ball.
 Dear Lord! but born under a Star ingrate!
 No Soul more clear, and no more gloomy Fate!

Whe

Who wou'd set up War's Trade, that means to thrive?
 Death picks the Valiant out, Cowards survive.
 What the Brave merit, th' Impudent do want;
 And none's rewarded but the Sycophant.
 Hence all his Life he against Fortune fenc'd,
 Or not well known, or not well recompenc'd.
 But envy not this praise to his Memory,
 None more prepar'd was, or less fit to dye.
 Rupert did others, and himself excel:
 Holmes, Tydimus, Minus; bravely Sanfon fell.
 What others did, let none omitted, blame,
 I shall record, who'er brings in his Name.
 But unless after-stories disagree,
 Nine only came to fight, the rest to see.
 Now all conspire unto the Dutchmens loss;
 The Wind, the Fire, we, they themselves do cross.
 When a sweet Sleep began the Duke to drown,
 And with soft Diadems his Temples crown:
 And first he orders all the rest to Watch,
 And 'They the Fox, whilst He a Nap doth catch:
 But lo, Brunker by a secret instinct,
 Slept on, nor needed; he all day had winkt.
 The Duke in Bed, he then first draws his Steel,
 Whose virtue makes the mistied Compass wheel.
 So e'er He wak'd, both Fleets were innocent:
 And Brunker Member is of Parliament.

And now, dear Painter, after pains, like those,
 'Twere time that I and thou too do repose.
 But all our Navy scap'd for sound of Limb,
 That a short space serv'd to refresh and trim;
 And a tame Fleet of theirs doth Convoy want,
 Laden with both the Indies and Levant:
 Paint but this one Scene more, the World's our own,
 And Halcyon Sandwich doth Command alone.
 To Bergen we with confidence make haste,
 And secret Spoils by Hope already taste;
 Tho' Clifford in the Character appear
 Of Supra-Cargo to our Fleet, and there
 Wearing a Signet ready to clap on,
 And seize all for his Master Arlington.

Ruyter, whose little Squadron skim'd the Seas,
 And wasted our remotest Colonies,
 With Ships all foul, return'd upon our way;
Sandwich would not disperse, nor yet delay;
 And therefore like Commander grave and wise,
 To scape his Sight and Fight, shut both his Eyes;
 And for more State and Sureness, *Cutten* true
 The left Eye closeth, the right *Mountague*;
 And even *Clifford* proffer'd in his Zeal,
 To make all safe, t' apply to both his Seal.

Ulysses so, till *Syrens* he had past,
 Would by his Mates be pinion'd to the Mast:
 Now can our Navy view the wished Port,
 But there (to see the Fortune!) was a Fort:
Sandwich would not be beaten, nor yet beat;
Fools only fight, the Prudent use to treat.
 His Cousin *Mountague* by Court-disaster,
 Dwindled into the Wooden Horse's Master:
 To speak of Peace seem'd amongst all most proper;
 Had *Talbot* then treated of nought but Copper.
 Or what are Forts, when void of Ammunition?
 With Friends or Foes what would we more condition?
 Yet we three days, till the *Dutch* furnish'd all,
 Men, Powder, Money, Cannon——treat with Wall!
 Then *Tydimas* finding the *Danes* would not,
 Sent in six Captains bravely to be shot.
 And *Mountague*, tho' dress'd like any Bride,
 And aboard him too, yet was reach'd and dy'd:
 Sad was the Chance, and yet a deeper Care
 Wrinkled his Membranes under Forehead fair.
 The *Dutch Armado* yet had th' Impudence
 To put to Sea, to waft their Merchants thence;
 For as if all their Ships, of *Walnut* were,
 The more we beat them, still the more they bear:
 But a good Pilot, and a favouring Wind,
 Brings *Sandwich* back, and once again did blind.

Now gentle *Painter*, e'er we leap on Shore,
 With the last Strokes ruffle a Tempest o'er;
 As if in our Reproach, the Wind and Seas
 Would undertake the *Dutch*, while we take ease.

The Seas, the Spoils within our Hatches throw,
 The Winds both Fleets into our Mouths do blow.
 Strew all their Ships along the Shore by ours,
 As easily to be gather'd up as Flow'rs:
 But *Sandwich* fears for Merchants to mistake
 A Man of War, and among Flow'rs a Snake.
 Tho' *Indian* Ships pregnant with Eastern Pearl,
 And Diamonds, late th' Officers and Earl:
 Then warning off our Fleet, he it divides
 Into the Ports, and so to *Oxford* rides.
 Mean while the *Dutch* uniting to our Shames,
 Ride all insalting o'er the *Downs* and *Thames*!

Now treating *Sandwich* seems the fittest choice
 For *Spain*, there to condole, and to rejoice.
 He meets the *French*; but to avoid all harm;
 Ships to the *Grey*: *Embassies* bears no Arms:
 There let him languish a long Quarantain,
 And ne'er to *England* come till he be clean.
 Thus having fought, we know not why as yet;
 We've done we know not what, nor what we get:
 If to espouse the Ocean all this pains,
 Princes unite, and do forbid the Bains.
 If to discharge Phanaticks, this makes more;
 For all Phanaticks, are when they are poor:
 Or of the House of Commons to repay,
 Their Prize-Commissions are transferr'd away:
 But if for triumphant Checkstones, and shell
 For *Dutchess* Closet, it succeeded well.
 If to make Parliaments, as odious Pass,
 Or to reserve a standing Force, alas!
 Or if, as just, *ORANGE* to re-instate,
 Instead of that, he is regenerate:
 And with four Millions vainly giv'n as spent,
 And with five Millions more of detriment,
 Our Sums amount yet only to have won
 A Bastard *Orange* for Pimp *Ar——ton*.

Now may Historians argue *con* and *pro*:
Denham says thus; tho' always *Waller* so:
 And he, good Man, in his long Sheet and Staff,
 This Penance did for *Cromwell's* Epitaph.

And

And his next Theme must be o'th' Duke's Mistress;
Advice to draw Madam P Edificatress.

Henceforth, O Gemini! two Dukes command,
Castor and Pollux, Auricular and Comberland.
Since in one Ship, it had been fit they'd went
In Petty's Double-Keel'd Experiment.

To the KING. By Sir John Denham.

I Mperial Prince! King of the Seas and Isles!
Dear Object of our Joy, and Heaven's smiles!
What boots it that thy Light doth gild our Days,
That we lie basking in thy milder Rays,
While Swarms of Insects, from thy warmth began,
Our Land devour, and intercept our Sun?
Thou, like Jove's Minos, rul'd a greater Creet;
And for its hundred Cities, count'st thy Fleet.
Why wilt thou that State-Dædalus allow,
Who builds thee but, a Labyrinth, and a Cow?
If thou art Minos, be a Judge severe,
In his own Maze confine the Engineer.
O may our Sun, since he too high presumeth,
Melt the soft Wax wherewith he imps his Phoenix!
And may he falling leave his bated Name
Unto those Seas his War hath set on Flame!
From that Enchanter having clear'd thine Eyes,
Thy native Sight will pierce within the Skies,
And view those Kingdoms calm with Joy and Light,
Where's Universal Triumph, but no Fight.
Since both from Heaven thy Race and Power descend,
Rule by its Pattern there to re-ascend.
Let Justice only awe, and Battel cease;
Kings are but Cards in War; they're Gods in Peace.

Directions to a Painter. By Sir John Denham.

S *Andwich* in *Spain* now, and the Duke in Love;
 Let's with new Generals, a new Painter prove.
Lilly's a Dutchman, danger's in his Art,
 His Pencils may Intelligence impart.
 Thou *Gibson*, that among thy Navy small
 Of Muscle-shells, commandest Admiral;
 Thy self so slender, that thou shew'st no more
 Than Barnacle new hatch'd of them before:
 Come mix thy Water-Colours, and express
 Drawing in little what we yet do loss.

First, paint me *George* and *Rupert* ratling far
 Both in one Box, like the two Dice of War;
 And let the Terror of their linked Name
 Fly thro' the Air, like Chain-shot, tearing Fame:
 Jove in one Cloud did scarcely ever wrap
 Lightning so fierce, but never such a Clap.
 United Generals sure are th' only Spell,
 Wherewith *United Provinces* to quell.
 Alas, e'en they, tho' shell'd in treble Oak,
 Will prove an addle Egg with double Yolk.
 And therefore next uncouple either Hound,
 And loo them at two Hares e'er one be found.
Rupert and *Beaufort*, halloo; ah, there *Rupert*
 Like the Phantastick hunting of *St. Hubert*;
 When he with airy Hounds, and Horn of Air,
 Pursues by *Fountainbleau* the witchy Hare.
 Deep providence of State! that could so soon
 Fight *Beaufort* here e'er he had quit *Thoulon*.

So have I seen, e'er Human Quarrels rise,
 Forboding Meteors combat in the Skies.
 But let the Prince to fight with Rumour go,
 The General meets a more substantial Foe:
Ruyter he spies, and full of youthful Heat,
 Tho' half their number, thinks the odds too great.
 The Fowler watching for his watry spot,
 And more the Fowl, hopes for the better Shot.

Tho'

Tho' such a Limb was from his Navy torn,
 He found no weakness yet, like *Sampson* shorn;
 But swoln with Sense of former Glory won,
 Thought *Monk* must be by *Albemarle* out-done:
 Little he knew with the same Arm and Sword,
 How far the Gentleman out cuts the Lord.
Ruyter, inferior unto none for Art,
 Superior now in Number and in Heart;
 Ask'd if he thought; as once our Rebel Nation,
 To conquer theirs too with a Declaration?
 And threatens, tho' he now so proudly Sail,
 He shall tread back his *Iter Boreale*:
 This said, he the short period, e'er it ends,
 With Iron-words from Brazen-mouth extends:
Monk yet prevents him e'er the Natives meet,
 And charges in himself alone a Fleet;
 And with so quick and frequent Motion wound
 His murdering sides about, the Ship seem'd round;
 And the Exchanges of his Circling Tire,
 Like whirling Hoops, shew'd of triumphant Fire.
 Single he doth at their whole Navy aim,
 And shoots them though a Porcupine of Flame,
 In Noise so regular his Cannons met,
 You'd think that Thunder was to musick set:
 Ah! had the rest but kept a Time as true,
 What Age could such a Martial Consort shew!
 The listning Air unto the distant Shore,
 Through secret Pipes convey the tuned Roar:
 Till as the Eccho's vanishing, abate,
 Men feel a dead Sound like the Pulse of State.
 If Fate expire, let *Monk* her place supply,
 His Guns determine who shall live or die.
 But *Victory* doth always hate a Rant;
Valour's her *Brave*, but *Skill* is her *Gallant*:
Ruyter no less with virtuous Envy burns,
 And Prodigies for Miracles returns.
 Yet he observ'd how still his Iron-Balls
 Recoil'd in vain against our Oaken Walls;
 How the hard Pellets fall away as dead,
 By our enchanted Timber fillipp'd.

Leave then, said he, th' invulnerable Keel,
 We'll find they're feeble, like *Achilles* Heel.
 He quickly taught, pours in continual Clouds
 Of chain'd Dilemma's through our sinew'd Shrowds.
 Forests of Masts fall with their rude embrace,
 Our stiff Sails masht, and netted into Lace;
 Till our whole Navy lay their wanton Mark,
 Nor any Ship could sail but as the Ark,
 Shot in the Wing, so at the Powder's call,
 The disappointed Bird doth fluttering fall.
 Yet *Monk* disabl'd still such Courage shews,
 That none into his mortal Gripe dare close:
 So an old Bustard, maim'd, yet loth to yield,
 Duels the Fowler in *New-Market* Field.
 But since he found it was in vain to Fight,
 Heimps his Plumes the best he can for Flight:
 This, Painter, were a noble Task to tell,
 What indignation his great Breast did swell.

*Nor virtuous Man unworthily abus'd,
 Not constant Lover without cause refus'd,
 Not honest Merchant broke, nor skilful Player
 Hift off the Stage, nor Sinner in despair;
 Not Parents mockt, nor Favourites disgrac'd,
 Not Rump by Monk, or Oliver displac'd;
 Not Kings depos'd, nor Prelates e'er they die,
 Feel half the Rage as Gen'als when they fly.*

Ah, rather than transmit the Tale to Fame,
 Draw Curtains, gentle Artist, o'er the shame.
 Cashier the Memory of *Dutell*, rais'd up
 To taste instead of Death, his Highness Cup;
 And if the thing were true, yet paint it not,
 How *Bartlet*, as he long deserv'd, was shot.
 Tho' others, that survey'd the Corps so clear,
 Said he was only petrifi'd with fear.
 If so, th' hard Statue mummifi'd without Gum,
 Might the *Dutch* Balm have spar'd, and *English* Tomb.
 Yet if thou wilt paint *M I N N S* turn'd all to Soul,
 And the great *H A R M A N* almost chark'd to Coal;

And *JORDAN* old worthy thy Pencil's pain,
 Who all the while held up the Ducal Train:
 But in a duskie Cloud hide *Askew*, when
 He quit the Prince t'embark in *Lovestein*;
 And wounded Ships, which we immortal Boast,
 Now first led Captive to an Hostile Coast.
 But most with story of his Hand and Thumb,
 Conceal (as Honour would) his Grace's Bum,
 When the large Bullet a large Collop tore
 Out of that Buttock, never turn'd before.
 Fortune (it seems) would give him by that lash,
 Gentle Correction for his Fight so rash.
 But should the Rump perceiv't, they'd say that *Mars*
 Had now reveng'd them upon *Aumarle's* Arse.
 The long Disaster better o'er to vail,
 Paint only *Jonas* three Days in the Whale:
 For no less time did conqu'ring *Ruyter* chew
 Our flying Gen'ral in his Spongy Jaw.
 Then draw the youthful *Perseus* all in haste,
 From a Sea-Beast to free the Virgin chaste;
 But neither riding *Pegasus* for speed,
 Nor with the *Gorgon* shielding at his need;
 So *Rupert* the Sea-Dragon did invade,
 But to save *George*, himself, and not the Maid.
 And tho' arriving late, he quickly mist
 Ev'n Sails to fly, unable to resist.
 Not *Greenland* Seamen that survive the fright
 Of the cold Chaos, and half Eternal Night,
 So gladly the returning Sun adore,
 Or run to spy the next Year's Fleet from Shore,
 Hoping yet once within the Oily side
 Of the fat Whale, again their Spears to hide,
 As our glad Fleet with universal Shout
 Salute the Prince, and with the second bout.
 Nor Winds, long Prisoners in Earth's hollow Vane,
 The fallow Seas so eagerly assaile,
 As fiery *Rupert* with revengeful Joy,
 Doth on the *Dutch* his hungry Courage cloy;
 But soon unrigg'd, lay like an usefess Board;
 (As wounded in the Wrist men drop their Sword)
 When

When a propitious Cloud between us stept,
 And in our Aid did *Ruyter* intercept.
 Old *Homer* yet did never introduce,
 To save his *Heroes*, Mists of better use.
 Worship the Sun, who dwell where he doth rise;
 This Mist doth more deserve our Sacrifice.

Now joyful Fiers, and the exalted Bell,
 And Court-Gazettes our empty Triumphs tell.
 Alas, the time draws near, when overturn'd,
 Thy lying Bells shall thro' their Tongues be burn'd.
 Paper shall want to print that Lie of State,
 And our *false Fires true Fires* shall expiate.

Stay, Painter, here a while, and I will stay;
 Nor vex the future Times with my survey.
 Seest not the *Monky Dutchess* all undrest?
 Paint thou but her, and she'll paint all the rest.
 This sad Tale found her in her outward Room,
 Nailing up Hangings not of *Persian Loom*:
 Like chaste *Penelope* that ne'er did Rome,
 But made all fine against her *GEORGE* came home.
 Upon a Ladder, in her Coats much shorter,
 She stood with Groom and Coachman for Supporter;
 And careless what they saw, or what they thought,
 With *Honi Pense* full honestly she wrought.
 One Tenter drove, to lose no time or place,
 At once the Ladder they remove, and Grace.
 Whilst thus they her translate from *North to East*,
 In posture just of a four-footed Beast,
 She heard the News; but alter'd yet no more,
 Than that which was behind she turn'd before;
 Nor would come down, but with an Handkercher,
 Which Pocket foul did to her Neck prefer;
 She shed no Tears, for she was too Viraginous,
 But only snuffing her Trunk Cartilaginous,
 From Scaling Ladder she began a Story,
 Worthy to be had in *Memento Mori*;
 Arraigning past, and present, and *futuri*,
 With a prophetick, if not fiendly Fury.
 Her Hair began to creep, her Belly found,
 Her Eyes to sparkle, and her Udder bound;

Half *Witch*, half *Prophet*; thus the *Albemarle*,
Like *Presbyterian Sibyl*, 'gan to snarl:

Traytors both to my Lord, and to the King!
Nay, now it is beyond all suffering!

One Valiant Man by Land, and he must be
Commanded out to stop their Leaks at Sea.

Yet send him *Rupert*, as an helper meet;
First the Commands dividing, then the Fleet:
One may if they be beat, or both be hit;
Or if they overcome, yet Honour split.

But reck'ning *GEORGE* already knockt o'th' head,
They cut him out like Beef e'er he be dead:

Each for a Quarter hopes; the first do skip,
But shall fall short tho' at the Gen'ral-ship.

Next they for *Master of the Horse* agree;
A third the *Cock-pit* begs, not any Me.

But they shall know, ay marry shall they do,
That who the *Cock-pit* hath, shall have Me too:

I told *George* first, as *Calamy* told me,
If the King brought these o'er, how it would be:

Men that there pick his Pocket to his Face,
And sell Intelligence to buy a Place.

That their Religion's pawn'd for Cloaths, nor care,
'Tis run so long now, to redeem't, nor dare.

O what egregious Loyalty to cheat!

O what Fidelity it was to Eat!

Whilst *Langdales*, *Hoptons*, *Glenbarns* starv'd abroad,
And here true Roy'lists sink beneath their load.

Men that did there affront, defame, betray
The King, and so do here; now, who but they!

What! say I Men! nay rather Monsters; Men
Only in Bed, nor to my Knowledge then.

See how they home return'd in revel rout,
With the small Manners that they first went out:

Not better grown, nor wiser all the while,
Renew the Causes of their first Exile:

As if, to shew the Fool what 'tis I mean,
I chose a foul Smock, when I might have clean.

First, they for fear disband the Army tame,
And leave good *George* a Gen'ral's empty Name.

Then

Then Bishops must revive, and all unfix
 With Discontents, to content Twenty six:
 The Lords House drains the Houses of the Lord,
 For Bishops Voices silencing the Word.
 O *Barthol'mew*! Saint of their Kalendar!
 What's worse, th' *Ejection* or the *Massacre*?
 Then *Culpeper*, *Glouster*, and the *Princess* dy'd;
 Nothing can live that interrupts an *Hyde*.
 O more than Human *GLOSTER*! Fate did shew
 Thee but to Earth, and back again withdrew.
 Then the fat Scrivener doth begin to think
 'Twas time to mix the Royal Blood with Ink.
Berkly that swore as oft as he had Toes,
 Doth kneeling now her Chastity depose;
 Just as the first *French Card'nal* could restore
 Maidenhead to his Widow, Niece and Whore.
 For Portion, if she could prove light when weigh'd,
 Four *Millions* shall within three years be paid:
 To raise it, we must have a *Naval War*,
 As if 'twere nothing but *Tara-Tan Tar*!
 Abroad all Princes disobliging first,
 At home all Parties but the very worst!
 To tell of *Ireland*, *Scotland*, *Dunkirk's* sad;
 Or the King's Marriage: But he thinks I'm mad.
 And sweeter Creatures never saw the Sun,
 If we the King with *Monk*, or th' Queen a *Nun*.
 But a *Dutch War* shall all these Rumours still,
 Bleed out these Humours, and our Purses fill;
 Yet after four days Fight, they clearly saw
 'Twas too much danger for a Son-in-Law;
 Hire him to leave, for *Sixscore thousand Pound*;
 So with the King's Drums Men for Sleep compound.
 But modest *Sandwich* thought it might agree
 With the State-prudence, to do less than he;
 And to excuse their timorousness and sloth,
 They found how *George* might now do less than both.
 First *Smith* must for *Legborn*, with force enough
 To venture back again, but not go through.
Beaufort is there, and to their dazzling Eyes
 The distance more the Object magnifies;

Yet this they gain, that *Smith* his time should lose,
 And for my Duke too cannot interpose.
 But fearing that our Navy, *George* to break,
 Might yet not be sufficiently weak;
 The Secretary, that had never yet
 Intelligence, but from his own Gazette,
 Discovers a great Secret, fit to sell,
 And pays himself for't, e'er he would it tell;
Beaufort is in the Channel; Hixy here!
Doxy Thoulon! *Beaufort* is ev'ry where.
 Herewith assembling the Supreme Divan,
 Where enters none but Devil, *NED* and *NAN*,
 And upon this pretence they straight design'd,
 The Fleet to sep'rate, and the World to blind.
Monk to the *Dutch*, and *Rupert* (here the *Wench*
 Could not but smile) is destin'd to the *French*.
 To write the Order, *Bristol's* Clerk is chose;
 One slit in's Pen, the other in his Nose.
 For he first brought the News, it is his place;
 He'll see the Fleet divided like his Face;
 And through the cranny in his grisly part,
 To the *Dutch* Chink Intelligence impart.
 The Plot succeeds; the *Dutch* in haste prepar'd,
 And poor Peel-Garlick *George's* Arse they shar'd;
 And then presuming of his certain Wrack,
 To help him late, they send for *Rupert* back.
 Officious *Will* seem'd fittest, as afraid,
 Lest *George* should look too far into his Trade.
 At the first Draught they pause, with Statesmens care,
 They write it foul, then copy is as fair;
 And then compare them, when at last it's sign'd,
Will soon his Purse-strings, but no Soul could find.
 At Night he sends it by the Common Post,
 To save the King of an Express the cost.
 Lord, what ado to pack one Letter hence!
 Some Patents pass with less circumference.
 Well *George*, in spite of them thou safe dost ride,
 Lessen'd I hope in nought but thy backside;
 For as to Reputation, this Retreat
 Of thine exceeds the Victories so great.

Nor shalt thou stir from hence, by my consent,
 Till thou hast made the *Dutch* and *Them* repent.
 'Tis true, I want so long the Nuptial Gift,
 But as I oft have done, I'll make a shift.
 Nor will I with vain Pomp accost the Shore,
 To try thy Valour at the *Buoy* o' th' *Nore*.
 Fall to thy Work there *George*, as I do here;
 Cherish the Valiant up, Cowards cashire:
 See that the Men have Pay, and Beef, and Beer,
 Find out the Cheats of the four Millioneer.
 Out of the very Beer, they sell the Malt;
 Powder of Powder, from powder'd Beef they Salt.
 Put thy Hand to the Tub, instead of Ox,
 They victual with *French Pork* that hath the Pox.
 Ne'er such ill *Cotqueans* by small Arts do wring,
 Ne'er such ill *Huswives* in the managing!
 Purfers at Sea know fewer Cheats than they,
 Marriners on Shore less madly spend their Pay.
 See that thou hast new Sails thy self, and spoil
 All their Sea-market, and their Cable coyl.
 Look that good *Chaplains* on each Ship do wait,
 Nor the Sea-Diocefs be impropriate.
 Look to the sick and wounded Pris'ners; all
 Is Prize; they rob even the *Hospital*.
 Recover back the Prizes too; in vain
 We fight, if all be taken that is ta'en.

Now by our Coast the *Dutchman*, like a Flight
 Of feeding Ducks, Ev'ning and Morning light:
 How our *Land-Heffors* tremble, void of Sense,
 As if they came straight to transport them hence.
 Some Shee are stoll'n; the Kingdom's all array'd,
 And ev'n *Prsbyters* now call'd on for aid.
 They wish ev'n *George* divided to command,
 One half of him at Sea, and one on Land.

What's that I see! ah, 'tis my *George* agen!
 It seems they in sev'n Weeks have rigg'd him then,
 The curious Heav'ns with Lightning him furrounds,
 To view him and his Name in *Thunder* sounds.
 But with the same shift goes, their Navy's near:
 So, e'er we hunt, the Keeper shoots the Deer.

Stay Heaven a while, and thou shalt see him Sail,
 And *George* too, he can Thunder, Lighten, Hail.
 Happy the time that I e'er wedded *George*,
 The Sword of *England* and the *Holland* Scourge.
 Avant *Rotterdam* Dog, *Ruyter* avant,
 Thou Water-Rat, thou Shark, thou Cormorant:
 I'll teach thee to shoot Scissors: I'll repair
 Each Rope thou lovest *George*, out of this Hair.
 'Tis strong and coarse enough; I'll hem this shift,
 E're thou shalt lack a Sail, and lie a-drift.
 Bring home the old ones, *I again will sew*,
And darn them up, to be as good as new.

What, twice disabled! never such a thing!
 Now *Sovereign* help him that brought in the *King*.
 Guard thy Posteriors, *George*, e'er all be gone,
 Tho' Jury-Masts, thou'st Jury-Buttocks none.
 Courage! How bravely (whet with this disgrace)
 He turns, and Bullets spits in *Ruyter's* Face.
 They fly, they fly; their Fleet doth now divide,
 But they discard their *Trump*; our *Trump* is *Hyde*.
 Where are you now, *de Ruyter*, with your Bears?
 See where your Merchants burn about your Ears.
 Fire out the Wasps, *George*, from the hollow Trees,
 Cram'd with the Honey of our *English* Bees.
 Ah now they are paid for *Guinea*: e'er they steer
 To the Gold Coast, they find it hotter here.
 Turn all your Ships to Stoves e'er you set forth,
 To warm your Traffick in the frozen North.
 Ah *Sandwich*! had thy Conduct been the same,
Bergen had seen a less but richer Flame;
 Nor *Ruyter* liv'd new Battels to repeat,
 And oftner beaten be, than we can beat.
 Scarce had *George* leisure after all his pain,
 To tye his Breeches; *Ruyter's* out again.
 Thrice in one Year! Why sure this Man is wood:
 Beat him like Stock-fish, or he'll ne'er be good.
 I see them both again prepare to try;
 They'll first shot through each other with the Eye.
 Then — but the ruling Providence that must
 With Human Projects play, as Wind with Dust,

Raises a Storm. So Constables a Fray
 Knock down, and send them both well cuff'd away.
 Plant now *New England* Firs in *English* Oak,
 Build your Ships Ribs proof to the Cannon-stroke:
 To get the Fleet to Sea, exhaust the Land;
 Let Longing Princes pine for the Command:
 Strong March-panes! Wafers lights! so thin a puff
 Of angry Air can ruin all that Huff:

So Champions have shar'd the Lists and Sun,
 The Judge throws down's Award, and they
 (have done.

For shame come home *George*, 'tis for thee too much
 To Fight at once with *Heaven* and the Dutch.

Woe's me! what see I next, alas! the Fate.

I see of *England*, and its utmost Date.

Those Flames of theirs at which we fondly smile,
 Kindle like *Torches* our *Sepulchral* Pile.

War, Fire, and Plague against us all conspire;
 We the *War*, God the *Plague*, who rais'd the *Fire*?

See how Men all like *Ghosts*, while *London* burns,
 Wander, and each over his *Ashes* mourns!

Curs'd be the *Man* that first begat this *War*,
 In an ill *Hour*, under a blazing *Star*.

For *Others* sport, two Nations fight a Prize;
 Between them both, Religion wounded dies.

So of first *Troy*, the angry *Gods* unpaid,
 Raz'd the *Foundations* which themselves had laid.

(thou bin,

Welcome, tho' late, dear *George*: here hadst
 We'd scap'd: (let *Rupert* bring the *Navy* in.)

Thou still must help them out when in the mire;
 Gen'ral at Land, at Plague, at Sea, at Fire.

Now thou art gone, see *Beaufort* dares approach,
 And our Fleet angling, as to catch a *Roach*.

Gibson farewell, till next we put to Sea:

Truth is, thou'lt drawn her in *Effigie*.

To the KING. By Sir John Denham.

Great Prince, and so much Greater, as more wise;
 Sweet as our Life, and dearer than our Eyes;
 What Servants will conceal, and Councils spare
 To tell, the Painter and the Poets dare.
 And the assistance of an Heavenly Muse,
 And Pencil, represent the Crimes abstruse.
 Here needs no Fleet, no Sword, no Foreign Foe;
 Only let Vice be damn'd, and Justice flow.
 Shake but, like Jove, thy Locks divine, and frown,
 Thy Scepter will suffice to guard thy Crown.
 Hark to Cassandra's Song, e'er Fate destroy,
 By thy loud-Navy's wooden Horse, thy Troy.
 As our Apollo, from the Tumults wave,
 And gentle Calms, tho' but in Oars will save;
 So Philomel her sad Embroidery strung,
 And vocal Silks tun'd with her Needles Tongue.
 The Pictures dumb in Colours loud reveal'd;
 The Tragedies at Court so long conceal'd;
 But when restor'd to Voice inclos'd with Wings,
 To Woods and Groves what once the Painter sings.

 Directions to a Painter. By Sir John Denham.

Draw England ruin'd, by what was given before,
 Then draw the Commons slow in giving more.
 Too late grown wiser, they their Treasure see
 Consum'd by Fraud, or lost by Treachery;
 And vainly now would some Account receive
 Of those vast Sums which they so idly gave,
 And trusted to the management of such
 As Dunkirk sold, to make War with the Dutch.
 Dunkirk, design'd once to a nobler Use,
 Than to erect a petty Lawyer's House.
 But what Account could they from those expect,
 Who to grow Rich themselves the State neglect?

Men,

Men, who in *England* have no other Lot,
 Than what they by betraying it have got;
 Who can pretend to nothing but Disgrace,
 Where neither Birth nor Merit find a place.
 Plague, Fire, and War, have been the Nation's Curse,
 But to have these our Rulers, is a worse.
 Yet draw these Causes of the Kingdom's Woe,
 Still urging Dangers from our growing Foe,
 Asking new Aid for War with the same Face,
 As if, when given, they meant not to make Peace.
 Mean while they cheat the Publick with such haste,
 They will have nothing, that may ease it, past.
 The Law 'gainst *Irish* Cattle they condemn,
 As shewing distrust o'th' King, that is, of them.
 Yet they must now swallow this bitter Pill,
 Or Money want, which was the greater ill.
 And then the King to *Westminster* is brought,
 Imperfectly to speak the Chanc'llors Thought;
 In which, as if no Age could parallel
 A Prince and Council that had rul'd so well,
 He tells the Parliament he cannot brook,
 Whate'er in them like Jealousy doth look:
 Adds, that no Grievances the Nation load,
 While we're undone at home, despis'd abroad.
 Thus past the *Irish* with the Money-Bill,
 The first not half so good, as th' other ill.
 With these new Millions might we not expect
 Our Foes to vanquish, or our selves protect;
 If not to beat them off usurped Seas,
 At last to force an honourable Peace?
 But tho' the angry Fate, or Folly rather,
 Of our perverted State allow us neither;
 Could we hope less, than to defend our Shores,
 Or guard our Harbours, Forts, our Ships and Stores?
 We hop'd in vain: Of these remaining are,
 Not what we sav'd, but wat the *Dutch* did spare.
 Such was our Rulers generous Stratagem;
 A Policy worthy of none but them.
 After two Millions more laid on the Nation,
 The Parliament grows ripe for Prorogation:

They

They rise, and now a Treaty is confest;
 'Gainst which before these State-cheats did protest.
 A Treaty which too well makes it appear,
 Theirs, not the Kingdom's Interest, is their care.
 Statesmen of old, *thought Arms the way to Peace* ;
 Ours scorn such thred-bare Policies as these :
 All, that was given for the *State's* Defence,
 They think too little for their own Expence :
 Or if from that they any thing can spare,
 It is to buy Peace, not maintain a War.
 For which great work Embassadors must go
 With bare Submissions to our arming Foe.
 Thus leaving a defenceless *State* behind,
 Vast Fleets preparing by the *Belgians* find ;
 Against whose Fury what can us defend ?
 Whilst our great Politicians here depend
 Upon the *Dutch* good Nature : *For when Peace*
 (Say they) *is making, Acts of War must cease.*
 Thus were we by the Name of *Truce* betray'd,
 Tho' by the *Dutch* nothing like it was made.

Here, Painter, let thine Art describe a Story,
 Shaming our Warlike Island's ancient Glory :
 A Scene which never on our Seas appear'd,
 Since our first Ships were on the Ocean steer'd.
 Make the *Dutch* Fleet while we supinely sleep,
 Without Opposers, Masters of the Deep :
 Make them securely the *Thames*-mouth invade,
 At once depriving us of that and Trade :
 Draw Thunder from their floating Castles, sent
 Against our Forts weak, as our Government :
 Draw *Wollidge, Deptford, London, and the Tower,*
 Meanly abandon'd to a Foreign Power.
 Yet turn their first Attempt another way,
 And let their Cannons upon *Sheerness* play ;
 Which soon destroy'd, their lofty Vessels ride
 Big with the hope of the approaching Tide.
 Make them more help from our Remisness find,
 Than from the Tide, or from the *Eastern* Wind.
 Their Canvas swelling with a prosp'rous Gale,
 Swift as our Fears make them to *Chatham* sail :

Thro'

Thro' our weak Chain their Fireships break their way,
 And our great Ships (unmann'd) become their Prey.
 Then draw the fruit of our ill-manag'd Coast,
 At once our Honour, and our Safety lost :
 Bury those Bulwarks of our Isle in Smoak,
 While their thick Flames the neighb'ring Country
 The *Charles* escapes the raging Element, (choak:
 To be with Triumph into *Holland* sent ;
 Where the glad People to the Shore resort,
 They see their Terror now become their Sport.
 But Painter, fill not up thy Piece before
 Thou paint'st Confusion on our troubled Shore :
 Instruct then thy bold Pencil to relate
 The saddest Marks of an ill-govern'd State.
 Draw th' injur'd Seamen deaf to all Command,
 While some with Horror and Amazement stand :
 Others will know no Enemy but they
 Who have unjustly robb'd them of their Pay ;
 Boldly refusing to oppose a Fire,
 To kindle which, our Errors did conspire.
 Some (tho' but few) persuaded to obey,
 Useless for want of Ammunition stay :
 The Forts design'd to guard our Ships of War,
 Void both of Powder and of Bullets are :
 And what past Reigns in peace did ne'er omit,
 The present (whilst invaded) doth forget.

Surpassing *Chatbam*, make *Whitehall* appear,
 If not in danger, yet at least in fear.
 Make our Dejection (if thou canst) seem more,
 Than our Pride, Sloth, and Ign'rance did before :
 The King of Danger now shews far more fear,
 Than he did ever to prevent it, care ;
 Yet to the City doth himself convey,
 Bravely to shew he was not run away :
 Whilst the *Black Prince*, and our *Fifth Harry's* Wars,
 Are only acted on our Theatres.

Our Statesmen finding no expedient
 (In fear of danger) but a Parliament,
 Twice would avoid, by clapping up a Peace ;
 The Cure's to them as bad as the Disease.

But

But Painter, end not, till it does appear
Which most, the *Dutch* or Parliament, they fear.

As *Nero* once, with Harp-in hand, furvey'd
His flaming *Rome*; and as that burnt, he plaid :
So our great Prince, when the *Dutch Fleet* arriv'd,
Saw his Ships burn; and as they burnt, he ———

Directions to a Painter. By Sir John Denham

PAinter, where was't thy former Work did cease?

Oh, 'twas at *Parliament*, and the brave *Peace*.

Now for a *Cornucopia*: Peace, all know,
Brings *Plenty* with it; wish it be not *Woe*.

Draw Coats of *Pageantry* and Proclamations
Of *Peace*, concluded with one, two, three Nations.

Canst thou not on the *Change* make Merchants grin,
Look outward smiles, whiles vexing thoughts within?

Thou art no Artist, if thou canst not feign,
And counterfeit the counterfeit disdain.

Draw a brave Standard, ruffling at a rate
Much other, than it did for *Chatham's* Fate,
The *Tow'r* Guns too, thundring their Joy, that they
Have scap'd the danger of being ta'en away :
These, as now Mann'd, for Triumph are, not Fight;
As painted Fire for show, not Heat or Light.

Amongst the roar of these, and the mad shout
Of a poor nothing understanding Rout,
That think the *On and Off-Peace* now is true,
Thou might'st draw Mourners for *Black Bartbol'mew* :
Mourners in *Sion*! Oh 'tis not to be

Discover'd! draw a Curtain courteously
To hide them. Now proceed to draw at Night
A Bonfire here and there; but none too bright,
Nor lasting; for 'twas Brushwood, as they say,
Which they that hop'd for Coals now flung away.

But stay, I had forgot my Mother; draw
The Church of England 'mong the *Opera*,
To play their part too; or the *Dutch* will say,
In *War* and *Peace* they've born the Bolts away.

At this end then, two or three Steeples ringing,
 At th' other end draw *Quires*, *Te Deum* singing;
 Between them leave a space for Tears: Remember
 That 'tis not long to th' Second of *September*.

Now if thou skill'st perspective Landskip, draw
 At distance what perhaps thine Eyes ne'er saw;
Polyroon, *Spicy Islands*, *Kits*, or *Guinea*:
Surinam, *Nova Scotia*, or *Virginia*:

No, no; I mean not these, pray hold your Laughter;
 These things are far off, not worth looking after:
 Give not a hint of these: Draw *Highland*, *Lowland*,
Mountains and *Flats*: Draw *Scotland* first, then *Holland*.
 See, canst thou ken the *Scots* frowns? Then draw those
 That something had to get, but nought to lose.
 Canst thou through *Fogs* discern the *Dutchmen* drink?
*Bus-Skipper*s, lately *Capers*, stamp to think
 Their catching craft is over; some have ta'en,
 To eke their War, a Warrant from the *Dane*.
 But passing these, their *Statesmen* view a while,
 In ev'ry graver Countenance a Smile:

Copy the piece there done, wherein you'll see
 One laughing out, *I told you how't would be!*

Draw next a pompous interchange of *Seals*;
 But curs'd be he that *Articles* reveals
 Before he knows them: Now for this take light
 From him that did describe *Sir Edward's Fight*:
 You may perhaps the truth on't doubt; what tho' ?
 You'll have it then *Cum Privilegio*.

Then draw our *Lords-Commissioners* advance,
 Not homewards, but for *Flanders*, or for *France*;
 To parly there a while, until they see
 How things in *Parliament* resented be.

So much for Peace. Now for a *Parliament*;
 A petty *Session* draw, with what content,
 Guess by their Countenance, who came up post,
 And quickly saw they had their Labour lost:
 Like the small *Merchants* when they *Bargains* sell;
 Come hither *Jack*: What say? Come kiss, Farewel:
 But 'twas abortive, born before its Day;
 No wonder then it dy'd so soon away;

Yet

Yet breath'd it once, and that with such a force,
 It blasted Thirty thousand Foot and Horse.
 As once *Promethus* Man did sneeze so hard,
 As routed all that new rais'd standing Guard
 Of Teeth, to keep the Tongue in order: So
 Down fall our new Gallants without a Foe.
 But if this little one could do so much,
 What will the next? Give a Prophetick touch,
 If thou know how; if not, leave a great space,
 For great things to be portray'd in their place.

Now draw the shadow of a Parliament,
 As if to scare the upper World 'twere sent:
 Cross your selves, Gentlemen, for Shades will fright,
 Especially if't be an *English* Sprite.
 Vermilion this Man's Guilt, cerule his Fears;
 Sink th' others Eyes deep in his Head with cares:
 Another thoughtful on accounts to see
 How his Disbursements with Receipts agree.
 Peep into Coaches, see Perriwigs neglected,
 Cross'd Arms and Legs of such, as are suspected,
 Or do suspect what's coming, and foresee
 Themselves must share in this Polutrophy.

Painter, hast travel'd? Didst thou e'er see *Rome*?
 That fam'd piece there, *Angelo's* day of Doom?
 Horror and Anguish of Descenders there,
 May teach thee how to paint Descenders here.
 Canst thou describe the empty Shifts, are made,
 Like that which Dealers call *Forcing of Trade*.
 Some shift their Crimes, some Places; and among
 The rest, some will their Countries too, e'er long.
 Draw in a Corner, Gamesters, shuffling, cutting,
 Their little Crafts no Wit together putting.
 How to pack Knaves, mong Kings and Queens, to make
 A saving Game, whilst Heads are at the Stake.
 But cross their Cards, until it be confest,
 Of all the Play fair Dealing is the best.
 Draw a Veil of Displeasure, one to *Hide*,
 And some prepar'd to strike a blow on's side.
 Let him that built high, now creep low to shelter,
 When Potentates must tumble *Helter Skelter*.

The Purse, Seal, Mace, are gone, as it was fit,
 Such Marks as these are could not but be hit.
 The Purse, Seal, Mace are gone; *Bartbolmew-day*,
 Of all the Days i'th' Year, they're ta'en away.
 The Purse, Seal, Mace are gone, but to another
 Mitre, I wish not so, tho' to my Brother:
 I care not for Translation to a See,
 Unless they would translate to *Italy*.

Now draw a Sail playing before the Wind,
 From the *North-West*; that which it leaves behind,
 Curses or Out-cries, mind them not, till when
 They do appear Realities, and then
 Spare not to paint them in their Colours, tho'
 Crimes of a Viceroy; Deputies have so
 Been serv'd e'er now. But if the Man prove true,
 Let him with *Pharaoh's* Butler have his due.
 Make the same wind blow strong against the Shore
 Of *France*, to hinder some from coming o'er.
 And rather draw the Golden Vessel burning;
 E'en there, than hither with her Freight returning:
 'Tis true, the noble Treasurer is gone,
 Wise, Faithful, Loyal, some say the only one!
 Yet I will hope we've Pilots left behind
 Can steer our Vessel without Southern wind:
Women have grossly snar'd the wisest Prince
 That ever was before, or hath been since:
 And *Grannum Athaliah* in that Nation,
 Was a great hinderer of Reformation:
 Paint in a new Piece painted *Jezabel*,
 Giv'n to adorn the Dining-room of Hell.
 Hang by her others of the Gang; for more
 Deserve a place with *Rosamond*, *Jane Shore*, &c.

Stay, Painter, now look, here's below a space
 I'th' bottom of this, what shall we there place?
 Shall it be *Pope*, or *Turk*, or *Prince*, or *Nun*?
 Let the resolve be *Nescio*. So have done.

Expose thy Piece now to the World to see,
 Perhaps they'll say of It, of Thee, of Me,
Poems and Paints can speak sometimes bold Truths,
Poets and Painters are Licentious Youths.

*Quæ sequuntur, in limine Thalami Regii, à nescio
quo nebulone scripta, reperiebantur.*

*Bella fugis, bellas sequeris, belloque repugnas
Et bellatori, sunt tibi bella Thorì
Imbellis imbellis amas, adazque videris.
Mars ad opus Veneris, Martis ad arma Venus.*

*The last Instructions to a Painter, about the Dutch
Wars, 1667. By A. Marvel, Esq.*

After two sittings now our Lady-State
To end her Picture does the third time wait ;
But e'er thou fallest to work, first Painter see,
If't be'nt too slight grown, or too hard for thee.
Canst thou paint without Colours? then 'tis right :
For so we too without a Fleet can fight.
Or canst thou daub a Sign-post, and that ill ?
'Twill sute our great Debauch and little Skill.
Or hast thou mark'd how antique Masters limn
The Aly-roof with Snuff of Candle dim,
Sketching in shady Smoak, prodigious Tools ?
'Twill serve this Race of Drunkards, Pimps and Fools.
But if to match our Crimes thy Skill presumes,
As the *Indians* draw out Luxury in Plumes.
Or if to score out our compendious Fame,
With *Hook* then through your Microscope take aim ;
Where like the new Comptroller all Men laugh,
To see a tall Louse brandish a white Staff.
Else shalt thou oft thy guiltless Pencil curse,
Stamp on thy Palate, nor perhaps the worse.
The Painter so long having vext his Cloth,
Of his Hounds mouth to feign the raging Froth,
His desperate Pencil at the work did dart ;
His Anger reacht that Rage which past his Art.
Chance finisht that, which Art could not begin,
And he sate smiling how his Dog did grin.

So may'st thou perfect by a lucky blow,
What all thy softest touches cannot do.

Paint then *St. Albans* full of Soop and Gold,
The new Courts pattern, Stallion of the old.
Him neither Wit, nor Courage did exalt,
But Fortune chose him for her pleasure's Salt.
Paint him with Dray-man's Shoulders, Butchers Mein,
Member'd like Mule, with Elephantine Chin.

Well he the Title of *St. Albans* bore ;
For never *Bacon* studied Nature more :
But Age allaying now that youthful Heat,
Fits him in *France* to play at Cards and Cheat.

Draw no Commission, lest the Court should lie,
And disavowing Treaty, ask supply ;
He needs no Seal but to *St. James's* Lease,
Whose Breeches were the Instruments of Peace.
Who if the *French* dispute his Power, from thence
Can strait produce them a Plenipotence.

Nor fears he the *Most Christian* should trapan
Two Saints at once, *St. Germans* and *Alban*;
But thought the Golden Age was now restor'd,
When Men and Women took each others Word.

Paint then again her Highness to the Life,
Philosopher beyond *Newcastle's* Wife :
She naked can *Archimedes* self put down
For an Experiment upon the Crown.
She perfected that Engine oft essay'd,
How after Child-birth to renew a Maid ;
And found how Royal Heirs may be matur'd
In fewer Months than Mothers once endur'd.
Hence *Crowder* made the rare Inventress free
Of's Highnesses *Royal Society*.

(Happiest of Women, if she were but able
To make her glasse Duke once malleable.)
Paint her with Oyster-lip, and Breath of Fame,
Wide Mouth, that Sparagus may well proclaim ;
With Chancellor's Belly, and so large a Rump,
There (not behind the Coach) her Pages jump :
Express her studying now, if *China* Clay
Can, without breaking, venom'd Juice convey.

Or how a mortal Poison she may draw
Out of the Cordial Meal of the *Cocoa*.

Witness the Stars of Night, and thou the pale
Moon, that o'ercome with the sick Steam didst fail:
Ye Neighbouring Elms that your green Leaves did
And Fauns that from the Womb abortive fled. (shed,
Not unprovok'd she tries forbidden Arts,
But in her soft breast Love's hid Cancer smarts,
While she revolves at once *Sydney's* Disgrace,
And her self scorn'd for emulous *Denham's* Face,
And nightly hears the hated Guard away
Galloping with the Duke to other Prey.
Paint *Castlemain* in Colours that will hold;
Her, not her Picture, for she now grows old.
She thro' her Lackey's Drawers as he ran,
Discern'd Love's cause, and a new flame began:
Her wonted Joys thenceforth, and Court she shuns,
And still within her mind the Footman runs.
His brazen Calves, his brawny Thighs, (the Face
She flights) his Feet shap'd for a smoother Race.

Poring with her Glass, she re-adjusts
Her Locks, and oft-tir'd Beauty now distrusts;
Fears lest he scorn'd a Woman once assay'd,
And now first wisht she e'er had been a Maid.
Great Love! how dost thou triumph, and how reign,
That to a Groom could'st humble her disdain!
Stript to her Skin, see how she stooping stands,
Nor scorns to rub him down with those fair Hands,
And washing (lest the Scent her Crime disclose)
His sweaty Hoofs, tickles him betwixt the Toes.
But envious Fame too soon began to note
More Gold in's Fob, more Lace upon his Coat;
And he unwary, and of Tongue too fleet,
No longer could conceal his Fortune sweet.
Justly the Rogue was whipt in *Porter's* Den,
And *Fermain* streight has leave to come again:
Ah, Painter! now could *Alexander* live,
And this *Campaspe* the *Apelles* give.

Draw next a pair of Tables opening, then
The House of Commons clattering like the Men.

Describe

Describe the Court and Country both set right
 On opposite Points, the Black against the White.
 Those having lost the Nation at Tick Tack,
 These new advent'ring how to win it back.
 The Dice betwixt them must the fate divide,
 (As chance does still in multitudes decide)
 But here the Court doth its advantage know,
 For the Cheat, *Turner*, for them both must throw ;
 As some from Boxes, he so from the Chair
 Can strike the Dye, and still with them go share.
 Here Painter rest a while, and survey
 With what small Arts the publick Game they play ;
 For so too, *Rubens* with Affairs of State
 His labouring Pencil oft would recreate.

The close Cabal mark'd how the Navy eats,
 And thought all lost that goes not to the Cheats.
 So therefore secretly for Peace decrees,
 Yet as for War the Parliament would squeeze ;
 And fix to the Revenue such a Sum
 Should *Goodrick* silence, and make *Paston* dumb,
 Should pay Land Armies, should dissolve the vain
 Commons, and ever such a Court maintain,
Hyde's Avarice, *Bennet's* Luxury should suffice,
 And what can these defray but the Excise ?
 Excise a Monster, worse than e'er before,
 Frighted the Midwife, and the Mother tore.
 A thousand Hands she has, and thousand Eyes,
 Breaks into Shops, and into Cellars pries.
 With hundred Rows of Teeth the Shark exceeds,
 And on all Trades like *Casawar* she feeds ;
 Chops off the piece where'er she close the Jaw,
 Else swallows all down her indented Maw.
 She stalks all day in Streets conceal'd from sight,
 And flies like Batts with Leathern Wings by Night :
 She wafts the Country, and on Cities preys :
 Her, of a Female Harpy in Dog-days,
Black Birch, of all the Earth-born Race most hot,
 And most rapacious, like himself begot ;
 And of his Brat enamour'd, as't increast,
 Bugger'd in Incest with the mongrel Beast.

Say Muse, for nothing can escape thy sight,
 (And, Painter wanting other, draw this Fight)
 Who in an *English* Senate fierce debate
 Could raise so long for this new Whore of State.

Of early Wittals first the Troop march'd in,
 For Diligence renown'd, and Discipline.

In Royal hast they left their Wives in Bed,
 And *Denham* these with one consent did Head.

Of the old Courtiers next a Squadron came,
 That sold their Master, led by *Ashburnham*.

To them succeeds a despicable Rout,
 But knew the Word, and well could face about;
 Expectants pale with hopes of Spoil allur'd,
 Tho' yet but Pioneers, and led by *Steward*.
 Then damning Cowards rang'd the vocal Plain:
Wood these command, Knight of the Horn, and Cane.
 Still his Hook-shoulder seems the blow to dread,
 And under's Arm-pit he defends his Head.

The posture strange Men laugh at, of his Pole,
 Hid with his Elbow, like the Spice he stole.

Headless *St. Dennis* so his Head does bear,
 And both of them alike *French* Martyrs were.

Court Officers, as us'd, the next place took,
 And follow'd *F—x*, but with disdainful look,
 His Birth, his Youth, his Brokage all dispraise
 In vain; for always he commands that pays.

Then the Procurers under *Progers* fil'd,
 Gentlest of Men, and his Lieutenant mild;
Bronkard Love's Squire, through all the Field array'd,
 No Troop was better clad, nor so well paid.

Then marcht the Troop of *Clarendon* all full,
 Haters of Fowl, to Teal preferring Bull:
 Gross Bodies, grosser Minds, and grosser Cheats,
 And bloated *Wren* conduct them to their Seats.

Charlton advances next (whose Wife does awe
 The Mitred Troop) and with his looks gives Law.
 He march'd with Beaver cockt of Bishop's Brim,
 And hid much Fraud under an aspect grim.

Next the Lawyers mercenary Band appear,
Finch in the Front, and *Thurland* in the Rear.

The Troop of Privilege, a Rabble bare
Of Debtors deep, fell to *Trelawney's* care;
Their Fortune's error they suppli'd in Rage,
Nor any further would than these engage.

Then marcht the Troops, whose valiant Acts before
(Their publick Acts) oblig'd them to do more.
For Chimnies sake they all Sir *Pool* obey'd,
Or in his absence him that first it laid.

Then came the thrifty Troop of Privateers,
Whose Horses each with other interferes:
Before them *Higgins* rides with Brow compact,
Mourning, his Countess anxious for his Act.

Sir *Frederick* and Sir *Solomon* draw Lots,
For the Command of Politicks and Scots:
Thence fell to words—but Quarrels to adjourn,
Their Friends agreed they should command by turn.

Carteret the Rich did the Accountants guide,
And in ill *English* all the World defi'd.

The Papists (but of those the House had none
Else) *Talbot* offer'd to have led them on.

Bold *Duncomb* next, of the Projectors chief,
And old *Fitz-Harding* of the Eaters Beef.

Late and disorder'd out the Drunkards drew,
Scarce them their Leaders, they their Leaders knew:

Before them enter'd equal in Command,
Apfley and *Brotherick* marching hand in hand.

Last then but one *Powel*, that could not ride,
Left the *French* Standard weltring in his stride;
He, to excuse his slowness, Truth confest,
That 'twas so long before he could be drest.
The Lords Sons last, all these did reinforce,
Cornbury before them manag'd Hobby-Horse.

Never before nor since, an Host so steel'd
Troop on to Muster in the *Tuttle-Field*.
Not the first Cock-horse that with Cork was shod
To rescue *Albemarle* from the Sea-Cod:
Nor the late Feather-man whom *Tomkins* fierce
Shall with one breath like Thistle-Down disperse.
All the two *Coventries* their Generals chose,
For one had much, the other nought to lose.

Not better choice all accidents could hit,
 While Hector *Harry* steers by *Will* the Wit.
 They both accept the charge with merry glee,
 To fight a Battel from all Gun-shot free.
 Pleas'd with their Numbers, yet in Valour wise,
 They feign'd a Parley, better to Surprize;
 They that e'er long shall the rude *Dutch* upbraid,
 Who in a time of Treaty durst invade.

Thick was the Morning, and the House was thin,
 The Speaker early, when they all fell in.
 Propitious Heavens! had not you them crost,
 Excise had got the Day, and all been lost:
 For t'other side all in close Quarters lay
 Without Intelligence, Command or Pay;
 A scatter'd Body which the Foe ne'er tri'd,
 But often did among themselves divide.
 And some run o'er each Night, while others sleep,
 And undescri'd return'd 'fore Morning peep:
 But *Strangeways* that all Night still walkt the round,
 For Vigilance and Courage both renown'd;
 First spi'd the Enemy, and gave the Alarm,
 Fighting it single till the rest might Arm:
 Such *Roman Cockles* stood before the Foe,
 The failing Bridge behind, the Streams below.
 Each ran as Chance him guides to several Post,
 And all to pattern his example, boast;
 Their former Trophies they recal to mind,
 And now to edge their Anger, Courage grind.

First enter'd forward *Temple*, Conqueror
 Of *Irish Cattle*, and Solicitor.

Then daring *S——r*, that with Spear and Shield
 Had stretch'd the Monster Patent on the Field.
 Keen *Whorwood* next in aid of Damsel frail,
 That pierc'd the Giant *Mordant* through his Mail:
 And surly *Williams* the Accountants bane,
 And *Lovelace* young of Chimny-men the Cane.
 Old *Waller*, Trumpet-General, swore he'd write
 This Combat truer than the Naval Fight:
 Of birth, state, wit, strength, courage, *How'd* presumes,
 And in his Breast wears many *Montezumes*.

These

These with some more with single Valour stay
The adverse Troops, and hold them all at bay.
Each thinks his Person represents the whole,
And with that thought does multiply his Soul;
Believes himself an Army; theirs one Man,
As easily conquer'd, and believing can
With heart of Bees so full and head of Mites,
That each, tho' Duelling, a Battel fights.
Such once *Orlando* famous in Romance,
Brought whole Brigades like Larks upon his Lance.

But strength at last still under number bows,
And the faint Sweat trickl'd down *Temple's* Brows,
Even Iron *Strangeway's* chafing yet gave back,
Spent with Fatigue, to breath a while Toback——
When marching in, a seasonable Recruit
Of Citizens, and Merchants held dispute,
And charging all their Pikes, a sullen Band
Of *Presbyterian Switzers* made a stand.

Nor could all these the Field have long maintain'd,
But for th' unknown Reserve that still remain'd;
A gross of *English* Gentry nobly born,
Of clear Estates, and to no Faction sworn,
Dear Lovers of their King, and Death to meet
For Country's Cause, that glorious thing and sweet;
To speak not forward, but in Action brave,
In giving generous, but in Council grave;
Candidly credulous for once, nay twice;
But sure the Devil can't cheat them thrice.
The Van and Battel tho' retiring, falls
Without disorder in their Intervals;
Then closing all in equal Front, fall on,
Led by Great *Garraway*, and Great *Littleton*.
Lee equal to obey, or to command,
Adjutant-General was still at hand.
The Marshal-Standard *Sands* displaying shows.
St. Dunstan in it, tweaking Satan's Nose.
See sudden chance of War, to paint, or write;
Is longer Work, and harder than to fight:
At the first Charge the Enemy give out,
And the *Excise* receives a total Rout.

Broken in Courage, yet the Men the same,
 Resolve henceforth upon their other Game;
 Where Force had fail'd, with Stratagem to play,
 And what haste lost, recover by delay.
 St. *Albans* straight is sent to, to forbear,
 Lest the sure Peace (forsooth) too soon appear.
 The Seamens clamours to three ends they use,
 To cheat they pay, feign want, and th' House accuse.
 Each day they bring the Tale, and that too true,
 How strong the *Dutch* their Equipage renew.
 Mean time through all the Yards their Orders run,
 To lay the Ships up, cease the Keels begun.
 The Timber rots, the useless Ax does rust;
 Th' unpractis'd Saw lies buried in its Dust;
 The busy Hammer sleeps, the Ropes untwine,
 The Store and Wages all are mine and thine.
 Along the Coasts and Harbours they take care
 That Money lacks, nor Forts be in repair.
 Long thus they cou'd against the House conspire,
 Load them with Envy, and with sitting tire:
 And the lov'd King, that's never yet deni'd,
 Is brought to beg in publick, and to chide:
 But when this fail'd, and Months enough were spent,
 They with the first days profer seem content;
 And to Land-Tax from the Excise turn round,
 Bought off with Eighteen hundred thousand pound.
 Thus like fair Thieves, the Commons Purse they share,
 But all the Members Lives consulting spare.

Blither than Hare that hath escap'd the Hounds,
 The House prorogu'd, the Chancellor rebounds.
 Not so decrepid *Aesop*, hasht and stew'd
 With Magick Herbs, rose from the Pot renew'd;
 And with fresh Age felt his glad Limbs unite,
 His Gout (yet still he curst) had left him quite.
 What Frosts to Fruits, what Arsnik to the Rat,
 What to fair *Denbam* mortal Chocolat:
 What an Account to *Carteret*, that and more
 A Parliament is to the Chancellor.
 So the sad Tree shrinks from the Morning's Eye,
 But blooms all Night and shoots its Banches high.

So at the Sun's recess, again returns
The Comet dread, and Earth and Heaven burns.

Now *Mordant* may within his Castle Tower
Imprison Parents, and their Child deflower.

The *Irish* Herd is now let loose, and comes
By Millions over, not by Hecatombs:

And now, now the *Canary* Patent may
Be broach'd again for the great *Holy-day*.

See how he reigns in his new Palace culminant,
And sits in State Divine like *Jove* the Fulminant.

First *Buckingham* that durst 'gainst him rebel,
Blasted with Lightning, struck with Thunder, fell.
Next the twelve Commons are condemn'd to groan,
And roll in vain at *Sisyphus's* Stone.

But still he car'd, whilst in revenge he brav'd
That Peace secur'd, and Money might be sav'd:
Gain and Revenge, Revenge and Gain are sweet,
United most, when most by turns they meet:

France had *St. Albans* promis'd (so they sing)
St. Albans promis'd him, and he the King.

The Court forthwith is order'd all to close,
To play for *Flanders*, and the Stake to lose;
While chain'd together, two Embassadors
Like Slaves shall beg for Peace at *Holland's* Doors.

This done, among his *Cyclops* he retires
To forge new Thunder, and inspect their Fires.

The Court, as once of War, now fond of Peace,
All to new Sports their wanton Fears release.

From *Greenwich* (where Intelligence they hold)
Comes news of Pastime martial and old.

A Punishment invented first to awe
Masculine Wives transgressing Nature's Law;
Where when the brawny Female disobeys,
And beats the Husband, till for Peace he prays,
No concern'd Jury damage for him finds,
Nor partial Justice her behaviour binds;
But the just Street does the next House invade,
Mounting the Neighbour couple on lean Jade;
The Distaff knocks, the Grains from Kettle fly,
And Boys and Girls in Troops run hooting by.

Prudent

Prudent Antiquity! that knew by shame,
 Better than Law, domestick Broils to tame;
 And taught youth by Spectual innocent,
 So thou and I dear Painter represent
 In quick Effigie, others faults; and feign,
 By making them ridiculous, to restrain:
 With homely sight they chose thus to relax
 The Joys of State for the new Peace and Tax.
 So *Holland* with us had the Mastery tri'd,
 And our next Neighbours, *France* and *Flanders* ride.

But a fresh News the great Designment nips
 Off, at the Isle of *Candy*, *Dutch* and Ships.
Bab May, and *Arlington* did wisely scoff,
 And thought all safe, if they were so far off:
 Modern Geographers! 'Twas there they thought
 Where *Venice* twenty years the *Turks* had fought.
 (While the first year our Navy is but shewn,
 The next divided, and the third we've none.)
 They by the Name mistook it for that Isle
 Where Pilgrim *Palmer* travell'd in Exile,
 With the Bull's horn to measure his own head,
 And on *Pasiphae's* Tomb to drop a Bead.
 But *Morrice* learn'd, demonstrates by the Post,
 This Isle of *Candy* was on *Essex* Coast.

Fresh Messengers still the sad news assure,
 More tim'rous now we are than first secure.
 False terrors our believing fear devise,
 And the *French* Army one from *Calais* spies.
Bennet and *May*, and those of shorter reach,
 Change all for Guineas, and a Crown for each;
 But wiser Men, and Men foreseen in chance,
 In *Holland* theirs had lodg'd before, and *France*.
Whiteball's unsafe, the Court all meditates
 To fly to *Windsor*, and mure up the Gates.
 Each doth the other blame, and all distrust.
 (But *Mordant* new oblig'd would sure be just.)
 Not such a fatal stupefaction reign'd
 At *London's* Flames, nor to the Court complain'd.
 The *Bloodworth* Chanc'lor gives, (then does recal)
 Orders, amaz'd, at last gives none at all.

St. *Albans* write too, that he may bewail
 To Monsieur *Lewis*, and tell Coward tale,
 How that the *Hollanders* do make a noise,
 Threaten to beat us, and are naughty Boys.
 Now *Doleman's* disobedient, and they still
 Uncivil, his unkindness would us kill.
 Tell him our Ships unrig'd, our Forts unmann'd,
 Our Money's spent, else 'twere at his command;
 Summon him therefore of his word, and prove
 To move him out of pity, if not love:
 Pray him to make *De Wit* and *Ruyter* cease,
 And whip the *Dutch*, unless they'll hold their peace.
 But *Lewis* was of memory but dull,
 And to St. *Albans* too undutiful:

Nor Word, nor near Relation did revere,
 But ask'd him bluntly for his Character.
 The gravell'd Count did with this answer faint;
 (His Character was that which thou didst Paint)
 And so enforc'd like Enemy or Spy,
 Trusses his Baggage, and the Camp does fly:
 Yet *Lewis* writes, and lest our heart should break,
 Condoles us morally out of *Senecque*.

Two Letters next unto *Breda* are sent,
 In Cypher one to *Harry* Excellent:
 The first entrusts (our Verse that Name abhors)
 Plenipotentiary Embassadors;
 To prove by Scripture, Treaty does imply
 Cessation, as the Look Adultery;
 And that by Law of Arms, in Martial strife,
 Who yields his Sword, has title to his Life.
 Presbyter *Hollis* the first point should clear,
 The second *Coventry* the Cavalier:
 But would they not be argu'd back from Sea,
 Then to return home straight *infectâ re*.
 But *Harry's* order'd, if they wont recall
 Their Fleet, to threaten—we'll give them all.
 The *Dutch* are then in Proclamation sent,
 For sin against the eleventh Commandment.
Hyde's flippant style there pleasantly curvets,
 Still his sharp wit on States and Princes whets:

So *Spain* could not escape his laughter's spleen,
 None but himself must chuse the King a Queen.
 But when he came the odious Clause to pen,
 That summons up the Parliament agen,
 His Writing-master many times he bann'd,
 And wisht himself the Gout to seize his hand ;
 Never old Lecher more repugnant felt,
 Consenting for his Rupture to be gelt.
 But still in hope he solac'd e'er they come
 To work the Peace, and so to send them home ;
 Or in their hasty Call to find a flaw
 Their Acts to vitiate, and them over-aw :
 But more rely'd upon this *Dutch* pretence,
 To raise a two-edg'd Army for's defence.

First then he march'd our whole *Militia's* force,
 (As if alas we Ships, or *Dutch* had Horse,)
 Then from the usual common place he blames
 These, and in standing Armies praise declaims :
 And the wise Court, that alway lov'd it dear,
 Now thinks all but too little for their fear.
Hide stamps, and straight upon the ground the swarms
 Of currant *Myrmidans* appear in Arms ;
 And for their Pay he writes as from the King,
 With that curs'd Quill pluckt from a Vulture's wing,
 Of the whole Nation now to ask a Loan ;
 (The Eighteen hundred thousand pounds are gone.)
 This done, he pens a Proclamation stout
 In rescue of the Bankers Banquetout.
 His Minion-knps that in his secret part
 Lie nuzzling at the Sacramental Wart ;
 Horse-leeches sucking at the Hæm'roy'd Vein,
 He sucks the King, they him, he them again.
 The Kingdom's Farm he lets to them bids least ;
 (Greater the Bribe) and cheats at Interest.
 Here Men induc'd by safety, gain, and ease,
 Their Money lodge, confiscate when he please :
 These can at need, at instant with a Scrip
 (This lik'd him best) his Cash beyond Sea whip :
 When *Dutch* invade, and Parliament prepare ;
 How can he Engines so convenient spare ?

Let no man touch them, or demand his own,
Pain of displeasure of great *Clarendon*.

The State affairs thus marshall'd, for the rest,
Monk in his Shirt against the *Dutch* is prest.

Often (dear Painter) have I fate and mus'd

Why he should still b' on all Adventures us'd:

Do they for nothing ill, like *Ashen-wood*,

Or think him like *Herb-John* for nothing good?

Whether his Valour they so much admire,

Or that for Cowardise they all retire.

As, Heaven in Storms they call, in gusts of State

On *Monk* and Parliament, yet both do hate.

All Causes sure concur, but must they think

Under *Herculian* labours he may sink.

Soon then the *Independent* Troops would close,

And *Hyde's* last project of his place dispose.

Ruyter the while that had our Ocean curb'd,

Sail'd now amongst our Rivers undisturb'd;

Survey'd their Chrystal Streams and Banks so green,

And Beauties e'er this never naked seen;

Through the vain Sedge the bashful Nymphs he ey'd,

Bosoms, and all which from themselves they hide.

The Sun much brighter, and the Sky more clear

He finds, the Air and all things sweeter here:

The sudden change, and such a tempting sight,

Swells his old Veins with fresh blood, fresh delight.

Like am'rous Victors he begins to shave,

And his new face looks in the *English* Wave.

His sporting Navy all about him swim,

And witness their complacence in their trim.

Their streaming Silks play through the weather fair,

And with inveigling Colours court the Air.

While the Red Flags breath on their Top-masts high

Terror and War, but want an Enemy.

Among the Shrouds the Seamen sit and sing,

And wanton Boys on every Rope do cling:

Old *Neptune* springs the Tydes, and Waters lent,

(The Gods themselves do help the provident)

And where the deep Keel on the shallow cleaves

With Trident's Leaver and great Shoulder heaves.

Æolus

Æolus their Sails inspires with Eastern Wind,
 Puffs them along, and breaths upon them kind.
 With pearly Shell, the *Tritons* all the while
 Sound the Sea-march, and guide to *Sheppy* Isle.

So have I seen in *April's* bud arise,
 A Fleet of Clouds sailing along the Skies.
 The liquid Region with their Squadrons fill'd,
 Their airy Sterns the Sun behind does gild,
 And gentle Gales them steer, and Heaven drives,
 When all on sudden their calm Bosom rives,
 With Thund'r and Lightning from each armed Cloud,
 Shepherds themselves in vain in Bushes shroud.
 So up the Stream the *Belgick* Navy glides,
 And at *Sheerness* unloads its stormy Sides.

Sprag there, tho' practis'd in the Sea command,
 With panting heart, lay like a fish on land,
 And quickly judg'd the Fort was not tenable;
 Which if a House, yet were not tenantable.
 No man can sit there safe, the Cannon pours
 Thorough th' Walls untight, and Bullets showers.
 The Neighbourhood ill, and an unwholsome seat,
 So at the first salute resolves retreat;
 And swore that he would never more dwell there,
 Until the City put it in repair.

So he in Front, his Garison in rear,
 March'd streight to *Chatbam* to increase the fear.

There our sick Ships unrigg'd in Summer lay,
 Like moulting Fowl, a weak and easy Prey:
 For whose strong bulk Earth scarce could Timber find,
 The Ocean Water, or the Heavens Wind.
 Those Oaken Giants of the ancient Race,
 That rul'd all Seas, and did our Channel grace.
 The conscious Stag, tho' once the Forest's dread,
 Flies to the Wood, and hides his armless Head:
Ruyter forthwith a Squadron does untack,
 They sail securely through the River's track.
 And *English* Pilot too (Oh shame! Oh sin!)
 Cheated of's Pay, was he that shew'd them in:

Our wretched Ships within their Fate attend,
 And all our hopes now on frail Chain depend:

(Engine

(Engine so slight to guard us from the Sea,
It fitter seem'd to Captivate a Flea;)
A Skipper rude shocks it without respect,
Filling his Sails more force to recollect.
Th' *English* from shore the Iron deaf invoke
For its last aid, Hold Chain, or we are broke!
But with her sailing weight the *Holland* Keel,
Snapping the brittle Links, does thorough reel,
And to the rest the opening passage shew:

Monk from the Bank that dismal sight does view.
Our feather'd Gallants which came down that day
To be Spectators safe of the New Play,
Leave him alone when first they hear the Gun,
(*Cornb'ry* the fleetest) and to *London* run.

Our Seamen, whom no dangers shape could fright,
Unpaid, refuse to mount our Ships for spight:
Or to their Fellows Swim on board the *Dutch*,
Who shew the tempting Metal in their clutch.
Oft had he sent, of *Duncomb* and of *Legg*
Cannon and Powder, but in vain, to begg;
And *Upwar* Castle's ill deserted Wall,
Now needful does for Ammunition call,
He finds, where-'ere he succour might expect,
Confusion, Folly, Treachery, Feat, Neglect.

But when the *Royal Charles* (what rage! what grief!)
He saw seiz'd, and could give her no relief;
That Sacred Keel that had, as he, restor'd
Its exil'd Sov'reign on its happy board,
And thence the *British* Admiral became,
Crown'd for that merit with his Master's Name:
That pleasure-boat of War, in whose dear side
Secure, so oft he had his Foe defy'd,
Now a cheap Spoil, and the mean Victor's slave,
Taught the *Dutch* Colours from its Top to wave,
Of former Glories the reproachful thought
With present shame compar'd, his mind distraught.

Such from *Euphrates* bank a Tigress fell
After her Robbers for her Whelps does yell;
But sees enrag'd the River flow between,
Frustrate Revenge, and Love by loss more keen;

At her own Breast her useless Claws does arm,
She tears her self, 'cause him she cannot harm.

The Guards plac'd for the Chain's and Fleet's defence,
Long since were fled on many a feign'd pretence,
Daniel had there adventur'd, Man of might,
Sweet Painter draw his Picture while I write.

Paint him of Person tall, and big of Bone,
Large Limbs like Ox, not to be kill'd but shown;
Scarce can burnt Iv'ry feign a hair so black,
Or Face so red, thine Oker and thy Lack,
Mix a vain terror in his Martial look,
And all those lines by which men are mistook;
But when by shame constrain'd to go on Board,
He heard how the wild Cannon nearer roar'd,
And saw himself confin'd like Sheep in Pen,
Daniel then thought he was in Lions Den:
But when the frightful Fire-Ships he saw,
Pregnant with Sulphur nearer to him draw,
Captain, Lieutenant, Ensign, all make haste,
E'er in the fiery Furnace they be cast;
Three Children tall unsing'd, away they row:
Like *Shadrack*, *Mesheck* and *Abednego*.

Each doleful day still with fresh loss returns,

The *Loyal London* now a third time burns.

And the true *Royal Oak*, and *Royal James*,
Ally'd in Fate, increase with theirs her flames.

Of all our Navy none should now survive,
But that the Ships themselves were taught to dive;

And the kind River in its Creek them hides,
Fraughting their pierced Keels with Onzy sides,

Up to the Bridge contagious Terror struck,

The Tow'r it self with the near danger shook;

And were not *Ruyter's* Maw with ravage cloy'd,

Ev'n *London's* ashes had been then destroy'd;

Officious fear, however to prevent

Our loss, does so much more our loss augment.

The *Dutch* had robb'd those Jewels of the Crown,

Our Merchant-men, lest they should burn, we drown:

So when the Fire did not enough devour,

The Houses were demolish'd near the Tow'r.

Those

Those *Ships* that yearly from their teeming hole
Unloaded here the Birth of either Pole;
Fir from the North, and Silver from the West,
From the South Perfumes, Spices from the East;
From *Gambo* Gold, and from the *Ganges* Gems,
Take a short Voyage underneath the *Thames*:
Once a deep River, now with Timber floor'd,
And shrunk, less Navigable, to a Ford.

Now nothing more at *Chatham's* left to burn,
The *Holland* Squadron leisurely return;
And spight of *Ruperts* and of *Albermarles*,
To *Ruyter's* Triumph led the Captive *Charles*.
The pleasing sight he often does prolong,
Her Mast erect, tough Cordage, Timber strong;
Her moving shape, all these he doth survey,
And all admires, but most his easy Prey.
The *Seamen* search her all within, without,
Viewing her strength, they yet their Conquest doubt;
Then with rude shouts secure, the Air they vex,
With gamson joy insulting on her Decks;
Such the fear'd *Hebrew* Captive, blinded, shorn,
Was led about in sport, the publick scorn.

Black day accurst! on thee let no man hale
Out of the Port, or dare to hoist a Sail,
Or row a Boat in thy unlucky hour,
Thee, the Years Monster, let thy Dam devour;
And constant time to keep his course yet right,
Fill up thy space with a redoubled Night.
When aged *Thames* was bound with Fetters base,
And *Medway* chaste ravish'd before his face;
And their dear Off-spring murder'd in their sight,
Thou and thy fellows heldst the odious light.
Sad chance since first that happy Pair was wed,
When all the Rivers grac'd their Nuptial Bed,
And Father *Neptune* promis'd to resign
His Empire old to their Immortal Line;
Now with vain grief their vainer hopes they rue,
Themselves dishonour'd, and the Gods untrue;
And to each other helpless couple mourn,
As the sad Tortoise for the Sea does groan:

But most they for their darling *Charles* complain,
 And were it burnt, yet less would be their pain.
 To see that fatal pledge of Sea command,
 Now in the Ravisher *de'Ruyter's* hand ; -
 The *Thames* roar'd, swooning *Medway* turn'd her tyde,
 And were they mortal, both for grief had dy'd.

The Court in Farthering yet it self does please,
 (And female *Steward* there rules the four *Seas*,)
 But fate does still accumulate our woes,
 And *Richmond* her commands, as *Ruyter* those.

After this loss, to relish discontent,
 Some one must be accus'd by punishment ;
 All our Miscarriages on *Pett* must fall,
 His Name alone seems fit to answer all.
 Whose counsel first did this mad War beget ?
 Who all Commands sold through the Navy ? *Pett*.
 Who would not follow when the *Dutch* were beat ?
 Who treated out the Time at *Bergen* ? *Pett*.
 Who the *Dutch* Fleet with Storms disabled met ?
 And rifling Prizes, them neglected ? *Pett*.
 Who with false News prevented the Gazette,
 The Fleet divided, writ for *Rupert* ? *Pett*.
 Who all our Seamen cheated of their debt,
 And all our Prizes who did swallow ? *Pett*.
 Who did advise no Navy out to Set ?
 And who the Forts left unprepar'd ? *Pett*.
 Who to supply with Powder did forget
Languard, Sheerness, Gravesend and *Upnor* ? *Pett*.
 Who all our Ships expos'd in *Chattam* Nett ?
 Who should it be but the Fanatick *Pett* ?
Pett, the Sea-architect in making *Ships*,
 Was the first cause of all these Naval slips.
 Had he not built, none of these faults had been ;
 If no Creation, there had been no sin ;
 But his great Crime, one Boat away he sent,
 That lost our Fleet, and did our flight prevent.

Then that reward might in its turn take place,
 And march with punishment in equal pace ;
Southampton dead, much of the Treasure's care
 And place in Council fell to *Duncomb's* share.

All men admir'd, he to that pitch could fly,
 Powder ne'er blew man up so soon, so high;
 But sure his late good husbandry in Peeter,
 Shew'd him to manage the *Exchequer* meeter;
 And who the Forts would not vouchsafe a Corn,
 To lavish the King's Money more would scorn,
 Who hath no Chimneys, to give all, is best,
 And ablest Speaker, who of Law hath least.
 Who less Estate for Treasurer most fit,
 And for a Chanc'llor he that has least wit.
 But the true Cause was that in's Brother *May*,
 Th' *Exchequer* might the Privy-Purse obey.
 And now draws near the Parliaments return,
Hide and the Court again begin to mourn;
 Frequent in Council, earnest in debate,
 All Arts they try how to prolong its date,
 Grave Primate *Shelden* (much in preaching there)
 Blames the last Session, and this more does fear;
 With *Boynton* or with *Middleton* 'twere sweet,
 But with a Parliament abhors to meet;
 And thinks 'twill ne'er be well within this Nation,
 Till it be govern'd by a Convocation.

But in the *Thames*-mouth still *de Ruyter* laid,
 The Peace not sure, new Army must be paid;
Hide said he hourly waits for a Dispatch,
Harry came Post just as he shew'd his Watch:
 All to agree the Articles were clear,
 The *Holland* Fleet and Parliament so near.
 Yet *Harry* must jobb back and all mature,
 Binding e'er th' Houses meet the Treaty sure;
 And 'twixt necessity and spight, till then
 Let them come up so to go down again.
 Up ambles Country Justice on his Pad,
 And Vest bespeaks to be more seemly clad:
 Plain Gentlemen are in Stage-Coach o'erthrown,
 And Deputy-Lieutenants in their own;
 The portly Burgeses through the weather hot
 Does for his Corporation sweat and trot:
 And all with Sun and Choller come adust,
 And threaten *Hide* to raise a greater dust.

But fresh, as from the Mint, the Courtiers fine
 Salute them, smiling at their vain design ;
 And *Turner* gay up to his Perch doth march,
 With Face new bleacht, smoothed and stiff with Starch,
 Tells them he at *Whiteball* had took a turn,
 And for three days thence moves them to adjourn.
 Not so, quoth *Tomkins*, and streight drew his Tongue,
 Trusty as Steel that always ready hung ;
 And so proceeding in his motion warm,
 Th' Army soon rais'd he doth as soon disarm.
 True *Trojan* ! whilst this Town can Girls afford,
 And long as Cyder lasts in *Hereford*,
 The Girls shall always kiss thee, tho' grown old,
 And in eternal Healths thy Name be troul'd.

Mean while the certain News of Peace arrives
 At Court, and so reprieves their guilty Lives.

Hyde orders *Turner* that he should come late,
 Lest some new *Tomkins* spring a fresh Debate :
 The King that early rais'd was from his rest,
 Expects, as at a Play, till *Turner's* drest.
 At last together *Eaton* came and he,
 No Dial more could with the Sun agree :
 The Speaker summon'd to the Lords repairs,
 Nor gave the Commons leave to say their Pray'rs,
 But like his Pris'ners to the Bar them led,
 Where mute, they stand to hear their Sentence read ;
 Trembling with joy and fear, *Hyde* them Prorogues,
 And had almost mistook, and call'd them Rogues.

Dear Painter, draw this Speaker to the Foot,
 Where Pencil cannot, there my Pen shall do't.
 That may his Body, this his Mind explain ;
 Paint him in Golden Gown with Maces train ;
 Bright Hair, fair Face, obscure and dull of Head,
 Like Knife with Iv'ry Haft, and edge of Lead ;
 At Prayers his eyes turn up the pious white,
 But all the while his private Bill's in sight :
 In chair he smoking sits like Master Cook,
 And a Poll-bill does like his Apron look.
 Well was he Skill'd to Season any Question,
 And make a *Sawce* fit for *White-ball's* digestion,

Whence

Whence every day the Palate more to tickle,
 Court-Mushrooms ready are sent in to pickle.
 When Grievances urg'd he swells like squatted Toad,
 Frisks like a Frog to croak a Taxes load :
 His patient Piss he could hold longer than
 An Urinal, and sit like any Hen ;
 At Table jolly as a Country Host,
 And soaks his Sack with *Norfolk* like a Toast ;
 At Night than *Chanticleere* more brisk and hot,
 And Serjeants Wife serves him for *Portelott*;

Paint last the King, and a dead shade of Night,
 Only disperst by a weak Taper's light :
 And those bright gleams that dart along and glare
 From his clear Eyes (yet these too dart with care)
 There, as in the calm horror all alone,
 He wakes and muses of th' uneasy Throne :
 Raise up a sudden shape with Virgins face,
 Tho' ill agree her posture, hour or place;
 Naked as born, and her round Arms behind,
 With her own Tresses interwove and twin'd :
 Her Mouth lockt up, a blind before her Eyes,
 Yet from beneath her Veil her blushes rise,
 And silent Tears her secret Anguish speak ;
 Her Heart throbs, and with very shame would break.
 The object strange in him no terror mov'd,
 He wondred first, then pitied, then he lov'd ;
 And with kind hand does the coy Vision press,
 Whose beauty greater seem'd by her distress :
 But soon shrunk back, chill'd with a touch so cold,
 And th' airy Picture vanisht from his hold.
 In his deep thoughts the wonder did increase,
 And he divin'd 'twas *England*, or the Peace.

Express him startling next, with list'ning Ear,
 As one that some unusual noise doth hear ;
 With Cannons, Trumpets, Drums, his Door furround,
 But let some other Painter draw the sound :
 Thrice he did rise, thrice the vain tumult fled,
 But again thunders when he lies in bed.
 His mind secure does the vain stroke repeat,
 And finds the Drums *Lewis's* March did beat,

Shake then the Room, and all his Curtains tear,
 And with blue streaks infect the Taper clear,
 While the pale Ghost his Eyes doth fix admire
 Of Grandfire *Harry*, and of *Charles* his Sire.
Harry sits down, and in his open Side
 The grisly Wound reveals of which he dy'd :
 And Ghostly *Charles*, turning his Coller low,
 The purple Thred about his Neck doth show :
 Then whisp'ring to his Son in words unheard,
 Through the lockt Door, both of them disappear'd :
 The wondrous Night the pensive King revolves,
 And rising streight on *Hyde's* disgrace resolves.

At his first step he *Castlemain* does find,
Bennet and *Coventry* as 'twere design'd ;
 And they not knowing the same thing propose,
 Which his hid Mind did in his depths inclose :
 Through their feign'd speech their secret Hearts he
 To her own Husband *Castlemain* untrue ; (knew,
 False to his Master, *Bristol*, *Arlington*,
 And *Coventry* falser than any one,
 Who to his Brother, Brother would betray ;
 Nor therefore trusts himself to such as they.
 His Father's Ghost too whisper'd him one Note,
 That who does cut his Purse will his cut Throat :
 But in wise anger he their Crimes forbear,
 As Thieves repriev'd from Executioner :
 While *Hyde* provok'd, his foaming Tusk does whet,
 To prove them Traytors, and himself the Pett.

Painter, adieu : How well our Arts agree !
 Poetick Picture, Painted Poetry !

But this great Work is for our Monarch fit,
 And henceforth *Charles* only to *Charles* shall sit.
 His Master-hand the Ancients shall out-do,
 Himself the Painter, and the Poet too.

The Royal SCOT.

By Cleaveland's Ghost, upon the Death of Captain Douglas, burnt on his Ship at Chatham.

OF the old Heroes, when the Warlike Shades
 Saw *Douglas* marching on the *Elysium* Glades,
 They all consulting gather'd in a Ring,
 Which of their Poets should his Welcome sing :
 And as a favourable Penance chose
Cleaveland, on whom they would that task impose ;
 He understood, but willingly addrest
 His ready Muse to court that noble Guest.
 Much had he cur'd the tumour of his Vein,
 He judg'd more clearly now, and saw more plain ;
 For those soft *Airs* had temper'd every Thought,
 And of wise *Lethe* he had drunk a Draught,
 Abruptly he began, disguising Art,
 As of his Satyr this had been a part.
 Not so, brave *Douglas*, on whose lovely Chin,
 The early Down but newly did begin :
 And modest Beauty yet his Sex did veil,
 While envious Virgins hopes he is a Male.
 His yellow Locks curls back themselves to seek,
 Nor other Courtship knew but to his Cheek.
 Oft has he in chill *Esk* or *Sejn* by Night,
 Hardned and cool'd, his Limbs so soft, so white ;
 Among the Reeds to be espy'd by him
 The Nymphs would rustle, he would forwards swim ;
 They sigh'd, and said, Fond Boy, why so untame,
 That fly'st Loves fires, reserv'd for other flame ?
 First on his Ship he fac't that horrid Day,
 And wond'red much at those that run away :
 No other fear himself could comprehend,
 Than lest Heaven fall e'er thither he ascend ;
 But entertains the while his time too short,
 With birding at the *Dutch*, as if in sport,

Or

Or waves his Sword, and could he then conjure
 Within his Circle, knows himself secure.
 The fatal Bark him boards with grapling Fire,
 And safely through its Port the *Dutch* retire.
 That precious Life he yet disdains to save,
 Or with known Art to try the gentle Wave;
 Much him the honour of his ancient Race
 Inspir'd, nor would he his own Deeds deface;
 And secret Joy in his calm Soul does rise,
 That *Monk* looks on to see how *Douglas* dies:
 Like a glad Lover the fierce flames he meets,
 And tries his first Embraces in their Sheets:
 His Shape exact, which the bright flames infold,
 Like the Sun's Statue stands of burnisht Gold.
 Round the transparent Fire about him glows,
 As the clear Amber on the Bees does close;
 And as on Angels heads their Glories shine,
 His burning Locks adorn his Face divine.
 But when in his immortal Mind he felt
 His alt'ring Form, and soder'd Limbs to melt;
 Down on the Deck he laid himself, and dy'd,
 With his dear Sword reposing by his side,
 And on the flaming Plank so rests his Head,
 As one that warm'd himself, and went to Bed.
 His Ship burns down, and with his Reliques sinks,
 And the sad Stream beneath his Ashes drinks.
 Fortunate Boy! If either Pencils Fame,
 Or if my Verse can propagate thy Name;
 When *Aeta* and *Alcides* are forgot,
 Our *English* Youth shall sing the Valiant Scot.

Skip Saddles *Pegasus*, thou needst not brag,
 Sometimes the *Galloway* proves the better Nag.
 Shall not a Death so generous, when told,
 Unite our distance, fill our Breeches old?
 Such in the *Roman Forum*, *Curtius* brave
 Galloping down, clos'd up the gaping Cave.
 No more discourse of *Scotch* and *English* Race,
 Nor chaunt the fabulous Hunt of *Chevy Chase*.
 Mixt in *Corinthian* Metal at thy Flame
 Our Nation's melting, thy *Colossus* frame:

Prick down the Point, whoever has the art,
Where Nature *Scotland* does from *England* part.
Anatomists may sooner fix the Cells
Where Life resides, and Understanding dwells:
But this we know, tho' that exceeds our Skill,
That whosoever sep'rates them does ill.
Will you the *Tweed* that sullen Bounder call
Of Soyl, of Wit, of Manners, and of all?
Why draw you not as well the thrifty Line
From *Thames*, from *Humber*, or at least the *Tine*?
So may we the State Corpulence redress,
And little *England*, when we please make less.

What *Etbic* River is this wond'rous *Tweed*,
Whose one Bank Vertue, t'other Vice does breed?
Or what new Perpendicular does rise
Up from her Streams, continu'd to the Skies,
That between us the common Air should bar,
And split the Influence of every Star?
But who considers right, will find, indeed,
'Tis *Holy Island* parts us, not the *Tweed*.
Nothing but Clergy could us two seclude,
No *Scotch* was ever like a Bishop's Feud,
All Litanies in this have wanted Faith;
There's no *Deliver us*, from a Bishop's Wrath.
Never shall *Calvin* pardon'd be for Sales,
Never for *Burnet's* sake, the *Lauderdale's*?
For *Becket's* sake *Kent* always shall have Tales.
Who Sermons e'er can pacifie and Prayers?
Or to the Joynt-stools reconcile the Chairs.
Tho' Kingdoms Join, yet Church will Kirk oppose,
The Mitre still divides, the Crown does close;
As in *Rogation-Week* they whip us round,
To keep in mind the *Scotch* and *English* Bound.
What th' Ocean binds, is by the Bishops rent,
Then Seas make Islands in our Continent.
Nature in vain us in one Land compiles,
If the Cathedral still shall have its Isles.
Nothing, not Bogs, nor Sands, nor Seas, nor *Alps*,
Separate the World so as the Bishops Scalps.

Stretch

Stretch for the Line, their Circingle alone,
 'Twill make a more uninhabitable Zone.
 The friendly Load-stone has not more combin'd,
 Than Bishops cramp't the Commerce of Mankind.
 Had it not been for such a Bias strong,
 Two Nations had ne'er miss'd the Mark so long.
 The World in all doth but two Nations bear,
 The Good, the Bad, and these mixt every where :
 Under each Pole place either of these two ;
 The Bad will basely, Good will bravely do.
 And few, indeed, can parallel our Climes,
 For Worth Heroick, or Heroick Crimes :
 The tryal would, however, be too nice,
 Which stronger were, a *Scotch* or *English* Vice :
 Or whether the same Virtue would reflect
 From *Scotch* or *English* Heart the same effect.
 Nation is all but Name, a *Sibboleth*,
 Where a mistaken Accent causes Death.
 In Paradise Names only Nature show'd,
 At *Babel* Names from Pride and Discord flow'd ;
 And ever since Men with a Female Spight,
 First call each other Names, and then they fight.
Scotland and *England*, cause of just uproar,
 Do Man and Wife signifie, Rogue and Whore.
 Say but a *Scot*, and straight we fall to Sides,
 That Syllable, like a *Pill's* Wall, divides.
 Rational Mens Words, Pledges are of Peace,
 Perverted, serve Dissention to increase.
 For shame extirpate from each Loyal Breast,
 That senseless Rancour against Interest.
 One King, one Faith, one Language, and one Isle,
English and *Scotch*, 'tis all but Cross and Pile.
Charles, our Great Soul, this only understands,
 He our Affections both, and Wills commands.
 And where twin-Sympathies cannot atone,
 Knows the last Secret, how to make us one.
 Just so the prudent Husbandman that sees
 The idle Tumult of his factious Bees ;
 The Morning Dews, and Flowers neglected grown,
 The Hive a Comb-Case, every Bee a Drone ;

Powders

Powders them o'er, till none discerns his Foës,
And all themselves in Meal and Friendship lose :
The Insect Kingdom straight begins to thrive,
And all work Honey for the common Hive.

Pardon, young Hero, this so long Transport,
Thy Death more noble did the same extort.
My former Satyr for this Verse forget ;
My fault against my Recantation set.

I single did against a Nation write,
Against a Nation thou didst singly fight.
My differing Crimes does more thy Virtue raise,
And such my Rashness best thy Valour praise.

Here *Douglas* smiling said, He did intend,
After such Frankness shewn, to be his Friend.
Forewarn'd him therefore, lest in time he were
Metempsychos'd to some *Scotch* Presbyter.

By *A. M.*

Britannia and Raleigh. By *A. Marvell*, Esq.

Br. **A** *H Raleigh*, when thou didst thy Breath resign
To trembling *James*, would I had quitted
(mine.

Cubs didst thou call them? Hadst thou seen this Brood,
Of *Earls*, and *Dukes*, and *Princes* of the Blood ;
No more of *Scotish* Race thou wouldst complain,
These would be Blessings in this spurious Reign.
Awake, arise from thy long blest repose,
Once more with me partake of mortal Woes.

Ra. What mighty Pow'r hath forc'd me from my
Oh mighty Queen, why so untimely drest? (rest?

Brit. Favour'd by Night, conceal'd in this Disguise,
Whilst the *Lewd Court* in drunken slumber lies,
I stole away ; and never will return,
Till *England* knows who did her City burn :
Till *Cavaliers* shall Favourites be deem'd,
And Loyal Sufferers by the Court esteem'd :
Till *Leigh* and *Galloway* shall Bribes reject :
Thus *O——ns* Golden Cheat I shall detect :

Til

Till Atheist *Lauderdale* shall leave this Land,
 And *Commons Votes* shall *Cut-Nose Guards* disband :
 Till *Kate* a happy Mother shall become,
 Till *Charles* loves *Parliaments*, and *James* hates *Rome*.

Ral. What fatal Crimes make you for ever fly
 Your once lov'd Court, and *Martyr's* Progeny ?

Brit. A Colony of *French* possess the Court ;
Pimps, Priests, Buffoons, in Privy-Chamber sport.
 Such slimy Monsters ne'er approacht the Throne
 Since *Pharaoh's* Days, nor so defil'd a Crown.
 In sacred Ear *Tyrannick Arts* they croak,
 Pervert his Mind, and good Intention choak :
 Tell him of *Golden Indies*, *Fairy Lands*,
Leviathan, and absolute Commands.

Thus *Fairy-like* the King they steal away,
 And in his room a *Changling Lewis* lay.
 How oft have I him to himself restor'd,
 In's Left the Scale, in's Right-hand plac'd the Sword ?
 Taught him their use, what Dangers would ensue
 To them who strive to separate these two ?
 The bloody *Scotish Chronicle* read o'er
 Shew'd him how many Kings in purple Gore
 Were hurl'd to Hell by cruel Tyrant Love.

The other day fam'd *Spencer* I did bring,
 In lofty Notes, *Tudor's* blest Race to sing ;
 How *Spain's* proud powers her Virgin Arms control'd,
 And golden Days in peaceful Order roul'd :
 How like ripe Fruit she dropt from off her Throne,
 Full of grey Hairs, good Deeds and great Renown.
 As the *Jessean Hero* did appease
Saul's stormy Rage, and stopt his black Disease ;
 So the learn'd Bard, with artful Song suppress
 The swelling Passion of his canker'd Breast :
 And in his Heart kind Influences shed
 Of *Countrys Love*, by Truth and Justice bred :
 Then to perform the Cure so well begun,
 To him I shew'd this glorious setting Sun,
 How by her Peoples Looks pursu'd from far,
 So mounted on a bright Celestial Car
 Out-shining *Virgo*, or the *Julian Star*.

Whilst in Truth's Mirrour this good Scene he spy'd,
 Enter'd a *Dame* bedeck'd with spotted Pride,
 Fair *Flower-de-Luce* within an Azure Field,
 Her left-hand Bears the ancient *Gallick* Shield,
 By her usurp'd; her Right a bloody Sword,
 Inscrib'd *Leviathan*, our Sovereign Lord;
 Her tow'ry Front a fiery Meteor bears,
 An Exhalation bred of Blood and Tears;
 Around her *Jove's* lewd rav'nous Curs complain,
 Pale Death, Lusts, Tortures, fill her pompous Train:
 She from the easy King Truth's Mirrour took,
 And on the ground in spiteful Fall it broke;
 Then frowning, thus, with Proud Disdain, she spoke:

}

Are thred-bare Virtues Ornaments for *Kings*?
 Such poor pedantick Toys teach Underlings!
 Do *Monarchs* rise by Virtue or by Sword?
 Who e'er grew great by keeping of his Word?
Virtue's a faint *Green-sickness* to brave Souls,
 Dastards their Hearts, their active Heat controuls:
 The Rival God, Monarchs of t'other World;
 This mortal poyson among Princes hurl'd;
 Fearing the mighty Projects of the Great,
 Shall drive them from their proud Celestial Seat,
 If not o'er-aw'd: This new found holy Cheat.

}

Those pious Frauds to slight t'insnare the Brave,
 Are proper Arts the long-ear'd Rout t'inlave.
 Bribe hungry Priests to deify your Might,
 To teach your Will's your only Rule to Right,
 And sound Damnation to all dare deny't.

}

Thus Heavens designs 'gainst Heaven you shall turn
 And make them feel those Powers they once did scorn.
 When all the goblin Interest of Mankind,
 By Hirelings sold to you, shall be resign'd;
 And by Impostures God and Man betray'd,
 The Church and State you safely may invade:
 So boundless *Lewis* in full Glory shines,
 Whilst your starv'd Power in Legal Fetters pines.
 Shake off those Baby-bands from your strong Arms,
 Henceforth be deaf to that old Witches Charms:

Taste

Taste the delicious Sweets of Sovereign Power,
 'Tis Royal Game whole Kingdoms to deflower.
 Three spotless Virgins to your Bed I'll bring,
 A sacrifice to you their God and King: *
 As these grow stale, we'll harrafs Human kind,
 Rack Nature, till new Pleasures you shall find,
 Strong as your Reign, and beauteous as your Mind. }
 When she had spoke a confus'd Murmur rose,
 Of *French, Scotch, Irish*, all my mortal Foes:
 Some *English* too, O shame! disguis'd I spy'd,
 Led all by the wise Son-in-Law of *Hide*:
 With Fury drunk, like *Bacchanals*, they roar,
 Down with that common *Magna Charta* Whore.
 With Joynt Consent, on helpless me they flew,
 And from my *Charles* to a base Goal me drew,
 My reverend Age expos'd the Scorn and Shame,
 To Prigs, Bawds, Whores, was made the publick-Game.
 Frequent Addresses to my *Charles* I send,
 And my sad State did to his Care commend:
 But his fair Soul transform'd by that *French* Dame,
 Had lost a Sense of Honour, Justice, Fame.
 Like a tame Spinster in's *Seraigi*' he sits,
 Besieg'd by Whores, Buffoons, and Bastard Chits;
 Lull'd in security, rowling in Lust,
 Religns his Crown to Angel *Carmell*'s Trust.
 Her Creature O——n the Revenue steals,
 False *F——b*, Knave *Ang——esy*, misguide the Seals.
Mac-James the *Irish* Biggots does adore;
 His *French* and *Teague* commands on Sea and Shore:
 The *Scotch Scalado* of our Court two liles,
 False *Lauderdale* with *Ordure* all defiles.
 Thus the States Night marr'd by this hellish Rout,
 And no one left these Furies to cast out.
 Ah! *Vindex* come, and purge the poyson'd State;
 Descend, descend, e'er the Cure's desperate. (save,
Ral. Once more Great *Queen* thy Darling strive to
 Snatch him again from Scandal and the Grave:
 Present to's Thoughts his long scorn'd *Parliament*,
 The Basis of his Throne and Government.

In his deaf Ears found his dead Father's Name;
Perhaps that Spell may's erring Soul reclaim.
Who knows what good Effects from thence may spring?
'Tis God-like good to save a falling King.

Brit. Rawleigh, no more; for long in vain I've try'd,
The *Stewart* from the Tyrant to divide;
As easily Learn'd *Vertuoso's* may
With the Dog's Blood his gentle Kind convey
Into the Wolf, and make him Guardian turn
T' th' bleating Flock, by him so lately torn.
If this Imperial Juice once taint his Blood,
'Tis by no potent Antidote withstood.

Tyrants, like Lep'rous Kings, for publick Weal
Should be immur'd, lest the Contagion steal
Over the whole. Th' Elect of th' *Jessean* Line,
To this firm Law their Scepter did resign:
And shall this base Tyrannick Brood invade
Eternal Laws, by God for Mankind made?

To the serene *Venetian* State I'll go,
From her sage Mouth fam'd Principles to know:
With her the Prudence of the Ancients read,
To teach my People in their steps to tread.
By their great Pattern such a State I'll frame,
Shall Eternize a glorious lasting Name.
Till then, my *Rawleigh*, teach our noble Youth
To love Sobriety, and holy Truth.
Watch and preside over their tender Age,
Lest Court-Corruption should their Souls engage.
Teach them how *Arts* and *Arms* in thy young Days
Employ'd our Youth, not Taverns, Stews and Play.
Tell them the generous Scorn their rise does owe
To Flattery, Pimping, and a Gaudy Show.
Teach them to scorn the *Carwells*, *Portsmouths*, *Nels*,
The *Clevelands*, *O——ns*, *Berties*, *Lauderdale's*,
Poppea, *Tegoline*, and *Arteria's* Name,
Who yield to these in Lewdness, Lust and Fame.
Make 'em admire the *Talbots*, *Sidneys*, *Veres*,
Drake, *Ca'ndish*, *Blake*; Men void of slavish Fears,
True Sons of Glory, Pillars of the State,
On whose fam'd Deeds all Tongues and Writers wait:

When with fierce Ardour their bright Souls do burn,
 Back to my dearest Country I'll return.
 Tarquin's just Judge, and Cæsar's equal Peers,
 With them I'll bring to dry my Peoples Tears.
 Publicola with healing Hands shall pour
 Balm in their Wounds, and shall their Life restore :
 Greeks Arts, and Roman Arms, in her conjoyn'd
 Shall England raise, relieve oppress'd Mankind.
 As Jove's great Son th' infested Globe did free
 From noxious Monsters, hell-born Tyranny :
 So shall my England in a Holy War,
 In Triumph lead chain'd Tyrants from afar :
 Her true Crusado shall at last pull down
 The Turkish Crescent, and the Persian Sun.
 Freed by thy Labours, Fortunate, Blest Isle,
 The Earth shall rest, the Heav'n shall on thee smile ;
 And this kind Secret for Reward shall give,
 No poyson'd Tyrants on the Earth shall live.

Advice to a Painter. By A. Marvel; Esq.

Spread a large Canvas, Painter, to contain
 The great Assembly, and the num'rous Train ;
 Where all about him shall in Triumph sit
 Abhorring Wisdom, and despising Wit ;
 Hating all Justice, and resolv'd to Fight,
 To rob their native Country of their Right.
 First draw his Highness prostrate to the South,
 Adoring Rome, this Label in his Mouth,
 Most holy Father ! being joyn'd in League
 With Father Patrick, D—by, and with Teague ;
 Thrown at your Sacred Feet, I bumbly bow,
 I, and the wise Associates of my Vow ;
 A Vow, nor Fire, nor Sword shall ever end,
 Till all this Nation to your Foot-stool bend.
 Thus arm'd with Zeal and Blessing from your Hands,
 I'll raise my Papists, and my Irish Bands,

And

And by a noble well-contrived Plot,
 Manag'd by wise *Fitz-Gerald*, and by *Scot*;
 Prove to the World, I'll make old *England* know,
 That *common Sense* is my eternal *Foe*,
 I ne'er can fight in a more glorious Cause,
 Than to destroy their *Liberty* and *Laws*.
 Their *House of Commons* and their *House of Lords*;
 Their *Parchment Presidents*, and dull *Records*.
 Shall these e'er dare to contradict my Will,
 And think a *Prince o' th' Blood* can e'er do ill?
 It is our *Birth-right* to have Power to kill.
 Shall they e'er dare to think they shall decide
 The way to *Heaven*? And who shall be my *Guide*?
 Shall they pretend to say, That *Bread* is *Bread*,
 If we affirm it is a *God* indeed?
 Or there's no *Purgatory* for the *Dead*?
 That *Extreme Unction* is but common *Oyl*,
 And not infallible the *Roman Soil*.
 I'll have those *Villains* in our *Notions* rest;
 And I do say it, therefore it's the best.

Next, *Painter*, draw us *Mordant* by his *Side*,
 Conveying his *Religion*, and his *Bride*.
 He who long since abjur'd the *Royal Line*,
 Does now in *Popery* with his Master joyn.
 Then draw the *Princess* with her *Golden Locks*,
 Hasting to be envenom'd with the *P——x*.
 And in her youthful *Veins* receive a *Wound*;
 Which sent *N. H.* before her under *Ground*;
 The *Wound* of which the tainted *C——ret* fades,
 Laid up in store for a new *Set of Maids*.
 Poor *Princess*! born under a sullen *Star*,
 To find such *Welcome* when you came so far.
 Better some jealous *Neighbour* of your own
 Had call'd you to a found tho' petty *Throne*.
 Where 'twixt a wholesome *Husband* and a *Page*,
 You might have linger'd out a lazy *Age*,
 That on dull *Hopes* of being here a *Queen*;
 E're *Twenty* die, and rot before *Fifteen*.

Now, *Painter*, shew us in the blackest *Dye*,
 The *Counsellors* of all this *Villany*.

Clifford, who first appear'd in humble Guise,
 Was always thought too gentle, meek, and wise.
 But when he came to act upon the Stage,
 He prov'd the mad *Cathegus* of our Age.
 He, and his Duke, had both too great a Mind,
 To be by *Justice*, or by *Law* confin'd :
 Their doiling Heads can bear no other Sounds,
 Than Fleets and Armies, Battles, Blood and Wounds.
 And to destroy our Liberty, they hope
 By *Irish* Fools, and an old doting *Pope*.

Next, *Talbot*, must by his great Master stand,
 Laden with *Folly*, *Flesh*, and ill-got *Land*.

He's of a size indeed to fill a *Porch*,
 But ne'er can make a *Pillar of the Church*.
 His Sword is all his Arg'ment, not his Book,
 Altho' no Scholar, he can act the Cook.
 And will cut Throats again, if he be paid ;
 In th' *Irish* Shambles he first learn'd the Trade.

Then *Painter* shew thy Skill, and in fit place
 Let's see the *Nuncio Arundel's* sweet Face,
 Let the Beholders by thy Art espy
 His *Sense* and *Soul*, as squinting as his Eye.

Let *Bellasis* autumnal Face be seen,
 Rich with the Spoils of a poor *Algerine* ;
 Who trusting in him, was by him betray'd,
 And so shall we when his advice's obey'd.
 The *Heroe* once got Honour by his Sword,
 He got his Wealth by breaking of his Word.
 And now his Daughter he hath got with Child,
 And Pimps to have his Family defil'd.

Next *Painter* draw the Rabble of the Plot,
German, *Fitz-Gerald*, *Loftys*, *Porter*, *Scot*.
 These are fit Heads indeed, to turn a State,
 And change the Order of a Nation's Fate ;
 Ten Thousand such as these shall ne'er controul
 The smallest *Atom* of an *English* Soul.

Old *England* on its strong Foundation stands,
 Defying all their *Heads*, and all their *Hands*.
 Its steady *Basis* never could be shook,
 When wiser Men her Ruin undertook ;

And can her *Guardian-Angel* let her stoop
 At last, to *Mad-men*, *Fools*, and to the *Pope*?
 No *Painter*, no; close up this Piece, and see
 This Crowd of *Traytors* hang'd in *Effigie*.

Nostradamus's Prophecy. By *A. Marvel*, Esq.

FOR Faults and Follies *London's* Doom shall fix,
 And she must sink in Flames in *Sixty-six*;
 Fire-Balls shall fly, but few shall see the Train,
 As far as from *Whitehall* to *Pudding-Lane*;
 To burn the City which again shall rise,
 Beyond all hopes, aspiring to the Skies,
 Where Vengeance dwells. But there is one thing more
 (Tho' its Walls stand) shall bring the City low'r:
 When Legislators shall their Trust betray,
 Saving their own, shall give the rest away;
 And those false Men by th' easy People sent,
 Give Taxes to the *King* by *Parliament*;
 When barefac'd *Villains* shall not blush to cheat,
 And *Chequer* Doors shall shut up *Lombard-street*:
 When Players come to Act the part of *Queens*,
 Within the Curtains, and behind the Scenes:
 When *Sodomy* shall be prime Min'sters Sport,
 And *Whoring* shall be the least Crime at Court:
 When Boys shall take their *Sisters* for their Mate,
 And practise *Incest* between seven and Eight:
 When no Man knows in whom to put his trust,
 And e'en to rob the *Chequer* shall be just:
 When Declarations, Lies, and every Oath
 Shall be in use at Court, but *Faith* and *Troth*.
 When two good Kings shall be at *Brentford* Town,
 And when in *London* there shall be not one;
 When the Seat's given to a talking Fool,
 Whom wise Men laugh at, and whom Women rule;
 A Min'ster able only in his Tongue,
 To make harsh empty *Speeches* two hours long:
 When an old *Scotch* Covenanter shall be
 The Champion for th' *English* Hierarchy:

When Bishops shall lay all Religion by,
 And strive by Law t'establish Tyranny:
 When a lean *Treasurer* shall in one Year
 Make himself fat, his King and People bare:
 When th' *English* Prince shall *English* men despise,
 And think *French* only Loyal, *Irish* Wife:
 When *Wooden Shoon* shall be the *English* wear,
 And *Magna Charta* shall no more appear;
 Then th' *English* shall a greater *Tyrant* know,
 Than either *Greek* or *Latin* Story show;
 Their Wives to's Lust expos'd, their Wealth to's spoil,
 With Groans to fill his Treasury they toil;
 But like the *Bellides*, must sigh in vain;
 For that still fill'd, flows out as fast again:
 Then they with envious Eyes shall *Belgium* see,
 And wish in vain *Venetian* Liberty.
 The Frogs too late grown weary of their Pain,
 Shall pray to *Jove* to take him back again.

Sr Edmundbury Godfrey's Ghost.

IT happen'd in the twy-light of the Day,
 As *England's* Monarch in his Clofet lay,
 And *Chiffinch* step'd to fetch the Female-Prey,
 The bloody shape of *Godfrey* did appear,
 And in sad Vocal sounds these things declare.
 'Tis old, Great Sir, I from the Shades am sent,
 'To shew these Wounds that did your Fall prevent.
 'My panting Ghost, as Envoy, comes to call,
 'And warn you, lest, like me, y' untimely fall;
 'Who against Law your Subjects Lives pursue,
 'By the same Rule may dare to murder you.
 'I, for *Religion*, *Laws*, and *Liberties*,
 'Am mangled thus, and made a *Sacrifice*.
 'Think what befel Great *Egypt's* hardned King,
 'Who scorn'd the Prophets oft admonishing.
 'Shake off your Brandy-slumbers; for my Words
 'More Truth than all your close Cabal affords;

' A Court you have with Luxury o'er-grown,
 ' And all the Vices e'er in Nature known;
 ' Where Pimps and Pandors in their Coaches ride,
 ' And in Lampoons and Songs your Lust deride.
 ' Old Bawds and slighted Whores, there tell with shame,
 ' The dull Romance of our Lascivious Flame.
 ' Players and Scaramouches are your Joy;
 ' Priests and *French* Apes do all your Land annoy:
 ' Still so profuse, you are insolvent grown,
 ' A mighty Bankrupt on a Golden Throne,
 ' Your nauseous Palate the worst Food doth crave;
 ' No wholsom Viands can an Entrance have:
 ' Each Night you lodge in that *French* Syren's Arms,
 ' She straight betrays you with her wanton Charms;
 ' Works on your Heart, softned with Love and Wine,
 ' And then betrays you to some *Philistine*.
 ' Imperial Lust does o'er your Scepter sway;
 ' And tho' a *Sovereign*, makes you to obey.
 ' She that from *Lisbon* came with such Renown,
 ' And to enrich you with the *Africk* Town;
 ' In nature mild, and gentle as a Dove;
 ' Yet for Religion can a *Serpent* prove:
 ' Priest-rid with Zeal, she plots, and did design
 ' To cut your Thread of Life, as well as mine;
 ' Yet Thoughts so stupid have your Soul possest,
 ' As if enchanted by some Magick Priest:
 ' There's no Examples urge you to relent,
 ' You pardon guilty, punish innocent.
 ' Next he who 'gainst the *Senate's* Vote did wed,
 ' Took defil'd *H.* and *Este* to his Bed.
 ' Fiend in his Face, Apostate in his Name,
 ' Contriv'd to Wars to your eternal shame.
 ' He ancient Laws and Liberties defies;
 ' On standing Guards and new rais'd Force relies.
 ' The *Teague* he courts, and doth the *French* admire,
 ' And fain he would be mounted one step higher.
 ' All this by you must needs be plainly seen,
 ' And yet he awes you with his daring *Spleen*:
 ' Th' unhappy Kingdom suffer'd much of old,
 ' When *Spencer* and loose *Gaveston* controul'd;

' Yet they by just Decrees were timely sent
 ' To suffer a perpetual Banishment.
 ' But your bold *Statesmen* nothing can restrain,
 ' Their most enormous Courses you maintain.
 ' They like those head-strong Horses of the Sun,
 ' Guided by the unskilful *Phaeton*.
 ' Your tott'ing Chariot bears through uncouth ways,
 ' Till the next World's inflamed with your Rays.
 ' Witness that Man, who had for divers Years
 ' Pay'd the ~~brib'd~~ *Commons Pensions* and *Arrears* ;
 ' Tho' your Exchequer was at his Command,
 ' Durst not before his just Accusers stand :
 ' His Crimes and Treasons of so black a hue,
 ' None dare to prove his Advocate but you.
 ' Who e'er within your Palace Walls remain,
 ' Abhor your Actions, serve you but for Gain.
 ' The *Assyrians* (as Histories relate)
 ' Had once a King grown so Effeminate ;
 ' All State-Affairs seem'd irksome in his sight,
 ' In Spinning-Wheels he plac'd his whole delight :
 ' With his lewd *Strumpet-Crew* he did retire,
 ' Condemn'd and loath'd, he set himself on fire,
 ' And only in this Act the World did own,
 ' The greatest Manhood of his Life was shown.
 ' Rome ne'er to such a glorious State had grown,
 ' Had not Luxurious *Tarquin* there been known,
 ' A single Rape was deem'd such a Disgrace,
 ' Th' extirpate both his odious Name and Race :
 ' Tho' he from *Tuscan* Kings did succour crave,
 ' Yet they with Arms pursu'd him to the Grave.
 ' Ingenuous People always have withstood,
 ' What stains their Honour, or the publick Good.
 ' Trust not in Prelates false Divinity,
 ' Who wrong their Prince, and shame their Deity,
 ' Making their God so partial in their Cause,
 ' Exempting Kings alone from human Laws ;
 ' These lying Oracles they did infuse
 ' Of old, and did your *Martyr'd Sire* abuse.
 ' Their strong Delusions did him so intral,
 ' No Cautions would anticipate his Fall.

Repent in time, and banish from your sight
 The Pimp, the Whore, Buffoon, Church-Parasite :
 Let innocence deck your remaining Days,
 That after-Ages may unfold your Praise :
 So may Historians in new methods write,
 And draw a Curtain 'twixt your black and white.
 The Ghost spake thus, groan'd thrice, and said no more ;
 Straight in came *Chiffinch*, band in band, with Whore ;
 The King, tho' much concern'd 'twixt Joy and Fear,
 Starts from the Couch, and bids the Dame draw near.

An Historical Poem. By A. Marvel, Esq.

OF a Tall Stature and of Sable Hue ;
 Much like the Son of *Kish*, that lofty Jew :
 Twelve years compleat he suffer'd in Exile,
 And kept his Father's Asses all the while.
 At length by wonderful impulse of Fate,
 The People call him home to help the State ;
 And what is more, they send him Money too,
 And clothe him all from Head to Foot, anew.
 Nor did he such small Favours then disdain,
 But in his Thirtieth year began his Reign ;
 In a flasht Doublet then he came ashore,
 And dubb'd poor *Palmer's* Wife his Royal Wh— ;
 Bishops, Deans, Peers, and Pimps, and Knights he made,
 Things highly fitting for a Monarch's trade ;
 With Women, Wine, and Viands of Delight,
 His Jolly Vassals feast him Day and Night :
 But the best times have ever some allay,
 His younger Brother dy'd by Treachery.
 Bold *James* survives, no Dangers make him flinch,
 He marries Seignior *Fal—b's* Pregnant Wench.
 The pious Mother Queen hearing her Son
 Was thus enamour'd on a Butter'd Bun ;
 And that the Fleet was gone in Pomp and State
 To fetch for *Charles*, the Flow'ry *Lisbon Kate*,
 She chaunts *Te Deum*, and so comes away,
 To wish her hopeful Issue timely Joy.

Her

Her most Uxorious Mate she rul'd of old,
 Why not with easy Youngsters make as Bold?
 From the *French* Court she haughty Topicks brings,
 Deludes their Pliant Nature with vain things;
 Her Mischief-breeding Breast did so prevail,
 The new-got Flemish Town was set to sale;
 For these and *German* Sins she founds a Church,
 So slips away, and leaves us in the Lurch.
 Now the Court-sins did every Place defile,
 And Plagues and War fell heavy on the Isle.
 Pride nourisht Folly, Folly a Delight
 With the *Batavian* Commonwealth to fight;
 But the *Dutch* Fleet fled suddenly with Fear,
 Death and the Duke so dreadful did appear.
 The dreadful Victor took his soft Repose,
 Scorning pursuit of such Mechanick Foes.

But now *R——k's* Genitals grew over-hot,
 With *D——bam* and *Carneig's* infected Plot;
 Which with Religion so inflam'd his Ire,
 He left the City when 'twas got on Fire.
 So *Philip's* Son, inflamed with a Miss,
 Burnt down the Palace of *Persepolis*.
 Foil'd thus by *Venus*, he *Bellona* woos,
 And with the *Dutch* a second War renews.
 But here his *French*-bred Prowess prov'd in vain,
De Ruyter claps him in *Sole-Bay* again.

This Isle was well reform'd, and gain'd Renown,
 Whilst the brave *Tudors* wore-th' Imperial Crown;
 But since the Royal Race of *St ———s* came,
 It has recoil'd to Popery, and Shame.
 Misguided Monarchs, rarely Wise and Just;
 Tainted with Pride and with impetuous Lust.

Should we the *Black-Heath* Project here relate,
 Or count the various Blemishes of State,
 My Muse would on the Reader's Patience grate.
 The poor *Priapus King* led by the Nose,
 Looks as a thing set up to scare the Crows;
 Yet in the Mimicks of the Spinstrian sport,
 Out-does *Tiberius*, and his Goatish Court.

Loves Delight none did 'em e'er excel,
 Not *Tereus* with his Sister *Philomel*.
 As they at *Athens*, we at *Dover* meet,
 And gentlier far the *Orleans* Dutchess treat.
 What sad Event attended on the same,
 We'll leave to the Report of Common Fame.

The *Senate*, which should head-strong Princes stay,
 Lets loose the Reins, and gives the Realm away;
 With lavish Hands they constant Tributes give,
 And Annual Stipends for their Guilt receive;
 Corrupt with Gold, they Wives and Daughters bring
 To the Black Idol for an Offering.
 All but Religious Cheats might justly swear,
 He true Vicegerent to old *Molock* were.

Priests were the first Deluders of Mankind,
 Who with vain Faith made all their Reason blind;
 Not *Lucifer* himself more proud than they,
 And yet perswade the World they must obey;
 'Gainst Avarice and Luxury complain,
 And practise all the Vices they arraign.
 Riches and Honour they from Lay-men reap,
 And with dull *Crambo* feed the silly Sheep.
 As *Killigrew* buffoons his Master, they
 Droll on their God, but a much duller way,
 With *Hocus Pocus*, and their Heavenly sight
 They gain on tender Consciences at Night.
 Whoever has an over zealous Wife,
 Becomes the Priest's *Amphitrio*, during Life.
 Who would such Men Heaven's Messengers believe,
 Who from the Sacred Pulpit dare deceive?
Baal's wretched Curates Legerdemain'd it so,
 And never durst their Tricks above-board show.

When our first Parents Paradise did grace,
 The *Serpent* was the Prelate of the Place.
 Fond *Eve* did for this subtil Tempter's sake,
 From the forbidden Tree the Pippin take.
 His God and Lord this Preacher did betray,
 To have the weaker Vessel made his Prey;
 Since Death and Sin did humane Nature blot,
 The chiefest Blessings *Adam's* Chaplain got.

Thrice

Thrice wretched they, who Nature's Laws detest
 And trace the ways fantastick of a Priest;
 Till native Reason's basely forc'd to yield,
 And Hosts of upstart Errors gain the Field.

My Muse presum'd a little to digress,
 And touch their holy Function with my Verse.
 Now to the State again she tends direct,
 And does on Giant *Lauderdale* reflect.

This haughty Monster, with his ugly Claws,
 First temper'd Poyson to destroy our Laws;
 Declares the Council's Edicts are beyond
 The most Authentick Statues of the Land.
 Sets up in *Scotland A-la-mode de France*;
 Taxes, Excise, and Armies does advance.
 This *Saracen* his Country's Freedom broke,
 To bring upon our Necks the heavier Yoke.
 This is the Savage Pimp without dispute,
 First brought his Mother for a Prostitute.
 Of all the Miscreants, e'er went to Hell,
 This Villain Rampant bears away the Bell.
 Now must my Muse deplore the Nation's Fate,
 Like a true Lover, for her dying Mate.

The Royal Evil so malignant grows,
 Nothing the dire Contagion can oppose.
 In our Weal publick scarce one thing succeeds,
 For one man's weakness a whole Nation bleeds,
 Ill-luck starts up, and thrives like evil weeds.
 Let *Cromwell's* Ghost smile with contempt to see
 Old *England* struggling under Slavery.

His meager Highness now has got astride,
 Does on *Britannia*, as on *Churchil*, ride.

White-liver'd D—— for his swift Jack-all,
 To hunt down's Prey, and hopes to master all.

Clifford and *Hide* before had lost the Day;
 One hang'd himself, the other ran away.

'Twas want of Wit and Courage made them fail,
 But O——ne and the D——ke must needs prevail.

The *Duke* now vaunts with *Popish* Mirmidons;
 Our Fleets, our Ports, our Cities, and our Towns,

Are

Are *Man'd* by him, or by his *Holiness*,
Bold *Irish* Ruffians to his Court address :
This is the Colony to plant his Knaves,
From hence he picks and culls his Murdering Braves.
Here for an Ensign, or Lieutenant's place,
They'll kill a Judge or Justice of the Peace.
At his Command *Mac* will do any thing ;
He'll burn a City, or destroy a King.
From *Tiber* came th' Advice-Boat monthly home,
And brought new Lessons to the Duke from *Rome*.
Here with curs'd Precepts, and with Counsels dire,
The godly Cheat-King (would be) did inspire :
Heaven had him Chieftain of *Great Britain* made,
Tells him the Holy Church demands his Aid ;
Bad him be bold, all Dangers to defy,
His Brother, sneaking Heretick, should die.
A Priest should do it, from whose sacred stroke,
All *England* straight should fall beneath his Yoke.
God did renounce him, and his Cause disown,
And in his stead had plac'd him on his Throne.
From *Saul* the Land of promise thus was rent,
And *Jesse's* Son plac'd in the Government.
The Holy Scripture vindicates his Cause,
And Monarchs are above all Human Laws.

Thus said the Scarlet Whore to her Gallant,
Who straight design'd his Brother to supplant :
Fiends of Ambition here his Soul possess,
And thirst of Empire calentur'd his Breast.

Hence Ruin and Destruction had ensu'd,
And all the People been in Blood imbru'd,
Had not Almighty Providence drawn near,
And stopt his Malice in its full career.

Be wise, you Sons of Men, tempt God no more,
To give you Kings in's wrath to vex you sore :
If a King's Brother can such mischiefs bring,
Then how much greater mischiefs such a King ?

Hodge's *Vision from the Monument*, December
1675. By A. Marvel, Esq.

*A Country Clown call'd Hodge, went up to view
The Pyramid; pray mark what did ensue.*

WHen Hodge had numbred up how many score
The airy Pyramid contain'd, he swore,
No Mortal Weight e'er climb'd so high before:
To the best vantage plac'd he views around
Th' Imperial Town, with lofty Turrets crown'd;
That wealthy Storehouse of the bounteous Flood,
Whose peaceful Tides o'reflow our Land with Good;
Confused Forms flit by his wandring Eyes,
And his rapt Soul's o'erwhelm'd with Extasies:
Some God it seems has enter'd his plain Breast,
And with's Abode the rustick *Mansion* blest;
Almighty Change he feels in every part,
Light shines in's Eyes, and Wisdom rules his Heart:
So when her pious Son fair *Venus* shew'd
His flaming *Troy*, with slaughter'd *Dardans* strew'd;
She purg'd his Opticks, fill'd with mortal Night,
And *Troy's* sad Doom he read by Heaven's Light.
Such Light Divine broke on the clouded Eyes
Of humble *Hodge*.

Regions remote, Courts, Councils, Policies,
The circling Wills of Tyrants Treacheries:
He Views, Discerns, Uncyphers, Penetrates,
From *Charles's* Dukes, to *Europe's* armed States.
First he beholds proud *Rome* and *France* combin'd;
By double Vassalage t' enslave Mankind;
That wou'd the Soul, this wou'd the Body sway,
Their Bulls and Edicts none must disobey.
For these with War sad *Europe* they inflame,
Rome says for God, and *France* declares for Fame:
See Sons of *Satan*, know Religion's force
Is Gentleness, Fame bought with Blood a Curse.
He whom all stil'd Delight of humane Kind,
Justice and Mercy, Truth with Honour join'd;

His kindly Rays cherish the teeming Earth,
 And struggling Virtue blest with prosperous Birth;
 Like Chaos you the tott'ring Globe invade,
 Religion cheat, and War ye make a Trade:
 Next the lewd Palace of the Plotting King,
 To's Eyes new Scenes of Frantick Folly bring;
 Behold (says he) the Fountain of our Woe,
 From whence our Vices and our Ruin flow:
 Here Parents their own Off-spring prostitute,
 By such vile Arts t'obtain some viler Suit;
 Here blooming Youth adore *Priapus* Shrine,
 And Priests pronounce him Sacred and Divine.
 The *Goatish* God behold in his *Alcove*,
 (The secret Scene of Damn'd incestuous Love)
 Melting in Lust, and drunk like *Lot* he lies
 Betwixt two bright Daughter-Divinities:
 Oh! that like *Saturn* he had eat his Brood,
 And had been thus stain'd with their impious Blood,
 He had in that less Ill, more Manhood shew'd.
 Cease, cease, (O C——) thus to pollute our Isle,
 Return, return to thy long wish'd Exile;
 There with thy Court defile thy Neighbour-States,
 And with their Crimes precipitate their Fates.
 See where the Duke in damn'd Divan does sit,
 To's vast Designs wracking his Pigmy Wit;
 Whilst a Choice Senate of th' *Ignatian* Crew,
 The ways to Murder, Treason, Conquest shew.
 Dissenters they oppress with Laws severe,
 That whilst to wound those Innocents, we fear,
 Their cursed Sect we may be forc'd to spare.
 Twice the Reform'd must fight a Bloody Prize,
 That *Rome* and *France* may on their Ruin rise.
 Old *Bonner* single *Hereticks* did burn,
 These Reform'd Cities into Ashes turn,
 And every Year new Fires make us mourn:
Ireland stands ready for his Cruel Reign;
 Well fatned once, he gapes for Blood again,
 For Blood of *English* Martyrs basely slain.
 Our valiant Youth abroad must learn the Trade
 Of unjust War, their Country to invade,

Whilst

Whilst others here do guard us, to prepare
 Our galled Necks his Iron Yoke to bear.
 Lo how the Wight already is betray'd,
 And *Bashaw Holmes* does the poor Isle invade;
 T' ensure the Plot, *France* must her Legions lend
Rome to restore, and to enthrone *Rome's* Friend:
 'Tis in return, *James* does our Fleet betray;
 (That Fleet whose Thunder made the World obey;
 Ships once our Safety, and our glorious might,
 Are doom'd with Worms and Rottenness to fight;
 Whilst *France* rides Sovereign o'er the *British* Main,
 Our Merchants robb'd, and our brave Seamen ta'ne.
 Thus this rash *Phaeton* with fury hurl'd,
 And rapid Rage consumes our *British* World.
 Blast him, Oh Heavens! in his mad Career,
 And let this Isle no more his Frenzy fear.
 C——f——, 'tis he that all good Men abhor,
 False to thy self, but to thy Friend much more;
 To him who did thy promis'd Pardon hope, [*Coleman*.
 Whilst with pretended Joy he kiss'd the Rope:
 O'whelm'd with Guilt, and gasping out a Lie,
 Deceiv'd and unprepar'd, thou let'st him Die,
 With equal Gratitude and Charity.
 In spite of *Fermin*, and of Black-mouth'd Fame,
 This S——t's Trick legitimates thy Name.
 With one consent we all her Death desire,
 Who durst her Husband's and her King's conspire;
 And now just Heaven's prepar'd to set us free,
 Heaven and our Hopes are both oppos'd by thee.
 Thus fondly thou do'st *Hide's* old Treason own,
 Thus mak'st thy new suspected Treason known.
 Bless me! What's that at *Westminster* I see?
 That piece of Legislative Pageantry!
 To our dear *James*, has *Rome* her Conclave lent?
 Or has *Charles* bought the *Paris* Parliament?
 None else would promote *James* with so much Zeal;
 Who by Proviso hopes the Crown to Steal:
 See how in humble guise the Slaves advance,
 To tell a Tale of Army, and of *France*.

Whilst

Whilst proud Prerogative in scornful Guise,
 Their Fear, Love, Duty, Danger does despise;
 There in a brib'd Committee they contrive
 To give our Birth-rights to Prerogative;
 Give, did I say? They sell, and sell so dear,
 That half each Tax *D——y* distributes there.
D——y, 'tis fit the price so great should be,
 They sell Religion, sell their Liberty.
 These Vipers have their Mothers Entrails torn;
 And wou'd by force a second time be born;
 They haunt the place to which you once were sent,
 This Ghost of a departed Parliamant. *Octob. the*
 Gibbets and Halters Country men prepare, *15th. 76.*
 Let none, let none, their Renegadoes spare.
 When that Day comes, we'll part the Sheep and Goats.
 The spruce brib'd Monsieurs from the true Grey Coats,
 New Parliaments, like *Manna*, all Tastes please,
 But kept too long, our Food turns our Disease;
 From that loath'd sight, *Hodge* turn'd his weeping Eyes,
 And *London* thus alarms with Loyal Cries.
 Tho' common Danger does approach so nigh,
 This stupid Town sleeps in Security:
 Out of your Golden dream awake, awake,
 Your All, your All, tho' you see't not's at Stake;
 More dreadful Fires approach your falling Town,
 Than those that burnt your stately Structures down,
 Such fatal Fires as once in *Smithfield* shone. }
 If then ye stay till *Edwards* Order give, *Mayor.*
 No mortal Arm your Safety can retrieve;
 See how with Golden Baits the crafty *Gaul*
 Has brib'd our Geese to yield the Capitol;
 And will ye tamely see your selves betray'd?
 Will none stand up in our dear Country's Aid?
 Self-preservation, Nature's first great Law,
 All the Creation, except Man, does awe;
 'Twas in him fix'd, till lying Priests detac'd
 His Heav'n-born Mind, and Nature's Tablets raz'd.
 Tell me (ye forging Crew) what Law reveal'd
 By God, to Kings the *Jus Divinum* seal'd

If to do good, ye *Jus Divinum* call,
 It is the grand Prerogative of all:
 If to do Ill unpunish'd be their Right,
 Such Power's not granted that great King of Night,
 Man's Life moves on the Poles of hope and fear,
 Reward and Pain all Orders do revere.
 But if your dear Lord Sov'raign you would spare,
 Admonish him in his Blood-thirsty Heir:
 So when the Royal Lion does offend,
 The beaten Cur's Example makes him mend:
 This said, poor *Hodge*, then in a broken tone,
 Cry'd out, Oh *Charles*! thy Life, thy Life, thy Crown;
 Ambitious *James*, and Bloody Priests conspire,
 Plots, Papists, Murders, Massacre, and Fire;
 Poor Protestants! With that his Eyes did roll,
 His Body fell, out fled his frightened Soul.

*A Dialogue between two Horses. By Andrew
 Marvel, Esq; 1674.*

The Introduction.

WE read in profane and sacred Records
 Of Beasts, that have utter'd *Articulate Words*;
 When *Magpies* and *Parrots* cry, *Walk Knaves, walk*,
 It is a clear proof that Birds too may talk.
 And Statues, without either Wind-pipes or Lungs,
 Have spoken as plainly as Men do with Tongues:
Livy tells a strange Story, can hardly be fellow'd,
 That a sacrific'd Ox, when his Guts were out, bellow'd.
Phalaris had a Bull, which as grave Authors tell you,
 Would roar like a Devil with a Man in his Belly.
Friar Bacon had a Head that spake, made of Brass;
 And *Balaam* the Prophet was reprov'd by his Ass.
 At *Delphos* and *Rome*, Stocks and Stones now and then
 Have to Questions return'd Articulate Answers. (Sirs;
 All *Popish* Believers think something divine,
 When Images speak, possesseth the Shrine:

But

But they that *Faith Catholick* ne'er understood,
 When Shrines give Answer, as Knaves, on the Rood;
 Those Idols ne'er spoke, but are Miracles done
 By the *Devil*, a *Priest*, a *Fryer* or a *Nun*.
 If the *Roman Church*, good Christians, oblige ye
 To believe Man and Beast have spoke in Effigie,
 Why should we not credit the publick Discourses
 In a Dialogue between two Inanimate Horses?
 The Horses, I mean of *Wool Church* and *Charing*——
 Who told many Truths worth any Man's hearing.
 Since *Viner* and *Osborn* did buy, and provide 'em,
 For the two mighty Monarchs that now do bestride 'em.
 The stately brass Stallion, and the white Marble Steed
 One Night came together, by all 'tis agreed;
 When both Kings, being weary of sitting all Day,
 Were stollen off *Incognito* each his own way.
 And then the two Jades, after mutual Salutes,
 Not only discoursed, but fell to Disputes.

The Dialogue.

W. Quoth marble Horse, it would make a Stone speak,
 To see a *Lord Mayor* and a *Lombard-street* break:
 Thy Founder and mine to cheat one another,
 When both Knaves agreed to be each others Brother.

C. Here *Charing* broke forth, and thus he went on,
 My Brass is provoked as much as thy Stone,
 To see Church and State bow down to a Whore,
 And the King's chief *Minister* holding the Door;
 The Money of Widows and Orphans imploy'd,
 And the Bankers quite broke to maintain the Whores

W. To see *Dei Gratia* writ on the Throne, (Pride,
 And the K---s wicked Life say, God there is none.

C. That he should be stil'd Defender of the Faith,
 Who believes not a jot what the Word of God saith.

W. That the D-- should turn Papist, and that Church defy,
 For which his own Father a Martyr did die.

C. Tho' he chang'd his Religion, I hope he's so civil,
 Not to think his own Father is gone to the Devil.

W. That Bondage and Beggary shou'd be in a Nation,
By a curst House of Commons, and a blest Restoration.

C. To see a white Staff make a Beggar a Lord,
And scarce a wise Man at a long Council-board.

W. That the Bank shou'd be seiz'd, yet the Cheq. so poor,
Lord ha' Mercy, and a *Cross* might be set on the door.

C. That a Million and half should be the Revenue,
Yet the King of his Debts pay no man a Penny.

W. That a K-- should consume three Kingdoms Estates,
And yet all the Court be as poor as Church-Rats.

C. That of four Seas Dominion, and of their guarding,
No token shou'd appear but a poor Copper Farthing.

W. Our Worm-eaten Ships to be laid up at *Chatbam*,
Not our Trade to secure, but for Fools to come at 'em.

C. And our few Ships abroad become *Tripoli's* scorn,
By pawning for Victuals their Guns at *Legborn*.

W. That making us Slaves by Horse and Foot-Guard,
For restoring the King shall be all our reward.

C. The basest ingratitude that ever was heard,
But Tyrants ungrateful are always afraid.

W. On *Harry* the VII's Head, he that plac'd the Crown,
Was after rewarded by losing his own.

C. That Parliament-men should rail at the Court,
And get good Preferments immediately for't.
To see them that suffer both for Father and Son,
And helped to bring the latter to his Throne:
That with their Lives and Estates did loyally serve,
And yet for all this can nothing deserve;
The King looks not on 'em, Preferments deny'd 'em,
The *Roundheads* insult, and the *Courtiers* deride 'em.
And none get Preferments, but who will betray
Their Country to ruin, 'tis that ope's the way
Of the bold talking Members.—

W. —If the Bastards you add,
What a number of rascally Lords have been made.

C. That Traitors to th' Country in a brib'd House of C.
Should give away Millions at every Summons.

W. Yet some of those Givers, such beggarly Villains,
As not to be trusted for twice fifty Shillings.

C. No

- C.** No wonder that Beggars should still be for giving,
Who out of what's given, do get a good living :
- W.** Four Knights & a Knave, who were Burgessees made,
For selling their Consciences were liberally paid.
- C.** How base are the Souls of such low prized Sinners,
Who vote with the Country for *Drink* & for *Dinners*.
- W.** 'Tis they that brought on us this scandalous Yoke,
Of excising our Cups, and taxing our Smoak.
- C.** But thanks to the Whores who made the K- dogged,
For giving no more the R——are prorogued.
- W.** That a King should endeavour to make a *War* cease,
Which augments and secures his own *Profit & Peace*.
- C.** And Plenipotentiaries sent into *France*, (Brains.
With an addle-headed Knight, and a Lord without
- W.** That the King should send for another *French Whore*,
When one already had made him so poor :
- C.** The Misses take place, and advance to be Dutcheffs,
With Pomp great as Queens in their Coach and six
Horses: (Lords,
Their Bastards made Dukes, Earls, Viscounts and
And all the High Titles that Honour affords.
- W.** While these Brats and their Mothers do live in such
plenty,
The Nation's impoverisht, and the Chequer quite
empty :
- And tho' War was pretended when the Money was
lent,
More on Whores than in Ships, or in War, hath
been spent.
- C.** Enough, dear Brother, altho' we speak Reason ;
Yet truth many times being punish'd for Treason,
We ought to be wary, and bridle our Tongue,
Bold speaking hath done both Men and Beasts wrong.
When the As so boldly rebuked the Prophet,
Thou knowest what danger was like to come of it ;
Tho' the Beast gave his Master ne'er an ill word,
Instend of a Cudgel *Balaam* wish'd for a Sword.
- W.** Truth's as bold as a Lion, I am not afraid,
I'll prove every tittle of what I have said:

- Our Riders are absent, who is't that can hear?
 Let's be true to our selves, who then need we fear?
 Where is thy K——gone? (*Cb.*) To see Bishop *Laud*.
W. To cuckold a Scriv'ner, mine's in Masquerade;
 On such Occasions he oft strays away,
 And returns to remount me about break of Day.
 In very dark Nights sometimes you may find him
 - With a Harlot got up on my Crupper behind him.
C. Pause Brother a while, and calmly consider
 What thou hast to say against my *Royal Rider*.
W. Thy Priest-ridden King turn'd desperate fighter
 For the *Surplice*, *Lawn sleeves*, the *Cross* and the *Mitre*;
 Till at last on the Scaffold he was left in the lurch
 By Knaves, that cry'd up themselves for the Church,
 Arch-Bishops and Bishops, Arch-Deacons and Deans.
C. Thy King will ne'er fight unless 't be for *Queans*.
W. He that dies for Ceremonies, dies like a Fool;
C. The K——on thy back is a lamentable Tool.
W. The Goat and the Lyon I equally hate,
 And Freemen alike value Life and Estate:
 Tho' the Father and Son be different Rods,
 Between the two Scourges we find little odds;
 Both Infamous stand in three Kingdoms Votes,
 This for Picking our Pockets, that for Cutting our
 Throats:
C. More tolerable are the Lion King's Slaughters,
 Than the Goat-making Whores of our Wives and
 our Daughters.
 The Debauched and Cruel since they equally gall us,
 I had rather bear *Nero* than *Sardanapalus*.
W. One of the two Tyrants must be still our Case,
 Under all that shall reign of the false S—— Race.
De Wit and *Cromwell* had each a brave Soul,
 I freely declare it, I am for old *Noll*;
 Tho' his Government did a Tyrant resemble,
 He made *England* great, and his Enemies tremble.
C. Thy Rider puts no man to Death in his Wrath,
 But is bury'd alive in Lust and in Sloth.
W. What is thy Opinion of *James Duke of York*?
C. The same that the Frogs had of *Jupiter's Stork*.

With the *Turk* in his Head, and the *Pope* in his Heart,
 Father *Patrick's* Disciples will make *England* smart.
 If e'er he be King, I know *Britain's* Doom,
 We must all to a Stake, or be Converts to *Rome*.
 Ah! *Tudor*, ah! *Tudor*, we have had *Stu--s* enough;
 None ever reign'd like old *Bess* in the Ruff.
 Her *Walsingham* could dark Counsels unriddle,
 And our Sir *J---ph* write News-Books, and fiddle.
W. Truth Brother, well said, but that's some what bitter,
 His perfum'd Predecessor was never more fitter:
 Yet we have one Secretary Honest and Wise;
 For that very Reason, he's never to rise.
 But can'st thou devise when things will be mended?
C. When the Reign of the Line of the *S---ts* is ended.

Conclusion.

If Speeches from Animals in *Rome's* first Age,
 Prodigious Events did surely presage,
 That should come to pass; all Mankind may swear,
 That which two Inanimate Horses declare.
 But I should have told you before the Jades parted,
 Both gallop'd to *Whiteball*, and there humbly farted;
 Which Tyranny's downfall portended much more
 Than all that the Beasts had spoken before.
 If the *Delphick Sybil's* Oracular Speeches
 (As learned Men say) came out of their Breeches,
 Why might not our Horses, since Words are but Wind,
 Have the Spirit of Prophecy likewise behind?
 Tho' Tyrants make Laws, which they strictly proclaim,
 To conceal their own Faults and cover their own Shame;
 Yet the Beasts in the Field, and the Stones in the Wall,
 Will publish their Faults and and prophesy their Fall;
 When they take from the People the Freedom of words,
 They teach them the sooner to fall to their Swords.
 Let the City drink Coffee, and quietly groan,
 (They that conquer'd the Father won't be Slaves to the
 Son)
 For Wine and strong Drink make Tumults encrease,
 Chocolate, Tea and Coffee, are Liquors of Peace;
 H 4 No

No Quarrel or Oaths among those that drink 'em,
 'Tis *Bacchus* and the Brewer, swear dam'em and sink 'em.
 Then C——s thy late Ediſt againſt Coffee recal,
 There's ten times more Treason in Brandy and Ale.

*On the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen,
 preſenting the late King and Duke of York
 each with a Copy of their Freedom, Anno
 Dom. 1674.*

By *A. Marvel, Eſq.*

I.
TH E *Londoners* Gent. to the King do preſent
 In a Box the City Maggot ;
 'Tis a thing full of Weight that requires the Might
 Of whole *Guild-Hall* Team to drag it.

II.
 Whiſt their *Churches* unbuilt, and their *Houſes* undwelt,
 And their Orphans want Bread to feed 'em ;
 Themſelves they've bereft of the little Wealth they
 To make an Offering of their Freedom. (had left.

III.
 O ye addle-brain'd Cits ! who henceforth in their wits
 Would intruſt their Youth to your heading ?
 When in *Diamonds* and *Gold* you have him thus inrol'd,
 You know both his Friends and his Breeding ?

IV.
 Beyond Sea he began, where ſuch a Riot he ran,
 That every one there did leave him ;
 And now he's come o'er ten times worſe than before,
 When none but ſuch Fools would receive him.

V.
 He ne'er knew, not he, how to ſerve or be free,
 Tho' he has paſt through ſo many Adventures ;
 But e'er ſince he was bound, (that is, he was crown'd(
 He has every Day broke his Indentures.

He

VI.

He spends all his Days in running to Plays,
 When he should in the Shop be poring ;
 And he wastes all his Nights in his constant Delights
 Of Revelling, Drinking, and Whoring.

VII.

Throughout *Lumbard-street* each Man he did meet,
 He would run on the *Score* and *Borrow* ;
 When they ask'd for their own, he was broke and gone,
 And his Creditors left to sorrow.

VIII.

Tho' oft bound to the Peace, yet he never would cease
 To vex his poor Neighbours with Quarrels ;
 And when he was beat, he still made his Retreat
 To his *Cleavelands*, his *Nells*, and his *Carwels*.

IX.

Nay, his Company lewd, were twice grown so rude,
 That had not Fear taught him Sobriety,
 And the House being well bai'd with guard upon guard
 They'd rob'd us of all our Propriety.

X.

Such a Plot was laid, had not *Ashley* betray'd,
 As had cancell'd all former Disasters ; (Trumpets,
 And your Wives had been Strumpets to his Highness's
 And Foot-boys had all been your Masters.

XI.

So many are the Debts, and the Bastards he gets,
 Which must all be defray'd by *London*,
 That notwithstanding the Care of *Sir Thomas Player*,
 The Chamber must needs be undone.

XII.

His Words nor his Oath can bind him to Troth,
 And he values not Credit or History ;
 And tho' he has serv'd thro' two Prenticeships now,
 He knows not his Trade nor his Mystery.

XIII.

Then *London* rejoice in thy fortunate Choice,
 To have made him free of thy Spices ;
 And do not mistrust he may once grow more just,
 When he's worn off his Follies and Vices.

And

XIV.

And what little thing is that which you bring
 To the Duke, the Kingdom's Darling?
 Ye hug it and draw, like Ants at a Straw,
 Tho' too small for the Gristle of Sterling.

XV.

Is it a Box of Pills to cure the Duke's Ills?
 (He is too far gone to begin it)
 Or that your fine Show in Processioning go,
 With the Pix and the Host within it.

XVI.

The very first Head of the Oath you him read,
 Shew you all how fit he's to govern,
 When in Heart (you all knew) he ne'er was nor will be
 To his Country or to his Sovereign. (true

XVII.

And who could swear, that he would forbear
 To cull out the good of an Alien,
 Who still doth advance the Government of *France*
 With a *Wife* and *Religion Italian*?

XVIII.

And now, Worshipful Sirs, go fold up your Furs,
 And *Vyners* turn again, turn again;
 I see who e'er's freed, you for Slaves are decreed,
 Until you *burn again, burn again.*

*On Blood's Stealing the Crown. Written in Latin
 by Andrew Marvel Esq. And translated by
 Fleet Shepherd.*

WHen daring *Blood*, his Rent to have regain'd,
 Upon the *English* Diadem distrain'd,
 He chose the Caslock, Sursingle and Gown,
 The fittest Mask for one that robs the Crown;
 But his Lay-pity underneath prevail'd,
 And whilst he sav'd the Keeper's Life he fail'd;
 With the Priest's Vestment had he but put on
 The Prelate's Cruelty, the Crown had gone.

Farther

*Farther Instructions to a Painter, 1670.*By *A. Marvel, Esq.*

P*ainter*, once more thy Pencil re-assume,
 And draw me in one Scene *London* and *Rome*;
 Here holy *Charles*, there good *Aurelius* sat,
 Weeping to see their Sons degenerate :
 His *Romans* taking up the *Teemer's* Trade,
 The *Britons* jigging it in *Masquerade*;
 Whilst the brave Youths tir'd with the Toil of State,
 Their wearied Minds, and Limbs to recreate,
 Do to their more belov'd Delights repair,
 One to his——, the other to his Player.

Then change the Scene, and let the next present
 A Landskip of a Motly Parliament ;
 And place hard by the Bar on the Left-hand,
Circean Clifford with his charming Wand :
 Our Pig-ey'd —— on his —— Fashion,
 Set by the worst Attorney of our Nation :
 This great Triumvirate that can divide
 The Spoils of *England*; and along that side
 Place *Falstaff's* Regiment of thred-bare Coats,
 All looking this way, how to give their Votes.
 And of his dear Reward let none despair,
 For Mony comes when *Sey*—— leaves the Chair :
 Change once again, and let the next afford
 The Figure of a Motly Council-Board
 At *Arlington's*, and round about it sat
 Our mighty *Masters* in a warm Debate :
 Full Bowls, and lusty Wine repeat,
 To make them t'other Council-board forget :
 That while the King of *France* with powerful Arms,
 Gives all his fearful Neighbours strange Alarms ;
 We in our glorious Bacchanals dispose
 The humbled Fate of a *Plebeian* Nose.
 Which to effect, when thus it was decreed,
 Draw me a Champion mounted on a Steed,

And

And after him a brave Brigade of Horse,
 Arm'd at all points ready to reinforce,
 His, this Assault upon a single Man ;
 'Tis this must make *Obryon* great in Story,
 And add more Beams to *Sandy's* former Glory.

Draw our *Olympia*, next in Council fate,
 With *Cupid*, *S—r*, and the Tool of State.
 Two of the first Recanters of the House,
 That aim at Mountains, and bring forth a Mouse ;
 Who make it by their mean Retreat appear,
 Five Members need not be demanded here :
 These must assist her in her Countermines,
 To overthrow the *Derby-House* Designs.
 Whilst *Positive* walks, like *Woodcock* in the *Park*,
 Contriving Projects with a Brewer's Clark :
 Thus all employ themselves, and without pity,
 Leave *Temple* singly to be beat i'th' City.

A. Marvel.

Oceana & Britannia. By *A. Marvel*, Esq.

Non ego sum Vates, sed prisca conscius ævi.

Oceana. **W**Hither, O whither wander I forlorn?
 Fatal to Friends, and to my Foes a scorn.
 My pregnant Womb is labouring to bring forth
 Thy Off-spring *Archon*, Heir to thy just worth.
Archon, O *Archon*, hear my groaning Cries !
Lucina help, assuage my Miseries.
Saturnian Spite pursues me thro' the Earth,
 No Corner's left to hide my long-wisht Birth.
 Great Queen o'th' Isles yield me a safe Retreat
 From the crown'd Gods, that would my Infants eat.
 To me, O *Delos*, on my Childbed smile,
 My happy Seed shall fix thy floating Isle :
 I feel fierce Pangs assault my teeming Womb,
Lucina, O *Britannia*, Mother come.

Brit.

Brit. What doleful Shrieks pierce my affrighted Ear!
 Shall I ne'er rest from this lewd Ravisher?
 Rapes, Burnings, Murders are his Royal Sport,
 These *Modish Monsters* haunt his perjur'd Court.
 No tumbling Player so oft e'er chang'd his Shape,
 As this Goat, Fox, Wolf, timorous *French Ape*.
 True Protestants in *Roman Habits* drest,
 With *Scrogs* he baits, that rav'nous Butchers Beast.
Tresilian Jones, that fair-fac'd Crocodile,
 Tearing their Hearts, at once doth weep and smile:
Neronian Flames at *London* do him please,
 At *Oxford* plots to act *Agathocles*.
 His Plots reveal'd, his Mirth is at an end,
 And's fatal hour shall know no Foe nor Friend.
 Last *Martyr's Day* I saw a Cherub stand
 Across my Seas, one Foot upon the Land,
 The other on the enthrall'd *Gallick Shore*,
 Aloud proclaim their time shall be no more.
 This mighty Power Heav'n's equal Ballance sway'd,
 And in one Scale Crowns, Croliers, Scepters laid;
 I'th' other a sweet smiling Babe did lie,
 Circled with Glories, deck'd with Majesty:
 With stedd' hand he pois'd the Golden Pair,
 The gilded Gew-gaws mounted in the Air,
 The ponderous Babe descending in its Scale,
 Leapt on my Shore——
 Nature triumph'd, Joy eccho'd thro' the Earth,
 The Heav'n's bow'd down to see the blessed Birth.
 What's that I hear? A new-born Babe's soft Cries,
 And Joyful Mother's tender Lullabies!
 'Tis so, behold my Daughter's past all harms,
 Cradling an Infant in her fruitful Arms;
 The very same th' Angelick Vision shew'd
 In Mien, in Majesty how like a God,
 What a firm health does on her Visage dwell?
 Her sparkling Eyes immortal Youth foretel.
Rome, Sparta, Venice, could not all bring forth
 So strong, so temperate, such lasting Worth.
Marpesia, from the North with speed advance,
 Thy Sister's Birth brings thy Deliverance;

Fergusian Founders this just Babe exceeds,
 I'th' Arts of Peace and mighty Martial Deeds.
 Ye *Panopeians* kneel unto your equal Queen,
 Safe from the foreign Sword, and barbarous Skeen.
 Transports of Joy divert my yearning Heart,
 From my dear Child, my Soul, my better part.
 Heav'n show'r her choicest Blessings on thy Womb,
 Our present help, our stay in time to come.
 Thou best of Daughters, Mothers, Matrons, say
 What forc'd thy Birth, and got this glorious Day?
 Ocea. Scap'd the slow Jaws o'th' grinding Pensioners,
 I fell i'th' Traps of *Rome's* dire Murderers;
 Twice rescu'd by my Loyal Senate's Power,
 Twice I expected my Babe's happy Hour.
 Malignant Force twice check'd their pious Aid,
 And to my Foes as oft my State betray'd.
 Great, full of pain, in a dark Winters-night,
 Threatned, pursu'd, escap'd by sudden flight.
 Pale Fear gave speed to my weak trembling Feet,
 And far I fled e'er Day our World could greet.
 That dear-lov'd Light which the whole Globe doth
 Spur'd on my Flight, and added to my Fear; (chear
 Whilst black Conspiracy, that Child of Night,
 In Royal Purple clad, out-dares the Light.
 By Day her self the Faith's Defender stiles,
 By Night digs Pits, and spreads her Papal Toils.
 By Day he to the pompous Chappel goes,
 By Night with *York* adores *Rome's* Idol-shows:
 Witness ye Stars and silent Powers of Night,
 Her Treacheries have forc'd my innocent Flight.
 With the broad Day my danger too drew near,
 Of Help, of Council void, how shall I steer?
 I'th' Pulpit damn'd, Strumpet at Court proclaim'd;
 Where should I hide, where should I rest defam'd?
 Tortur'd in thought, I rais'd my weeping Eyes,
 And sobbing Voice to the all-helping Skies;
 As by Heaven sent, a Reverend Sire appears,
 Charming my Grief, stopping my Flood of Tears:
 His busy circling Orbs (two restless Spies)
 Glanc'd to and fro, out-ranging *Argos* Eyes.

Like

Like fleeting Time, on's Front one lock did grow,
 From his glib Tongue torrents of Words did flow,
 Propose, Resolve, *Agrarian* Forty one,
Lycurgus, *Brutus*, *Solon*, *Harrington*.
 He said he knew me in my Swadling Bands,
 Had often danc'd me in his careful Hands.
 He knew Lord *Archon* too, then wept and swore,
 Enshrined in me, his Fame he did adore.
 His Name I ask'd, he said, *Politico*,
 Descended from the Divine *Nicholo*.
 My State he knew, my Danger seem'd to dread,
 And to my Safety vow'd Hand, Heart and Head.
 Grateful Returns I up to Heaven send,
 That in distress had sent me such a Friend.
 I ask'd him where I was? Pointing, he shew'd
Oxford's old Towers, once the learn'd Arts abode.
 (Once great in Fame, now a pyratick Port,
 Where *Romish Priests* and *Elvish Monks* resort)
 He added, Near a new-built College stood,
 Endow'd by *Plato* for the publick Good.
 Thither allur'd by learned honest Men,
Plato vouchsaf'd once more to live again.
 Securely there I might my self repose,
 From my fierce Grievs, and my more cruel Foes.
 Tir'd with long flights, then hunted down with fear,
 The welcome News my drooping Soul did chear.
 His pleasing Words shortned the time and way,
 And me beguil'd at *Plato's* House to stay.
 When we came in, he told me (after rest)
 He'd shew me *Plato* and's *Venetian* Guest,
 I scarce reply'd, with Weariness oppress. }
 To my desir'd Apartment I repair'd,
 Invoking Sleep and Heaven's Almighty Guard.
 My waking Cares and stabbing Frights recede,
 And nodding Sleep dropt on my drowsy head.
 At last the Summons of a busy Bell,
 And glimmering Lights did Sleep's kind Mists dispel.
 From Bed I stole, and creeping by the Wall,
 Thro' a small Chink I spy'd a spacious Hall;

Tapers

Tapers as thick as Stars did shed their Light
 Around the Place, and made a Day of Night.
 The curious Art of some great Master's hand
 Adorn'd the Room—*Hide! Clifford, D—y*, stand
 In one large Piece, next them the two *Dutch wars*,
 In bloody Colours paint our fatal Jars.
 Here *London* Flames in Clouds of Smoke aspire,
 Done to the life, I'd almost cry'd out Fire.
 But living Figures did my Eyes divert
 From those and many more of wondrous Art.
 There entred in three Mercenary Bands;
 (The different Captains had distinct Commands)
 The Beggar's desperate Troop did first appear,
Littleton led, proud *S—re* had the Rear.
 The disguis'd *Papists* under *Garroway*,
Talbot Lieutenant (none had better pay)
 Next greedy *Lee* led Party-colour'd Slaves,
 Deaf Fools i'th' right, i'th' wrong sagacious Knaves,
 Brought up by *M—*, then a nobler Train,
 (In Malice mighty, impotent in Brain)
 The *Pope's* Solicitors brought into th' Hall,
 Not guilty Lay, much guilty Spiritual.
 I also spy'd behind a private Skreen,
Colebert and *Portsmouth*, *York* and *Mazarine*,
 Immediately in close Cabal they joyn,
 And all applaud the glorious Design.
 'Gainst me and my lov'd Senate's free-born Breath,
 Dire threats I heard, the Hall did eccho Death.
 ‡ A Curtain drawn, another Scene appear'd,
 A tingling Bell, a mumbling Priest I heard.
 At Elevation every Knee ador'd
 The Baker's Craft, infallible's vain Lord.
 When *Catiline* with Vipers did conspire
 To murder *Rome*, and bury it in Fire,
 A Sacramental Bowl of humane Gore
 Each Villain took, and as he drank he swore.
 The Cup deny'd, to make their Plot compleat,
 These *Catilines* their conjur'd Gods did eat.
 Whilst to their Breaden Whimfies they did kneel,
 I crept away, and to the Door did steal;

As I got out, by Providence I flew
To this close Wood, too late they did pursue.
That dreadful night my childbed throws brought on,
My Cries mov'd yours and Heaven's Compassion.

Brittannia. O happy Day! A Jubilee proclaim,
Daughter adore th' unutterable Name.

With grateful Heart breathe out thy self in Prayer,
In the mean time thy Babe shall be my Care.

There is a Man, my Island's Hope and Grace,
The chief Delight of Joy and humane Race;

Expos'd himself to War, in tender Age,
To free his Country from the *Gallick* Rage;

With all the Graces blest his riper Years,
And full blown Vertue wak'd the Tyrant's fears.

By's Sire rejected, but by Heaven he's call'd
To break my Yoke, and rescue the Enthrall'd.

This, this is he who with a stretch'd-out Hand,
And matchless Might shall free my groaning Land.

On Earth's proud *Basilisks* he'll justly fall,
Like *Moses* Rod, and prey upon them all.

He'll guide my People through the raging Seas,
To Holy Wars and certain Victories.

His spotless Fame, and his immense Desert,
Shall plead Love's Cause, and storm this Virgin's Heart.

She like *Egeria* shall his Breast inspire
With Justice, Wisdom, and Celestial Fire.

Like *Numa* he her Dictates shall obey,
And by her Oracles the World shall sway.

A Satyr in Answer to a Friend, 1682.

'Tis strange that you, to whom I've long been known,
Should ask me why I always rail at th' Town.

As a good Hound when he runs near his Prey,
With double Eagerness is heard to Bay:

So when a Coxcomb doth offend my sight,
To ease my Spleen, I strait go home and write:

I love to bring Vice ill-conceal'd to Light.

}

And

And I have found that they that Satyr write,
 Alone can season th' useful with the sweet.
 Should I write Songs, and to cool Shades confin'd,
 Expire with Love, who hate all Womankind !
 Then in my Closet like some fighting Sparks,
 Thinking on *Phillis* Love upon my Works !
 I grant I might with bolder Muse inspir'd,
 Some *Hero*-sing worthy to be admir'd.
 Our King hath Qualities might entertain,
 With noblest Subjects *Waller's* lofty Pen.
 But then you'll own no Man is thought his Friend,
 That doth not love the *Pope*, and *York* commend.
 He who his evil Counsellors dislikes,
 Say what he will, still like a Traytor speaks.
 Now I Diffimulation cannot bear,
 Truth and good Sense my Lines alike must share.
 I love to call each Creature by his Name,
H—— a Knave, *S*—— an honest Man.
 With equal Scorn I always did abhor
 Th' Effeminate Fops, and bustling Men of War.
 The careful Face of Ministers of State,
 I always judg'd to be a downright Cheat.
 The smiling Courtier, and the Counsellor grave,
 I always thought two different Marks of Knave.
 They that talk loud, and they that draw i'th' Pit,
 These want of Courage shew, those want of Wit.
 Thus all the World endeavours to appear,
 What they'd be thought to be, not what they are.
 If any then by most unhappy Choice,
 Seek for Content in *London's* Crowd and Noise,
 Must form his Words and Manners to the place:
 If he'll see Ladies, must like *Villers* dress,
 In a soft tone without one word of Sense,
 Must talk of Dancing and the Court of *France*;
 Must praise alike the Ugly and the Fair,
Buckley's good Nature, *Felton's* Shape and Hair,
 Exalt my Lady *Portsmouth's* Birth and Wit,
 And vow she's only for a Monarch fit;
 Altho' the fawning Coxcombs all do know,
 She's lain with *Beaufort* and the Count *de Leau*.

This Method, with some Ends of Plays
Basely apply'd, and dress'd in a *French Phrase*,
To Ladies favour, can e'en *Hewit* raise.

He that from Business would Preferment get,
Plung'd in the Tolls and Infamies of State,
All Sense of Honour from his Breast must drive;
And in a course of Villanies resolve to live;
Must cringe and flatter the King's *Owls* and *Curs*;
Nay worse, must be obsequious to his Whores:
Must always seem to approve what they commend;
What they dislike, by him must be condemn'd.
And when at last by a thousand different Crimes,
The Monster to his wish-for Greatness climbs,
He must in his continu'd Greatness wait,
With Guilt and Fears, th' imprison'd *Danby's* Fate.
This Road has *H—x* and *S—r* gone,
And thus must answer for the Ills they've done.
Who then would live in so depriv'd a Town,
Where Pleasure is but Folly, Power alone
By Infamy obtain'd? —————

Wise *Heracitus* all his life-time griev'd;
Democritus in endless Laughter liv'd;
Yet to the first no Fears of Plots were known,
Nor Parliaments remov'd to *Popish* Town.
Murders not favour'd, Virtues not suppress,
Laws not derided, Commons not oppress;
Nor King, who *Claudius* like, expels his Son,
To make th' Imperious *Nero* Prince of *Rome*;
Nor yet to move the others merry Vein,
Did Cuckolds (who each Boy i'th' street could name)
Most learned Proof in publick daily give,
That they themselves do their own shame contrive;
While their lewd Wives, scouring from place to place,
T' expose their secret Members, hide their Face.

But lo! how would this Sage have burst his Spleen,
Had he seen Whore and Fool with merry King;
And Ministers of State at Supper sit,
Mistaking bawdy Ribaldry for Wit;
Whilst C—s with tottering Crown and empty Purse,
(Derided by his Foes, to's Friends a Curse)

Abandon'd now by every Man of Wit,
 Delights himself with any he can get ;
 Pimps, Fools, and Parasites, make up the Rout,
 For want of Wedding-Garments none's left out.

But I shall weary both my self and you,
 To tell you all the Follies that I know :
 How a great Lord, in number soft, thought fit
 (Tho' void of Sense) to set up for a Wit ;
 And how with wondrous Spirit, he and's Friend
 An Epitaph to cruel *Cloris* pen'd ;
 His Name (I think) I hardly need to tell,
 For who shou'd't be but the Lord *A——* !?
 But should I here waste Paper to declare
 The senseless tricks of every silly Peer,
 I'd as good tell you how many several ways
 The trusty Duke his Country still betrays ;
 How full the World is stuff'd of Knave and Fool,
 How to be very Honest is counted dull :
 How to speak plain, and Greatness to despise,
 Is thought a Madness, but Flattery is wise ;
 Dissimulation excellent, to cheat a Friend
 A very Trifle, provided still our End
 Be but the Snare we call our Interest,
 Then nothing is so bad, but that is best.
 I'll therefore end this vain Satyrick Rage,
 And leave the Bishops to reform the Age.

The History of Insipids: A Lampoon, 1676.
By the Lord Roch——r.

I.

CHast, pious, prudent, *C——* the Second,
 The Miracle of thy Restoration,
 May like to that of Quails be reckon'd
 Rain'd on the *Israelitish* Nation ;
 The wish'd for Blessing from Heav'n sent,
 Became their Curse and Punishment.

The

2.

The Vertues in thee, C—— inherent,
 Altho thy Count'nance be an odd-piece,
 Prove thee as true a God's Vicegerent
 As e'er was *Harry* with a Godpiece:
 For Chastity and pious Deeds,
 His Grandfire *Harry*, C—— exceeds.

3.

Our *Romish* Bondage-breaker *Harry*,
 Espoused half a dozen Wives;
 C—— only one resolv'd to marry,
 And other Mens he never——
 Yet hath he Sons and Daughters more,
 Than e'er had *Harry* by threescore.

4.

Never was such a Faith's Defender,
 He like a politick Prince and Pious,
 Gives liberty to Conscience tender,
 And doth to no Religion tye us.
Turks, Christians, Jews, Papists, he'll please us,
 With *Moses, Mahomet*, or J——s.

5.

In all Affairs of Church or State,
 He very Zealous is, and able,
 Devout at Prayers, and sits up late
 At the Cabal and Council-Table;
 His very Dog at Council-Board,
 Sits grave and wise as any Lord.

6.

Let C——his Policy no man flout,
 The wisest Kings have all some Folly;
 Nor let his Piety any doubt;
 C——like a Sovereign wise and holy,
 Makes young Men Judges of the Bench,
 And Bishops those that love a Wench.

7.

His Father's Foes he doth reward,
 Preserving those that cut off's Head;
 Old Cavaliers the Crown's best Guard,
 He let's them starve for want of Bread.

Never was any King endow'd
With so much Grace and Gratitude.

8.

Blood that wears Treason in his Face,
Villain compleat, in Parson's Gown,
How much is he at Court in Grace
For stealing *Ormond* and the Crown?
Since Loyalty does no man good,
Let's steal the King and out-do *Blood*.

9.

A Parliament of Knaves and Sots,
Members by name, you must not mention,
He keeps in Pay, and buys their Votes;
Here with a Place, there with a Pension.
When to give Money he can't collogue'um,
He doth with Scorn prorogue, prorogue'um.

10.

But they long since, by too much giving,
Undid, betray'd and sold the Nation;
Making their Memberships a Living,
Better than e'er was Sequestration.
God give thee C—— a Resolution,
To damn the Knaves by Dissolution.

11.

Fame is not grounded on Success,
Tho' Victories were *Cæsar's* Glory;
Lost Battels make not *Pompey* less,
But left them stiled great in Story.
Malicious Fate doth oft devise
To beat the Brave, and Fool the Wise.

12.

Charles in the first *Dutch* War stood fair
To have been Sovereign of the Deep;
When *Opdam* blew up in the Air,
Had not his Highness gone to sleep,
Our Fleet slack'd Sails, fearing his waking,
The *Dutch* else had been in sad taking.

13.

The *Bergen* Business was well laid,
Tho' we paid dear for that Design:

Had we not three days parl'ing staid,
 The *Dutch* Fleet there, *Charles*, had been thine.
 Tho' the false *Dane* agreed to sell 'um,
 He cheated us, and saved *Skellum*.

14.

Had not *Charles* sweetly chous'd the States,
 By *Bergen* baffle grown more wise,
 And made them shite as small as Rats,
 By their rich *Smyrna* Fleet's surprize.
 Had haughty *Holms* but call'd in *Spragg*,
Hans had been put into a Bag.

15.

Mists, Storms, short Victuals, adverse Winds,
 And once the Natives wise Division,
 Defeated *Charles* his best designs,
 Till he became his Foes Derision.
 But he had swing'd the *Dutch* at *Chatham*,
 Had he had Ships out to come at 'um.

16.

Our *Blackheath* Host without dispute,
 Rais'd, (put on Board, why, no man knows)
 Must *Charles* have render'd absolute
 Over his Subjects, or his Foes.
 Has not the *French* King made us Fools,
 By taking *Maestricht* with our Tools?

17.

But *Charles*, what could thy Policy be,
 To run so many sad Disasters;
 To joyn thy Fleet with false *D' Etree*,
 To make the *French* of *Holland* Masters?
 Was't *Carwell*, Brother *James*, or *Teague*,
 That made thee break the Triple League?

18.

Could *Robin Viner* have foreseen
 The glorious Triumphs of his Master,
 The *Wool-Church* Statue Gold had been,
 Which now is made of *Alabaster*:
 But wise Men think, had it been Wood,
 'Twere for a Bankrupt King too good.

14

Those

19.

Those that the Fabrick well consider,
 Do of it diversly discourse;
 Some pays their Censure of the Rider,
 Others their Judgment of the Horse:
 Most say the *Steed's* a goodly thing,
 But all agree 'tis a Lewd K——.

20.

By the Lord Mayor and his grave Coxcombs,
 Free-man of *London Charles* is made;
 Then to *Whiteball* a Rich Gold Box comes,
 Which was bestow'd on the *French Jade*.
 But wonder not it should be so, Sirs,
 When Monarchs rank themselves with Grocers:

21.

Cringe, scrape no more, ye City Fops,
 Leave off your Feasting and fine Speeches,
 Beat up your Drums, shut up your Shops,
 The Courtiers then will kiss your breeches.
 Arm'd, tell the Popish Duke that rules,
 You're Free-born Subjects, not *French Mules*.

22.

New Upstarts, Pimps, Bastards, Whores,
 That Locust-like devour the Land,
 By shutting up th' Exchequer Doors,
 When thither our Money was trepann'd,
 Have render'd C——his Restauration
 But a small Blessing to the Nation.

23.

Then C——beware of thy Brother *York*,
 Who to thy Government gives Law;
 If once we fall to the old Sport,
 You must again both to *Breda*:
 Where 'spight of all that would restore you,
 Grown wise by wrongs, we shall abhor you.

24.

If of all Christian Blood the guilt
 Cry loud for Vengeance unto Heaven;
 That Sea by treacherous *Lewis* spilt,
 Can never be by God forgiven:

Worse Scourge unto his Subjects, Lord,
Than Pest'lence, Famine, Fire or Sword.

25.

That false rapacious Wolf of *France*,
The Scourge of *Europe*, and its Curse,
Who at his Subjects cry does dance,
And studies how to make them worse.
To say such Kings, Lord, rule by thee,
Were most prodigious Blasphe-my.

26.

Such know no Laws but their own Lust,
Their Subjects Substance, and their Blood,
They count it Tribute due and just,
Still spent and spilt for Subjects good.
If such Kings are by God appointed,
The Devil may be the Lord's Anointed.

27.

Such Kings, curst be the Power and Name,
Let all the World henceforth abhor 'em ;
Monsters which Knaves Sacred proclaim,
And then like Slaves fall down before 'em.
What can there be in Kings Divine ?
The most are Wolves, Goats, Sheep, or Swine.

28.

Then farewell Sacred Majesty,
Let's pull all Brutish Tyrants down ;
Where Men are born and still live free,
Here ev'ry Head doth wear a Crown.
Mankind like miserable Frogs,
Prove wretched, King'd by Storks and Logs.

R O C H E S T E R's *Farewel*, 1680.

TIr'd with the noysom Follies of the Age,
And weary of my part, I quit the Stage ;
For who in Life's dull Farce a part would bear,
Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all the head Actors are ?
Long I with charitable Malice strove,
Lashing the Court, those Vermin to remove ;

But

But thriving-Vice under the Rod still grew,
 As aged Letchers whipp'd, their Lust renew.
 Yet tho' my Life hath unsuccessful been,
 (For who can this *Augæan* Stable clean?)
 My gen'rous End I will pursue in Death,
 And at Mankind rail with my parting breath.
 First then, the *Tangier* Bullies must appear,
 With open Bravery, and dissembled Fear:
Mulg—e their Head; but Gen'ral have a care,
 Tho' skill'd in all those Arts that cheat the Fair,
 The undiscerning and Impartial *Moor*
 Spares not the Lover on the Ladies score.
 Think how many perish by one fatal shot,
 The Conquests all thy Ogling ever got.
 Think then (as I presume you do) how all
 The *English* Beauties will lament your fall;
 Scarce will there greater Grief pierce ev'ry heart,
 Should Sir *George Hewit* or Sir *Carr* depart.
 Had it not better been, than thus to roam,
 To stay and tye the Cravat-string at home?
 To strut, look big, shake Pantaloon, and swear
 With *Hewit*, *Damme*, there's no Action there.
 Had'st thou no Friend that would to *Rowly* write,
 To hinder this thy eagerness to fight?
 That without danger thou a Brave might'st be,
 As sure to be deny'd as *Shrews*—y.
 This sure the Ladies had not fail'd to do,
 But who such Courage could suspect in you?
 For say, what reason could with you prevail,
 To change Embroider'd Coat for Coat of Mail?
 Let *Plimouth*, or let *Mord*—t go, whom Fate
 Has made not valiant but desperate.
 For who would not be weary of his Life,
 Who's lost his Mony, or has got a Wife?
 To the more tolerable Alcaid of *Alcazzer*,
 One flies from's Creditors, the other from *Frazier*;
 'Twere cruelty to make too sharp Remarks
 On all the little, forward, fighting Sparks.
 Only poor *Charles*, I can't but pity thee,
 When all the pert young Volunteers I see;

Those

Those Chits in War, who as much Mirth create,
 As the Pair Royal of the Chits of State:
 Their Names shall equal, or exceed in Story,
 Chit *Sund*—*d*, Chit *Godo*—*n*, and Chit *L*—*y*.
 When thou let'st *Plimouth* go, 'twas such a jest,
 As when the Brother made the same request;
 Had *Richmond* but got leave as well as he,
 The jest had been complete and worthy thee.
 Well, since he must, he'll to *Tangier* advance,
 It is resolv'd, but first let's have a Dance.
 First, at her Highness Ball he must appear,
 And in a parting Country Dance, learn there
 With Drum and Fife to make a Jig of War;
 What is of Souldier seen in all the heap,
 Besides the flut'ring Feather in the Cap,
 The Scarf, and Yard or two of Scarlet Cloth,
 From Gen'ral *Mulg*—*e*, down to little *Wroth*?
 But now they're all embark'd, and curse their Fate,
 Curse *Charles* that gave 'em leave, and much more *Kate*,
 Who than *Tangier* to *England* and the King
 No greater Plague, besides her self, could bring;
 And with the *Moors*, since now their hand was in,
 As they have got her Portion, had the Queen.
 There leave we them, and back to *England* come,
 Whereby the wiser Sparks that stay at home,
 In safe Ideas by their fancy form'd,
Tangier (like *Mastrich*) is at *Windsor* storm'd.
 But now we talk'd of *Maestrich*; where is he,
 Fam'd for that brutal piece of Bravery?
 He with his thick impenetrable Scull,
 The solid hard'ned Armour of a Fool:
 Well might himself to all Wars ill expose,
 Who (come what will yet) had no Brains to lose:
 Yet this is he, the dull unthinking he,
 Who must (forsooth) our future Monarch be.
 This Fool by Fools (*Armstrong* and *Ven*—*n*) led,
 Dream that a Crown will drop upon his head;
 By great Example, he this Path doth tread.
 Following such senseless Asses up and down,
 (For *Saul* fought Asses when he found a Crown.)

But

But *Ross* is risen as *Samuel* at his call,
 To tell that God hath left th' ambitious *Saul*.
 Never (says Heaven) shall the blushing Sun
 See *Proger's* Bastard fill the Regal Throne.
 So Heaven says, but *Bran*———*n* says he shall,
 But who e'er he protects is sure to fall.
 Who can more certain of Destruction be,
 Than he that trusts to such a Rogue as he?
 What good can come from him who *York* forsook,
 T'espouse the Interest of this booby Duke?
 But who the best of Masters could desert,
 Is the most fit to take a Traytor's part.
 Ungrateful! This thy Master-piece of sin,
 Exceeds ev'n that with which thou didst begin,
 Thon great Proficient in the Trade of Hell,
 Whose latter Crimes still do thy first excel:
 The very top of Villany we seize,
 By steps in order, and by just degrees.
 None e'er was perfect Villain in one day,
 The murder'd Boy to Treason led the way;
 But when degrees of Villany we name,
 How can we chuse but think on *Bukingham*?
 He who through all of them hath boldly ran,
 Left ne'er a Law unbroke of God or Man.
 His treasur'd Sins of Supererogation,
 Swell to a sum enough to damn a Nation:
 But he must here *per* force be let alone,
 His Acts require a Volume of their own:
 Where rank'd in dreadful order shall appear,
 All his Exploits from *Sbrews---ry* to *Le Meer*.
 But stay, methinks I on a sudden find
 My Pen to treat of th' other Sex inclin'd:
 But where in all this choice shall I begin?
 Where, but with the renowned *Mazarine*?
 For all the Bawds the Court's rank Soil doth bear,
 And Bawds and Statesmen grow in plenty there,
 To thee submit and yield, should we be just
 To thy experienc'd and well-travel'd Lust:
 Thy well-known Merits claim that thou should'st be
 First in the glorious Roll of Infamy.

To thee they all give place, and Homage pay
 Do all thy Letcherous Decrees obey ;
 Thou Queen of Lust, the Bawdy Subjects they.
 While *Sussex*, *Brugbill*, *Betty Felton* come,
 Thy Whores of Honour, to attend thy Throne ;
 For what proud Strumpet e'er could merit more,
 Than be Anointed the Imperial Whore ?
 For tell me in all *Europe*, where's the part,
 That is not conscious of thy Lewd desert.
 The great *Pedalion* Youth, whose Conquests run
 O'er all the World, and travel'd with the Sun,
 Made not his Valour in more Nations known,
 Than thou thy Lust, thy matchless Lust hast shown.
 All Climes, all Countries do with Tribute come,
 (Thou World of Lewdness) to thy boundless Womb :
 Thou Sea of Lust, that never ebb dost know,
 Whither the Rivers of all Nations flow.
 Lewd *Messaline* was but a Type of thee,
 Thou highest, last degree of Letchery :
 For in all Ages, except her and you,
 Who ever sin'd so high, and stoop'd so low ?
 She to the Imperial Bed each Night did use
 To bring the stink of the exhausted Stews ;
 Tir'd (but not satisfy'd) with Man did come,
 Drunk with abundant Lust, and reeling home.
 But thou to our admiring Age dost show
 More sin, than innocent *Rome* did ever know ;
 And having all her Lewdnesses out-ran,
 Tak'st up with Devil, having tir'd Man.
 For what is else that loathsome ugly Black,
 Which you and *Sussex* in your Arms do take ?
 Nor does Old Age, which now rides on so fast,
 Make thee come short of all thy Lewdness past :
 Tho' on thy Head, Grey Hairs, like *Etna's* Snow,
 Are shed, thou'rt Fire and Brimstone all below ;
 Thou monstrous thing, in whom at once do rage
 The Flames of Youth, and Impotence of Age.
 My Lady Dutchess takes the second place,
 Proud with thy favour and peculiar grace ;

Even she with all her Piety and Zeal,
 The hotter flames that burn in thee does feel.
 Thou dost into her kindling Breast inspire
 The lustful Seeds of thy contagious fire:
 So well the Spirit and the Flesh agree,
 Lust and Devotion, Zeal and Letchery.
 Of what Important use Religion's made,
 By those who wisely drive the cheating Trade!
 As Wines prohibited, securely pass,
 Changing the Name of their own native Place.
 So Vice grows safe, dress'd in Devotion's Name,
 Unquestion'd by the Custom-house of Fame:
 Where ever too much Sanctity you see,
 Be more suspicious of hid Villany.
 Whose'ever's Zeal is than his Neighbour's more,
 If Man, suspect him Rogue; if Woman, Whore:
 And such a thing art thou, religious Pride,
 So very Lew'd, and yet so Sanctify'd.
 Let now the Dutchess take no further care,
 Of numerous Stallions let her not despair,
 Since her indulgent Stars so kind have been,
 To send her *Bromeley*, *H——* and *Mazarine*;
 This last doth banish'd *Monmouth's* place supply,
 And Wit supplanted is by Letchery.

For *Monmouth* she had Parts, and Wit, and Sense,
 To all which *Mazarine* had no pretence;
 A proof that since such things as she prevail,
 Her Highness Head is lighter, than her Tail.
 But stay, I *Portsmouth* almost had forgot,
 The common Theam of ev'ry Rhiming Sot;
 She'll after railing make us laugh a while,
 For at her Folly, who can chuse but smile?
 While them who always slight her, great she makes,
 And so much pains to be despis'd she takes,
 Goes sauntering with her Highness up to Town,
 To an old Play, and in the dark comes down;
 Still makes her Court to her, as to the Queen,
 But still is jostled out by *Mazarine*.
 So much more worthy a kind Bawd is thought,
 Than even she, who her from Exile brought.

Portsmouth, foolish *Portsmouth*! Not to take
 The offer the great *Sund*—*d* did make ;
 When cringing at thy Feet, e'en *Monmouth* bow'd,
 The Golden Calf, that's worship'd by the Crowd.
 But thou for *T——k*, who now despises thee,
 To leave both him and pow'rful *Shaftsbury*.
 If this is all the Policy you know,
 This all the skill in States you boast of so,
 How wisely did thy Countrys Laws ordain,
 Never to let the foolish Woman reign ?
 But what must we expect, who daily see
 Unthinking *Charles* rul'd by Unthinking thee ?

The True Englishman, 1686.

Curs'd be the tim'rous Fool, whose feeble Mind
 Is turn'd about with every blast of Wind ;
 Who to Self-interest basely does give ear,
 And suffers Reason to be led by Fear.
 He only merits a true *English* Name,
 Who always says, and does, and is the same ;
 Who dares be honest, tho' at any rate,
 And stands prepar'd to meet the worst of Fate :
 He laughs at Threats, and Flatt'ries does despise,
 And won't be knavish to be counted wise :
 No publick Storm can his clear Reason blind,
 Or bad Example influence his Mind.

Let *M——* like a Cur kick'd out of doors,
 For his aspiring Projects and Amours,
 Unman himself to sneak, fawn, cringe and whine,
 And play the Spaniel till they let him in ;
 Then, with a grinning, and affected Leer,
 Run his red Snout in every Lady's ear.
 Let a lewd Judge come reeking from a Wench,
 To vent a wilder Lust upon the Bench ;
 Bawl out the Venom of his rotten Heart,
 Swell'd up with Envy, overact his Part ;
 Condemn the Innocent by Laws ne'er fram'd,
 And study to be more than doubly damn'd.

Let

Let a mean scoundrel Lord (for equal feat
Of hanging, or of starving) falsely swear :
Let him whose Knavery and Impudence
Is known to every Man's Experience,
With Scraps of broken Evidence, contrive
To feed, and keep a fainting Plot alive :
Nay, tho' he swears by the same Deities,
Whom he has mock'd by Mimick Sacrifice.

Let *Rumsey*, with his ill-look'd treacherous Face,
That swarthy Off-spring of a Hellish Race,
Whose Mother, big with an Intriguing Devil,
Brought an Epitome of all that's Evil :
Let him be perjur'd, and as rashly damn
T' eternal Infamy his odious Name.

Let Knaves and Fools confound the tottering State,
And plunge the Subjects in their Monarch's Hate ;
Blinding by false Accounts of Men and Things,
The most indulgent and the best of Kings.

Let an unthinking hair-brain'd Bigot's Zeal,
(Not out of any thought of doing well,
But in a pure defiance of the Law)
In bloody Lines his true Idea draw ;
That Men may be inform'd, and early see,
What such a Man (if once in Pow'r) would be :
Of Royal Mercy, let him stop the Source,
That Death may have a free and boundless course :
Till shivering Ghosts come from their gloomy Cell,
And in dumb Forms a fatal Story tell. (and Whores,

Let the Court swarm with Pimps, Rogues, Bawds
And honest Men be all turn'd out of doors.
Let *Atheism* and *Prophaneness* there abound,
And not an upright Man (*God save the King*) be found.
Let Men of Principles be in disgrace,
And mercenary Villains in their place ;
Let free-born Cities be by Treach'ry won,
Lose their just Liberties and be undone :
Let Statesmen sudden Changes undertake,
And make the Government's Foundation shake ;
Till strange tempestuous Murmurs do arise,
And shew a Storm that's gathering in the Skies.

Let all this happen. Nay, let certain Fate
 Upon the Issue of their Actions wait.
 If you've a true, a brave undaunted Mind,
 Of *English* Principles, as well as kind;
 You'll on the bottom of true Honour stand.
 Firm as a Rock, unshaken as the Land:
 So when vast Seas of Trouble 'gainst you beat,
 They'll break, and force themselves to a Retreat;
 No Fate, no Flattery can e'er controul
 A steady, resolute, heroick Soul.

*On the Young Statesman. By the Earl of
 Rochester.*

1.

Clarendon had Law and Sense,
 Clifford was Fierce and Brave,
 Bennet's grave Look was a Pretence,
 And D-----y's matchless Impudence
 Help'd to support the Knave.

2.

But Sand----d, God----n, L-----y,
 These will appear such Chits in Story,
 'Twill trun all Politicks to Jest,
 To be repeated like *John Dory*,
 When Fidlers sing at Feasts.

3.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
 What wou'd these Madmen have?
 First, they wou'd bribe us without Pence,
 Deceive us without common Sense,
 And without Pow'r enslave.

4.

Shall free-born Men in humble Awe,
 Submit to servile Shame;
 Who from Consent and Custom, draw
 The same Right to be rul'd by Law
 Which Kings pretend to Reign?

5.

The Duke shall weild his his conq'ring Sword,
 The Chancellor make his Speech;
 The King shall pass his honest Word,
 The pawn'd Revenue Sums offord;
 And then come kifs my Breech.

6.

So have I seen a King on Chefs,
 (His Rooks and Knights withdrawn,
 His Queen and Bishops in Distress)
 Shifting about, grow less and less,
 With here and there a Pawn.

Portsmouth's *Looking-Glass.* By the L.
 Roch-----r.

MEthinks I see you newly risen,
 From your embroider'd Bed, and Pissing;
 With studied Mein, and much Grimace,
 Present your self before your Glass,
 To varnish and rub o'er those Graces,
 You rub'd off in your Night Embraces:
 To set your Hair, you Eyes, you Teeth,
 And all those Powers you conquer with;
 Lay Trains of Love, and State Intrigues,
 In Powders, Trimmings, and curl'd Wigs:
 And nicely chuse, and neatly spread
 Upon your Cheeks the best *French Red*.
 Indeed for Whites, none can compare
 With those you naturally wear:
 And tho' her Highness much delights
 To laugh and talk about your Whites,
 I never could perceive your Grace
 Made use of any for your Face.
 Here 'tis you practise all your Art,
 To triumph o'er a Monarch's Heart;
 Tattle, and smile, and wink and twink on't,
 It almost makes me Spew to think on't.

These

These are your Master-strokes of Beauty,
 That keeps poor *Rowley* to hard Duty :
 And how can all these be withstood,
 By frail and amorous Flesh and Blood ?
 These are the Charms that have bewitcht him,
 As if a Conjuror's Rod had switcht him,
 Made him he knows not what to do,
 But loll and fumble here with you.
 Amongst your Ladies, and his Chits,
 At Cards and Council here he sits :
 Yet minds not how they play at either,
 Nor cares he when 'tis walking Weather :
 Business and Power he has resign'd,
 And all things to your mighty Mind.
 Is there a *Minister of State*,
 Or any Treasurer of late,
 That's fawning and imperious too ?
 He owes his Greatness all to you :
 And as you see just Cause to do't,
 You keep him in, or turn him out.
 Hence 'tis you give us War and Peace,
 Raise Men, disband them as you please,
 Take any Pensions, retrench Wages,
 For Petticoats, and lusty Pages :
 Contrive and execute all Laws,
 Suiting the Judges to the Cause.
 Learn'd *Scrogs* and honest *Jeffereys*,
 A faithful Friend to you who'er is ;
 He made the Jury come in Booty,
 And for your Service, would hang *Doughty* :
 You govern every Council-meeting,
 Make the Fools do as you think fitting :
 Your Royal Cully has Command
 Only from you at second hand ;
 He does but at the Helm appear,
 Sits there and sleeps, while your Slaves steer :
 And you are the bright *Northern Star*,
 By which they guide this Man of War ;
 Yet without doubt they might conduct
 Him better, were you better F——.

Many begin to think of late,
 His Crown and C-----ds have both one Date ;
 For as they fall, so falls the State.
 And as his Reins prove loose and weak,
 The Reins of Government must break.

On King CHARLES. By the Earl of Rochester ; for which he was banish'd the Court, and turn'd Mountebank.

IN the Isle of *Great Britain* long since famous known,
 For breeding the best C----- in *Christendom* ;
 There reigns, and long may he reign and thrive,
 The easiest Prince, and best-bred *Man* alive ;
 Him no Ambition moves to seek Renown,
 Like the *French* Fool to wander up and down,
 Starving his Subjects, hazarding his Crown.
 Nor are his high Desires above his Strength,
 His Scepter and his P-----are of a length ;
 And she that plays with one may sway the other,
 And make him little wiser than his Brother.
 I hate all Monarchs, and the Thrones that they sit on,
 From the Hector of *France*, to the Cully of *Briton*.
 Poor Prince, thy P----- like the Buffoons at Court,
 It governs thee, because it makes thee Sport :
 Tho' Safety, Law, Religion, Life lay on't,
 'Twill break through all to make its way to C-----.
 Restless he rolls about from Whore to Whore,
 A merry Monarch, scandalous and poor.
 To *Carewell* the most Dear of all thy Dears,
 The sure Relief of thy declining Years ;
 Oft he bewails his Fortune and her Fate,
 To love so well, and to be lov'd so late ;
 For when in her he settles well his T-----,
 Yet his dull graceless Buttocks hang an Arse.
 This you'd believe, had I but time to tell you,
 The Pain it costs to poor laborious *Nelly*,

While she employs Hands, Fingers, Lips and Thighs,
E're she can raise the *Member* she enjoys.

An E P I T A P H.

A *Lgernon Sidney* fills this Tomb:
An *Atheist*, by declaiming *Rome*:
A Rebel bold, by striving still
To keep the Laws above the Will;
And hindring those would pull them down,
To leave no Limits to a Crown:
Crimes damn'd by Church and Government.
O! whither must his Soul be sent?
Of Heaven it must needs despair,
If that the *Pope* be Turn-key there;
And Hell can ne'er it entertain,
For there is all Tirannick Reign;
And Purgatory's such a Pretence,
As ne'er deceiv'd a Man of Sense.
Where goes it then? Where't ought to go,
Where *Pope* and *Devil* have nought to do.

An Essay upon Satyr. By the Earl of Mulgrave.

HOW dull, and how insensible a Beast
Is Man, who yet would Lord it o'er the rest?
Philosophers and Poets vainly strove
In every Age the lumpish *Mass* to move:
But those were Pedants when compar'd with these,
Who know not only to instruct, but please.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Mysterious Morals gently to convey
In charming Numbers; so that as Men grew
Pleas'd with their Poems, they grew wiser too.
Satyr has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,

To tell Men freely of their foulest Faults,
 To laugh at their vain Deeds, and vainer Thoughts.
 In *Satyr* too the Wise took different ways,
 To each deserving its peculiar Praise.
 Some did all Folly with just Sharpness blame,
 Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd them into Shame.
 But of these two, the last succeeded best,
 (As Men hit rightest when they shoot in jest :)
 Yet if we may presume to blame our Guides,
 And censure those who censure all besides ;
 In other things they justly are preferr'd,
 In this alone methinks the Ancients err'd ;
 Against the grossest Follies they disclaim,
 Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble Game.
 Nothing is easier than such Blots to hit,
 And 'tis the Talent of each vulgar Wit.
 Besides, 'tis Labour lost ; for who would preach
 Morals to *Armstrong*, or dull *Aston* teach ?
 'Tis being devout at Play, wise at a Ball,
 Or bringing Wit and Friendship to *White-ball* ;
 But with sharp Eyes those nicer Faults to find,
 Which lie obscurely in the wisest Mind :
 That little Speck, which all the rest does spoil,
 To wash off that, would be a Noble Toil,
 Beyond the loose-writ Libels of this Age,
 Or the forc'd Scenes of our declining Stage ;
 Above all Censure too, each little Wit
 Will be so glad to see the greater hit :
 Who judging better, tho' concern'd, the most
 Of such Correction will have cause to boast.
 In such a *Satyr*, all would seek a share,
 And every Fool will fancy he is there.
 Old Story-tellers too must pine and die,
 To see their antiquated Wit laid by.
 Like her who miss'd her Name in a Lampoon,
 And griev'd to find her self decay'd so soon ;
 No common Coxcomb must be mention'd here,
 Nor the dull Train of dancing Sparks appear.
 Not fluttering Officers, who never fight ;
 Of such a wretched Rabble who would write ?

Much less half *Wits*, that's more against our Rules:
 For they are Fops, the other are but Fools.
 Who would not be as silly as *Dunbar*?
 As dull as *Monmouth*, rather than Sir *Carr*?
 The cunning Courtier, should be slighted too,
 Who with dull Knave'ry makes so much ado;
 Till the shrewd Fool, by thriving too too fast,
 Like *Æsop's* Fox, becomes a Prey at last.
 Nor shall the Royal Mistresses be nam'd,
 Too ugly, or too easy to be blam'd;
 With whom each rhyming Fool keeps such a Pother,
 They are as common that way as the other.
 Yet sauntering *Charles* between his beastly Brace,
 Meets with Dissembling still in either place,
 Affected Humour, or a painted Face. }
 In Loyal Libels we have often told him,
 How one has Jilted him, the other sold him:
 How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
 But who can rail so long as he can keep?
 Was ever Prince by two at once mis-led,
 False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill bred?
Earnest and *Ayles*-----y, with all that Race
 Of busy Block-heads, shall have here no place;
 At Council set as Foils on *D*-----by's Score,
 To make that great false Jewel shine the more;
 Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
 Only for taking Pains, and telling Lies.
 But there's no meddling with such nauseous Men,
 Their very Names have tir'd my lazy Pen;
 'Tis time to quit their Company, and chuse
 Some fitter Subject for a sharper Muse.

First, let's behold the merriest Man alive,
 Against his careless *Genius* vainly strive;
 Quit his dear Ease, some deep Design to lay,
 'Gainst a set-time, and then forget the Day.
 Yet he will laugh at his best Friends, and be
 Just as good Company as *Nokes* and *Lee*.
 But when he aims at Reason, or at Rule,
 He turns himself the best to ridicule.

Let him at Business ne'er so earnest sit,
 Shew him but Mirth, and bait that Mirth with Wit;
 That shadow of a Jest shall be enjoy'd,
 Tho' he left all Mankind to be destroy'd:
 So Cat transform'd sat gravely and demure,
 Till Mouse appear'd and thought himself secure;
 But soon the Lady had him in her Eye,
 And from her Friend did just as odly fly.
 Reaching above our Nature, does not good,
 We must fall back to our old Flesh and Blood.
 As by our little *Matchiavel* we find [E. of S-y
 (That nimblest Creature of the busy kind)
 His Limbs are cripled, and his Body shakes,
 Yet his hard Mind, which all this Bustle makes,
 No Pity of its poor Companion takes. }
 What Gravity can hold from laughing out,
 To see him drag his feeble Legs about;
 Like Hounds ill coupled, Jowler lugs him still
 Thro' Hedges, Ditches, and thro' all that's ill!
 'Twere Crime in any Man but him alone,
 To use a Body so, tho'tis one's own.
 Yet this false Comfort never gives him o're,
 That whilst he creeps, his vigorous Thoughts can soar:
 Alas, that soaring to those few that know,
 Is but a busy Groveling here below.
 So *Men* in Rapture think they mount the Sky,
 Whilst on the Ground th' intranced Wretches lye, }
 So modren Fops have fancy'd they could fly;
 Whilst 'tis their Heads alone are in the Air,
 And for the most part building Castle there.
 As the New Earl with Parts deserving Praise, [E of E-x
 And *Wit* enough to laugh at his one ways;
 Yet loses all soft Days and sensual Nights,
 Kind Nature's Checks, and kinder Fortune's Sights:
 Striving against his Quiet all he can,
 For the fine Notion of a busy Man.
 And what is that at best, but one whose Mind
 Is made to tire himself and all Mankind?
 For *Ireland* he would go, faith let him reign,
 For if some odd fantastick Lord would fain,

Carry my Trunks, and all my Drudgery do,
 I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
 But is there any other *Beast* that lives,
 Who his own Harm so wittily contrives?
 Will any Dog that hath his Teeth and Stones,
 Refin'dly leave his Bitches and his Bones
 To turn a Wheel? and Bark to be employ'd,
 While *Venus* is by rival Dogs enjoy'd,
 Yet this fond *Man*, to get a Statesman's Name,
 Forfeits his Friends, his Freedom, and his Fame.
 Tho' *Satyr* nicely writ, no Humour stings,
 But those who merit Praise in other things;
 Yet we must needs this one Exception make,
 And break our Rules for Folly *Tropos* sake;
 Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd
 And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd.
 Rais'd only by his mercenary Tongue,
 For railing sinoothly, and for reasoning wrong.
 As Boys on Holy-days let loose to play,
 Lay waggish Traps for Girls that pass that way;
 Then shout to see in Dirt and deep Distress,
 Some silly Cit in her flowr'd foolish Dress:
 So have I mighty Satisfaction found,
 To see his Tinsel Reason on the Ground;
 To see the florid Fool despis'd (and know it)
 By some who scarce have Words enough to show it;
 (For Sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker,
 The finer, nay, sometimes the wittiest Speaker)
 But 'tis prodigious so much Eloquence
 Should be acquir'd by such a little Sense;
 For Words and Wit did anciently agree,
 And *Tully* was no Fool tho' this Man be.
 At Bar abusive, on the Bench unable,
 Knave on the Woolfack, Fop at Council-Table.
 These are the Grievances of such Fools as wou'd
 Be rather wise than honest, great than good.

Some other kind of *Wits* must be made known,
 Whose harmless Errors hurt themselves alone;
 Excess of Luxury they think can please,
 And Laziness call loving of their Ease;

To live dissolv'd in Pleasures still they feign,
 Tho' their whole Life's but intermitting Pain.
 So much of Surfeits, Head-aches, Claps are seen,
 We scarce perceive the little time between:
 Well-meaning Men, who make this gross mistake,
 And Pleasure lose only for Pleasure's sake.
 Each Pleasure has its Price, and when we pay
 Too much of Pain, we squander Life away.
 Thus *D-----et*, purring like a thoughtful Cat,
 Married, but wiser Puss ne'er thought of that:
 And first he worried her with railing Rhyme,
 Like *Pembroke's* Mastiffs at his kindest time;
 Then for one night sold all his slavish Life,
 A teeming *Widow*, but a barren *Wife*.
 Swell'd by contact of such a fulsom Toad,
 He lugg'd about the Matrimonial Load;
 Till Fortune blindly kind, as well as he,
 Has ill restor'd him to his Liberty.
 Which he would use in all his sneaking way,
 Drinking all Night, and dozing all the Day;
 Dull as *Ned Howard*, whom his brisker Times
 Had fam'd for Dulness in malicious Rhymes.
Mul-----ve had much ado to scape the Snare,
 Tho' learn'd in those ill Arts that cheat the Fair.
 For after all his vulgar Marriage-mocks,
 With Beauty dazled, *Numps* was in the Stocks.
 Deluded Parents dry'd their weeping Eyes,
 To see him catch his Tartar for his Prize:
 Th' impatient Town waited the wisht for Change,
 And Cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet Revenge.
 Till *Petworth* Plot made us with sorrow see,
 As his Estate, his Person too was free.
 Him no soft Thoughts, no Gratitude could move,
 To Gold he fled from Beauty and from Love.
 Yet failing there, he keeps his Freedom still,
 Forc'd to live happily against his Will.
 'Tis not his fault if too much Wealth and Pow'r,
 Break not his boasted Quiet every Hour.
 And little *Sid-----y* for *Simile* renown'd,
 Pleasures has always fought, but never found.

Tho' all his Thoughts on Wine and Women fall,
 His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all,
 The Flesh he lives upon is rank and strong,
 His Meat and Mistresses are kept too long.
 But sure we all mistake this pious Man,
 Who mortifies his Person all he can.
 What we uncharitably take for Sin,
 Are only Rules of this odd *Capuchin* ;
 For never Hermit under grave Pretence,
 Has liv'd more contrary to common Sense ;
 And 'tis a Miracle we may suppose,
 No Nastiness offends his skilful Nose :
 Which from all Stink can with peculiar Art
 Extract Perfume, and Essence, from a F---t.
 Expecting Supper is his great Delight,
 He toils all Day, but to be drunk at Night.
 Then o're his Cups this Night-bird chirping sits,
 Till he takes *Hewet* and *Jack Hall* for Wits.

Rochester I despise even for his want of Wit,
 Tho' thought to have a Tail and cloven Feet ;
 For while he Mischief means to all Mankind,
 Himself alone the ill Effects does find ;
 And so like Witches, justly suffers Shame,
 Whose harmless Malice is so much the same.
 False are his Words, affected is his Wit,
 So often he does aim, so seldom hit.
 To every Face he cringes while he speaks,
 But when the Back is turn'd, the Head he breaks.
 Mean in each Action, lewd in every Limb,
 Manners themselves are mischievous in him.
 A Proof, that Chance alone makes every Creature ;
 A very *Killigrew* without good Nature,
 For what a *Bessus* has he always liv'd !
 And his own *Kickings* notably contriv'd.
 For (there's the Folly that's still mixt with Fear)
 Cowards more Blows, than any Hero bear.
 Of fighting-Spraks, some may her Pleasures say,
 But 'tis a bolder thing to run away.
 The World may well forgive him all his Ill,
 For every Fault does prove his Penance still :

Falsly

Falsly he falls into some dangerous Noose,
 And then as meanly labours to get loose.
 A Life so infamous is better quitting,
 Spent in base Injury, and low submitting.
 I'd like to have left out his Poetry;
 Forgot by almost all as well as me.
 Sometimes he has some Humour, never Wit;
 And if it rarely, very rarely hit,
 'Tis under so much nasty Rubbish laid,
 To find it out's the Cinder-woman's Trade;
 Who for the wretched Remnants of a Fire,
 Must toil all Day in Ashes and in Mire.
 So lewdly dull his idle Works appear,
 The wretched Texts deserve no Comments here;
 Where one poor Thought sometimes left all alone,
 For a whole Page of Dulness to atone:
 'Mongst forty bad, one tolerable Line,
 Without Expression, Fancy, or Design.

How vain a thing is *Man*, and how unwise,
 E'en he who would himself the most despise!
 I who so wise and humble seem to be,
 Now my own Vanity and Pride can't see.
 While the World's Nonsense is so sharply shewn,
 We pull down others but to raise our own;
 That we may Angels seem, we paint them Elves,
 And are but Satyrs to set up our selves.
 I who have all this while been finding fault,
 E'en with my *Masters*, who first Satyr taught;
 And did by that describe the Task so hard,
 It seems stupendous and above Reward;
 Now labour with unequal Force to climb
 That lofty Hill, unreacht by former time.
 'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall,
 Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

The Town Life.

ONce how I doated on this Jilting Town,
 Thinking no Heaven was out of *London* known;
 Till I her Beauties artificial found,
 Her Pleasure's but a short and giddy round;
 Like one who has his *Phillis* long enjoy'd,
 Grown with the fulsom Repetition cloy'd:
 Love's Mists, then vanish from before his Eyes,
 And all the Ladies Frailties he descries:
 Quite surfeited with Joy, I now retreat
 To the fresh Air, a homely Country Seat;
 Good Hours, Books, harmless Sports, & wholsom Meat. }
 And now at last I've chose my proper Sphere,
 Where Men are plain and rustick, but sincere.
 I never was for Lies nor Fawning made,
 But call a Wafer Bread, and Spade a Spade:
 I tell what Merits got Lord----- his Place,
 And laugh at marry'd M-----ve to his Face.
 I cannot veer with every Change of State;
 Nor flatter Villans, tho' at Court they're great:
 Nor will I prostitute my Pen for Hire,
 Praise *Cromwel*, damn him, write the *Spanish Fryar*.
 A Papist now, if next the Turk should reign,
 Then piously transverse the *Alcoran*.
 Methinks I hear one of the Nation cry, }
 Be-Crist, this is a Whiggish Calumny,
 All Vertues are compriz'd in Loyalty.
 Might I dispute with him, I'd change his Note,
 I'd silence him, that is, he'd cut my Throat.
 This powerful way of reasoning never mist,
 None are so positive, but then desist
 As I will, e'er it come to that extreme;
 Our Eolly, not our Misery, is our Theme.
 Well may we wonder what strange Charm, what Spell,
 What mighty Pleasures in this *London* dwell,
 That Men renounce their Ease, Estates and Fame,
 And drudge it here to get a Fopling's Name.

That

That one of seeming Sense advanc'd in Years,
 Like a Sir *Courtly Nice* in Town appears:
 Others exchange their Land for tawdry Clothes,
 And will in spite of Nature pass for Beaus.
 Indulgent Heaven, who ne'er made ought in vain,
 Each Man for something proper did ordain;
 Yet most against their *Genius* blindly run,
 The wrong they chuse, and what they're made for, shun.
 Thus *Ar-----* thinks for State-Affairs he's fit;
Hewit for Ogling, *Chomly* for Wit:

But 'tis vain, so wise, these Men to teach,
 Besides the King's learn'd Priests should only preach.

We'll see how Sparks the tedious Day employ,
 And trace them in their warm pursuit of Joy;
 If they get drest (with much ado) by Noon,
 In quest of Beauty to the *Mall* they run;
 Where (like young Boys) with Hat in Hand they try
 To catch some flutt'ring gawdy Butterfly.
 Thus *Gray* pursues the Lady with a Face,
 Like forty more, and with the same Success,
 Whose Jilting Conduct in her Beauty's spite,
 Loses her Fame, and gets no Pleasure by't.
 The secret Joys of an Intrigue she slights,
 And in an Equipage of Fools delights:
 So some vain Heroes for a vain Command,
 Forfeit their Conscience, Liberty and Land.
 But see high *Mass* is done, in Crowds they go;
 What, all these *Irish*, and *Moll Howard* too?

'Tis very late, to *Lockets* let's away,
 The Lady *Frances* comes, I will not stay.
 Expecting Dinner, to discourse they fall;
 Without Respect of Morals, censuring all:
 The Nymph they lov'd, the Friend they hug'd before,
 He's a vain Coxcomb, she's a common Whore:
 No Obligation can their Jest prevent;
 Wit, like unruly Wind in Bowels pent,
 Torments the Bearer till he gives it vent;
 Tho' this offends the Ear, as that the Nose,
 No matter, 'tis for Ease, and out it goes.

But what they talk (too nauseous to rehearse)
 I leave for the late Ballad-writers Verse.
 After a dear-bought Meal, they haste away,
 To a Desert of Ogling at the Play.

What's here which in the Box's Front I see!
 Deform'd old Age, Diseases, Infamy!

Warwick, North, Paget, Hinton, Martin, Willis,
 And that Equivocal of Lewdness, *Ellys*:

I'll not turn that way, but observe the Play,
 Pox, 'tis a tragick Farce of Banks to Day:

Besides, some *Irish* Wits the Pit invade
 With a worse Din than Cat-call Serenade.

I must be gone, let's to *Hide-Park* repair,
 If not good Company, we'll find good Air.

Here with affected Bow and Side-Glass look,
 The self-conceited Fool is eas'ly took.

There comes a Spark with fix in Tarsels dress,
 Charming the Ladies Hearts with dint of Beast:

Like Scullers on the *Themes* with frequent Bow,
 They labour, tug, and in their Coaches row;

To meet some fair one, still they wheel about,
 Till she retires, and then they hurry out.

But next we'll visit where the Beaus in order come,
 ('Tis yet too early for the drawing-room)

Here *Novels* and *Olivio's* abound;

But one plain *Manly* is not to be found:

Flatt'ring the present, the absent they abuse,

And vent their Spleen and Lies, pretending News:

Why, such a Lady's pale, and wou'd not Dance;

This to the Country gone, and that to *France*;

Who's marry'd, slipp'd away, or mist at Court;

Others Misfortunes thus afford them sport.

A new Song is produc'd, the Author guest,

The Verses and the Poet made a Jest.

Live Laureat *E-----er*, in whom we see

The *English* can excel Antiquity.

Dryden writes Epick, *Woofly* Odes in vain;

Virgil and *Horace* still the cheif maintain:

He with his mathless Poems has alone,

Bavius and *Mivius* in their way out-done.

But

But now for Cards and Play they all propose,
 While I who never in good breeding lose ;
 Who cannot civilly sit still and see
 The Ladies pick the Purse, and laugh at me,
 Pretending earnest Business, drive to Court,
 Where those who can do nothing else resort.
 The *English* must not seek Preferment there,
 For *Mack's* and *O's* all Places destin'd are
 No more we'll send our Youth to *Paris* now,
French Principles and Breeding one wou'd do :
 They for Improvement must to *Ireland* sail,
 The *Irish* Wit and Language now prevail.
 But soft my Pen, with care this Subject touch,
 Stop where you are, you soon may write too much!
 Quite weary with the Hurry of the Day :
 I to my peaceful Home direct my way ;
 While some in Hack, and Habit of Fatigue,
 May have (but oft pretend) a close Intrigue ;
 Others more open to the Tavern scow'r,
 Calling for Wine, and every Man his Whore,
 As safe as those with Quality perhaps,
 For *N-----rgh* says great Ladies can give Claps :
 Some where they're kept, and many where they keep ;
 Most see an easy Mistress e'er they sleep.
 Thus Sparks may dress, dance, play, write, fight, get
 drunk,
 But all the mighty Pother ends in Punk.

A Satyr on the Modren Translators.

Odi imitatores servum pecus, &c.

By Mr. P-----r

Since the united Cunning of the Stage
 Has balk'd the hireling Drudges of the Age :
 Since *Betterton* of late so thrifty's grown,
 Revives old Plays, or wisely acts his own :

Thumb'd

Thumb'd *Rider* with a Catalogue of Rhimes,
 Makes the compleatest Poet of our Times:
 Those who with nine Months Toil had spoil'd a Play,
 In hopes of Eating at a full Third Day,
 Justly despairing longer to sustain
 A craving Stomach from an empty Brain,
 Have left Stage-practice, chang'd their old Vocations,
 Attoning for bad Plays, with worse Translations;
 And like old *Strenhold*, with laborious Spite,
 Burlesque what nobler Muses better write:
 Thus while they for their Causes only seem
 To change the Channel, they corrupt the Stream.
 So breaking *Vintners*, to increase their Wine,
 With nauseous Drugs debauch the generous Vine:
 So barren *Gypsies*, for recruit are said
 With Strangers Issue to maintain the Trade;
 But lest the fairer Bantling should be known,
 A daubing Walnut makes him all their own.

In the Head of this Gang too *John Dryden* appears,
 But to save the Town-censure, and lessen his Fears,
 Join'd with a Spark, whose Title makes me civil,
 For *Scandalum Magnatum* is the Devil;
 Such mighty Thoughts from *Ovid's* Letters flow,
 That the Translation is a Work for two;
 Who in one Copy join'd, their Shame have shown,
 Since *T——e* could spoil so many, tho' alone:
 My Lord I thought so generous would prove,
 To scorn a Rival in Affairs of Love:
 But well he knew his teeming Pangs were vain,
 Till Midwife *Dryden* eas'd his labouring Brain;
 And that when part of *Hudibras's* Horse
 Jogg'd on, the other would not hang an Arse;
 So when fleet *Fowler* hears the joyful Hollow,
 He drags his sluggish Mate, and *Tray* must follow.
 But how could this learn'd Brace employ their time?
 One constru'd sure, while th'other pump'd for Rhime:
 Or it with these, as once at *Rome*, succeeds,
 The *Bibulus* subscribes to *Cæsar's* Deeds:
 This from his Partners Acts ensures his Name,
 Oh Sacred Thirst of everlasting Fame!

That could defile those well-cut Nails with Ink,
 And make his Honour condescend to think:
 But what Excuse, what Preface can atone
 For Crimes which guilty *Bayes* has singly done?
Bayes, whose *Rose-Ally* Ambuscade injoin'd
 To be to Vices which he practis'd kind,
 And brought the Venom of a spiteful *Satyr*,
 To the safe Innocence of a *dull Translator*.
Bayes, who by all the Club was thought most fit
 To violate the *Mantuan Prophet's* Wit,
 And more debauch what loose *Lucretius* writ.
 When I behold the Rovings of his Muse,
 How soon *Affyrian* Ointment she would lose
 For Diamond Buckles sparkling at their Shoos.
 When *Virgil's* height is lost, when *Ovid* soars,
 And in Heroicks *Canace* deplores
 Her Follies louder than her Father roars,
 I'd let him take *Almanzor* for his Theme;
 In lofty Verse make *Maximin* blaspheme,
 Or sing in softer Airs *St. Katharine's* Dream.
 Nay, I could hear him damn last Ages Wit,
 And rail at Excellence he ne'er can hit;
 His envy shou'd at powerful *Cowley* rage,
 And banish Sense with *Johnson* from the Stage:
 His Sacrelege should plunder *Shakespear's* Urn,
 With a dull Prologue make the Ghost return,
 To bear a second Death, and greater Pain,
 While the Fiend's Words the Oracle prophane.
 But when not satisfy'd with Spoils at home,
 The Pyrate would to foreign Borders roam;
 May he still split on some unlucky Coast,
 And have his Works or Dictionary lost;
 That he may know what *Roman Authors* mean,
 No more than does our blind Translatress *Bebn*,
 The Female Wit, who next convicted stands,
 Not for abusing *Ovid's* Verse, but *Sand's*;
 She Might have learn'd from the ill-borrow'd Grace,
 (Which little helps the Ruin of her Face)
 That Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
 When more of Nature's seen, and less of Art:

Nor strive in *Ovid's* Letters to have shown
As much of Skill, as Lewdness in her own.
'Then let her from the next inconstant Lover,
Take a new Copy for a second Rover:
Describe the Cunning of a Jilting Whore,
From the ill Arts her self has us'd before;
Thus let her write, but *Paraphrase* no more.

R——mer to *Crambo* Privilege does claim,
Not from the Poet's Genius, but his Name;
Which Providence in contradiction meant,
Tho' he Predestination could prevent,
And with bold Dulness translate Heaven's Intent.
Rash Man! we paid thee Adoration due,
That ancient Criticks were excell'd by you:
Each little Wit to your Tribunal came
To hear their Doom, and to secure their Fame:
But for Respect you servilely sought Praise,
Slighted the Umpire's Palm to court the Poet's Bays;
While wise Reflections, and a grave Discourse,
Declin'd to *Zoons a River for a Horse*.
So discontented *Pemberton* withdrew,
From sleeping Judges to the noisy Crew;
Chang'd awful Ermin for a servile Gown,
And to an humble Fawning, smooth'd, his Frown:
The *Semile* will differ here indeed;
You cannot versify, though he can plead.

To painful *Creech* my last Advice descends,
'That he and Learning would at length be Friends;
That he'd command his dreadful Forces Home,
Not be a second *Hannibal* to Rome.
But since no Counsel his Resolves can bow;
Nor may thy Fate, O *Rome*, resist his Vow;
Debarr'd from Pens as Lunatics from Swords,
He should be kept from waging War with Words:
Words which at first like Atoms did advance
To the just Measure of a trueful Dance,
And jump't to form, as did his Worlds, by chance.
This pleas'd the Genius of the vicious Town;
The Wits confirm'd his Labours with Renown,
And swear the early Atheist for their own.

Had he stopt here—— but ruin'd by Success,
 With a new Spawn he fill'd the burden'd Prefs,
 Till as his Volumes swell'd, his Fame grew less.
 So Merchants flatter'd with increasing Gain,
 Still tempt the Falshood of the doubtful Main:
 So the first running of the lucky Dice,
 Does eager Bully to new Bets entice;
 Till Fortune urges him to be undone,
 And *Ames-Ace* loses what kind *Sixes* won.
 Witness this Truth *Lucretia's* wretched Fate,
 Which better have, I heard my Nurse relate;
 The Matron suffers Violence again,
 Not *Tarquin's* Lust so vile as *Creech's* Pen;
 Witness those heaps his Midnight Studies raise,
 Hoping to Rival *Ogilby* in Praise:
 Both writ so much, so ill, a Doubt might rise,
 Which with most Justice might deserve the Prize;
 Had not the first the Town with Cuts pleas'd,
 And where the Poem fail'd, the Picture pleas'd.

Wits of a meaner Rank, I would rehearse,
 But will not plague your Patience nor my Verse:
 In long Oblivion may they happy lie,
 And with their Writings, may their Folly die.
 Now, why should we poor *Ovid* yet pursue,
 And make his very Book an Exile too,
 In Words more barbarous than the place he knew?
 If *Virgil* labour'd not to be translated,
 Why suffers he the only thing he hated?
 Had he foreseen some ill-officious Tongue,
 Wou'd in unequal Strains blaspheme his Song;
 Nor Prayers, nor Force, nor Fame shou'd e'er prevent
 The just Performance of his wise Intent:
 Smiling h'had seen his Martyr'd Work expire,
 Nor live to feel more cruel Foes than Fire.

Some Fop in Preface may those Thefts excuse,
 That *Virgil* was the Draught of *Homer's* Muse:
 That *Horace's* by *Pinder's* Lyre was strung,
 By the great Image of whose Voice he sung.
 They found the Mass, 'tis true, but in their Mould
 They purg'd the droffy Oar do current Gold:

Mending

Mending their Pattern, they escap'd the Curse;
 Yet had they not writ better, they'd writ worse.
 But when we bind the Lyric up to Rhime,
 And lose the Sense to make the Poem chime:
 When from their Flocks we force *Sicilian* Swains,
 To ravish *Milk-maids* in our *English* Plains;
 And wandring Authors, e'er they touch our Shore,
 Must like our Locust *Hugonots*, be poor;
 I'd bid th' importing Club their Pains forbear,
 And traffick in our own, tho' homely Ware,
 Whilst from themselves the honest Vermin spin,
 I'd like the Texture, tho' the Web be thin;
 Nay, take *Crown's* Plays, because his own, for Wit;
 And praise what *Durfey*, not translating, writ.

The Parliament House to be Lett,
 1678.

I.
Here's a House to be Lett,
 For C-----, B-----d swore,
 On *Portsmouth's* bare Arse,
 He wou'd shut up the Door.

2.
 Inquire at the Lodgings
 Next Door to the *Pope*,
 At Duke *Lauderdale's* Head,
 With a Crevat of Rope;

3.
 And there you will hear
 How next he will let it,
 If you pay the old Price,
 You may certainly get it.

4.
 He holds it in Tail
 From his Father, who fast
 Did keep it long shut,
 But paid for't at last.

*The Duel of the Crabs : By the Lord B----st,
Occasion'd by Sir R. Howard's Duel of
the Stage.*

IN *Milford-lane* near to *St. Clement's Steeple*,
There liv'd a Nymph kind to all Chrstain People,
A Nymph she was, whose comely Mien and Stature;
Whose height of Eloquence, and every Feature,
Struck thro' the Heart of City, and of *White-hall*,
And when they pleas'd to court her, did 'em right all.
Under her beauteous Bosom there did lie
A Belly smooth as any Ivory;
Yet Nature to declare her various Art,
Had plac'd a Tuft in one convenient Part:
No Park with smoothest Lawn or highest Wood,
Cou'd e'er compare with this admir'd Abode.
Here all the Youth of *England* did repair,
To take their Pleasure, and unlade their Care.
Here the distressed Lover that had born
His haughty Mistress Anger, or her Scorn,
Came for Relief; and in this pleasant Shade
Forgot the former, and this Nymph obey'd.
And yet what corner of the *World* is found,
Where Pain or Pleasure does not still surround?
One wou'd have thought that in this shady Grove,
Nought cou'd have dwelt but Quiet, Peace and Love,
But Heaven directed otherwise; for here,
I'th midst of Plenty, bloody Wars appear:
The Gods will frown where ever they do smile;
The Crocodile infests the fertile Soil:
Lions and Tygers on the *Libian* Plains,
Forbid all Pleasures to the fearful Swains:
Wild Beast in Forests do the Hunters fright,
They fear their Ruin 'midst of their Delight.
Thus in the shade of this dark silent Bower,
Strength strives with Strength, and Power vies with
Two mighty Monsters did this Wood infest, (Power.
And struck such Awe and Terror in the rest,
That no *Sicilian* Tyrant e'er could boast
He e'er with greater Rigour rul'd the Roast.

Each had his Empire, which he kept in awe,
 Was by his Will obey'd, allow'd no Law:
 Nature so well divided, had their States,
 Nought but Ambition cou'd have chang'd their Fates:
 For 'twixt their Empire stood a briny Lake,
 Deep as the Poets do the Centre make;
 But dire Ambition does admit no Bounds,
 There are no Limits to aspiring Crowns.
 The *Spaniard* by his *Europe* Conquest bold,
 Sail'd o'er the Ocean for the *Indians* Gold:
 The *Carthaginian* Hero did not stay,
 Because he met vast Mountains in his way,
 He pass'd the *Alps* like *Mole-hills*; such a Mind
 As thinks on Conquests will be unconfin'd.
 Both with these haughty Thoughts one Course to tend,
 To try if this vast Lake had any end:
 Where finding Countries yet without a Name,
 They might by Conquest get eternal Fame.
 After long Marches, both their Armies tir'd,
 At length they find the place so much desir'd:
 Where in a little time each does descry
 The glimpse of an approaching Enemy.
 They in this Sight do equal Pleasure prove,
 As we shall do in well-rewarded Love:
 Blood-thirsty Souls, whose only perfect Joy
 Consists in what their Fury can destroy.
 And now both Armies do prepare to fight,
 And each of th' other unto VVar incite;
 In vain, alas, for all their Froce and Strength
 VWas quite consumed by their Marches length;
 But the great Chiefs impatient of Delay,
 Resolve by single Fight, to try the Day.
 Each does the other with Contempt defy,
 Resolv'd to Conquer, or resolv'd to Dye;
 Both Armies are commanded to withdraw,
 In Expectation who should give 'em Law;
 VWhile the amaz'd Spectators full of Care,
 Hope for a better, or worse Tyrant Fear.
 And now these Princes meet, now they engage
 VWith all their cheifest Strength and highest Rage:

- Now with their Instruments of Wrath they push,
 As Hills in Earthquakes on each other rush;
 Where their *Militia* lies, is still in doubt,
 Whether like Elephants upon their Snout,
 Or if upon their Heads vast Horns they wore;
 Or if they fought with Tusks, like the wild Boar,
 Some *Greshamites* perhaps, with help of Glasse,
 And poring long upon't, may chance to guess;
 But no Tradition has inform'd our Age,
 What were their chiefest Instruments of Rage.
 With small or no Advantage they proceed,
 Both are much bruised, and their Wounds do bleed;
 Both keep their Anger, both do lose their Force;
 Both get the better, neither get the worse,
 Justice her self might put into each Scale
 One of these Princes, and see neither fall.
 Spur'd on by Fury, now they both provide
 To let one Grapple this great Cause decide;
 Joining, they strive, and such Resistance make,
 Both fall together in the briny Lake,
 Where from the Trouble of a tott'ring Crown,
 Each mighty *Monarch* is laid gently down;
 Both Armies at this Sight amazed stand,
 In doubt who shall obey, who shall command,
 In this Extremity they both agree,
 A Commonwealth their Government shall be.
-

*The Scession of the Poets. To the Tune of
 Cook Lawrel.*

1.

A *Pollo* concern'd to see the Transgressions
 Our paltry Poets do daily commit,
 Gave Order once more to summon a Sessions,
 Severely to punish the Abuses of Wit,

2.

Will D' Avenant wou'd fain have been Steward o'th'
 To have fin'd and amerc'd each Man at his Will;
 But.

But *Apollo*, it seems, had heard a Report,
That his Choice of new Plays did show h'ad no skill,

3.

Besides, some Criticks had ow'd him a Spite,
And a little before had made the God fret,
By letting him know the *Laureat* did write
That damnable Farce, *The House to be Lett.*

4.

Intelligence was brought, the Court being set,
That a Play Tripartite was very near made;
Where malicious *Matt Clifford*, and Spiritual *Spratt*,
Were join'd with their Duke, a Peer of the Trade.

5.

Apollo rejoyc'd, and did hope for Amends,
Because he knew it was the first Case
The Duke e'er did ask the Advice of his Friends,
And so wish'd his Play as well Clapt as his Grace.

6.

O yes being made, and Silence proclaim'd,
Apollo began to read the Court-Roll;
When as soon as he saw *Frank Berkley* was nam'd,
He scarce cou'd forbear from tearing the Scroll.

7.

But *Berkley*, to make his Int'rest the greater,
Suspecting before what would come to pass,
Procur'd him his Cousin *Fitzharding's* Letter,
With which *Apollo* wiped his Arse.

8.

Guy with his Pastoral next went to Pot;
At first in a doleful Study he stood,
Then shew'd a Certificate which he had got
From the Maids of Honour, but it did him no good.

9.

Humerous *Weeden* came in a Pet,
And for the Laurel began to splutter;
But *Apollo* chid him, and bid him first get
A Muse not so common as Mrs. *Rutter*,

10.

A Number of other small Poets appear'd,
With whom for a time *Apollo* made Sport

Clifford

Clifford and *Flecknoe* were very well jeer'd,
And in Conclusion whip'd out of the Court.

11.

Tom Killigrew boldly came up to the Bar,
Thinking his Jibing would get him the Bays;
But *Apollo* was angry, and bid him beware
That he caught him no more a printing his Plays.

12.

With ill Luck in Battel, but worse in Wit,
George Porter began for the Laurel to bawl;
But *Apollo* did think such Impudence fit
To be thrust out of Court as he's out of *White-ball*.

13.

Savage missing *Cowley*, came into the Court,
Making Apologies for his bad Play;
Every one gave him so bad a Report,
That *Apollo* gave heed to all he could say:

14.

Nor wou'd he have had, 'tis thought, a Rebuke,
Unless he had done some notable Folly;
Writ Verses unjustly in Praise of *Sam. Tuke*,
Or printed his pitiful Melancholy.

15.

Cotton did next to the Bays pretend;
But *Apollo* told him it was not fit;
Tho' his *Virgil* was well, it made but amends,
For the worst *Panegyrick* that ever was writ.

16.

Old *Sbirly* stood up and made an Excuse;
Because many young Men before him were got;
He vow'd he had switch'd and spur-gall'd his Muse,
But still the dull Jade kept to her old Trot.

17.

Sir Robert Howard, call'd for over and over,
At length sent in *Teague* with a Pacquet of News,
Wherein the sad Knight, to his Grief, did discover,
How *Dryden* had lately robb'd him of his Muse.

18.

Each Man in the Court was pleas'd with the Theft,
Which made the whole Family swear and rant,
Desiring

Desiring their Obin i'th lurch being left,
The Thief might be fin'd for the wild Gallant.

19.

Dryden, whom one wou'd have thought had more Wit;
The Censure of every Man did disdain,
Pleading some pitiful Rhimes he had writ
In praise of the Countess of *Castlemaine*.

20.

Ned Howard, in whom great Nature is found,
Tho' never took Notice of till that Day,
Impatiently sat till it came to his Round,
Then rose and commended the Plot of his Play.

21.

Such Arrogance made *Apollo* stark mad;
But *Shirly* endeavour'd to appease his Choler,
By owning the Play, and swearing the Lad
In Poetry was a very pert Scholar.

22.

James Howard being call'd for out of the Throng,
Booted and spur'd to the Bar did advance,
Where singing a damn'd nonsensical Song,
The Youth and his Muse were sent into *France*.

23.

Newcastle and's Horse for Entrance next strives,
Well stuff'd was his Cloakbag, and so was his Breeches,
And unbutt'ning the Place where Nature's Posset-maker
(lives,
Pull'd out his Wife's Poems, Plays, Essays and Speeches.

24.

Whoop, quoth *Apollo*, what a Devil have we here,
Put up thy Wife's Trumpery, good noble Marquis,
And home again, home again, take thy Career,
To provide her fresh Straw, and a Chamber that
(dark is.

25.

Sam Tuke sat and formally smil'd at the rest;
But *Apollo* who well did his Vanity know,
Call'd him to the Bar to put him to th' Test,
But his Muse was so stiff she scarcely could go.

26.

She pleaded her Age, desir'd a Reward;
 It seems in her Age she doated on Praise;
 But *Apollo* resolv'd that such a bold Bard
 Shou'd never be grac'd with a Per'wig of Bays.

27.

Stapleton stood up, and had nothing to say,
 But *Apollo* forbid the old Knight to despair,
 Commanding him once more to write a new Play,
 To be danc'd by the Poppets at *Bartbol'mew-Fair*.

28.

Sir *William Killigrew* doubting his Plays,
 Before he was call'd, crept up to the Bench,
 And whisper'd *Apollo*, in case he wou'd praise
Selyndra, he shou'd have a Bout with the Wench.

29.

B-----st and *Sidney*, with two or three more
 Translators of *Pompey*, dispute in their Claim;
 But *Apollo* made them be turn'd out of Door,
 And bid them be gone like Fools as they came.

30.

Old *Waller* heard this, and was sneaking away,
 But some Body spy'd him out of the Crow'd;
Apollo tho' h' had not seen him many a Day,
 Knew him full well, and call'd to him aloud;

31.

My old Friend Mr. *Waller*, what make you there,
 Among those young Fellows that spoil the *French*
 Then beck'ning to him, whisper'd in his Ear, (Plays?)
 And gave him good Counsel instead of the Bays.

32.

Then in came *Denham*, that limping old Bard,
 Whose Fame on the *Sophy* and *Cooper's-Hill* stands;
 And brought many Stationers who swore very hard,
 That nothing sold better except 'twere his Lands.

33.

But *Apollo* advis'd him to write something more,
 To clear a Suspicion which possess'd the Court,
 That *Cooper's-Hill*, so much bragg'd on before,
 Was writ by a Vicar, who had forty Pound for't.

Then

34.

Then *Hudibras* boldly demanded the Bays,
 Bur *Apollo* bad him not be so fierce;
 And advis'd him to lay aside making his Plays,
 Since he already began to write worse and worse.

35

Tom Porter came into the Court in a Huff,
 Swearing Damn him he had writ the best Plays;
 But *Apollo* it seems, knew his way well enough,
 And would not be hector'd out of his Bays.

36.

Ellis in great Discontent went away,
 Whilst *D' Avenant* against *Apollo* did rage;
 Because he declar'd the Secrets a Play,
 Fitting for none but a Mountebank Stage.

37.

John Wilson stood up and wildly did stare,
 When on the sudden stept in a bold Scot,
 And offer'd *Apollo* he freely would swear,
 The said Master *Wilson* mought pass for a Sot.

38.

But all was in vain; for *Apollo*, 'tis said,
 Would in no wise allow of any Scotch Wit;
 Then *Wilson* in spite made his Plays to be read,
 Swearing he'd answer for all he had writ.

39.

Clarges stood up, and laid claim to the Bays,
 But *Apollo* rebuk'd that arrogant Fool;
 Swearing if e'er he translated more Plays,
 He'd Crown him *Sir-Reverence* with a *Close-stool*.

40.

Damn'd *Holden* with's dull *Garman Princess* appear'd
 Whom if *D' Avenant* he got as some do suppose,
Apollo said the Pillory should crop of his Ears,
 And make them more sutable unto his Nose.

41.

Rhodes stood and play'd at Bo-peep in the Door;
 But *Apollo* instead of a Spanish Plot,
 On Condition the Varlet would never write more,
 Gave him three Pence to pay for a Pipe and a Pot.
Ethridge

42.

Etheridge and *Shadwell*, and the Rabble appeal'd
 To *Apollo* himself. in a very great Rage;
 Because their best Friends so freely had deal'd,
 As to tell 'em their Plays were not fit for the Stage

43.

Then seeing a Crowd in a Tumult resort,
 Well furnish'd with Verses, but loaded with Plays;
 It forc'd poor *Apollo* to adjourn the new Court,
 And left them together by the Ears for the Bays.

*On the Prince's going to England with an
 Army to restore the Government, 1688.*

Hunc saltem everso Juvenem succurrere sæclo
 Ne prohibite — *Virg. Georg. Lib. 1.*

ONCE more a *FATHER* and a *SON* fall out:
 The World involving in their high Dispute;
 Remotest *India's* Fate on theirs depends,
 And *Europe*, trembling, the Event attends.
 Their Motions ruling every other State,
 As on the Sun the lesser Planets wait.
Power warms the Father, *Liberty* the Son,
 A Prize well worth the uncommon Venture run.
 Him a false Pride to govern unrestrain'd,
 And by mad Means, bad Ends to be attain'd;
 All Bars of Property drives head-long through,
 Millions oppressing to enrich a few.
 Him Justice urges, and a noble Aim
 To equal his Progenitors in Fame,
 And make his Life as glorious as his Name.
 For Law and Reason's Power he does engage,
 Against the Reign of Appetite and Rage.
 There all the License of unbounded Might,
 Here conscious Honour, and deep Sense of Right,
 Immortal Enmity to Arms incite.

Greatness

Greatness the one, Glory the other Fires,
This only can deserve what that desires.
This strives for all that e'er to Men was dear,
And he for what they most abhor and fear.
Cæsar and *Pompey's* Cause by *Cato* thought
So ill adjudg'd, to a new Tryal's brought,
Again at last *Pharsalia* must be fought.
Ye fatal Sisters! now to *Right* be Friends,
And make Mankind for *Pompey's* Fate amends.
In *Orange's* Great Line, 'tis no new thing
To free a Nation, and uncrown a King.

The R A B B L E, 1680.

THE Rabble hates, the Gentry fear,
And wise Men want Support:
A rising Country threatens there,
And here a starving Court.

Not for the Nation, but the Fair,
Our Treasury provides:
Bulkley's, Go-----n's only Care,
As *Middleton* is *Hyde's*.

Rowley too late will understand,
What now he shuns to find;
That nothing's quiet in the Land,
Except his careless Mind.

England is now 'twixt thee and *Tork*,
The Fable of the Frog:
He is the fierce devouring Stork,
And thou the lumpish Log.

A New Song of the Times, 1683.

1.

'T'Were Folly for ever
 The Whigs to endeavour
 Disowning their Plots, when all the World knows 'em,
 Did they not fix
 On a Council of Six,
 Appointed to govern, tho' no Body chose 'em?
 They that bore sway,
 Knew not one would obey,
 Did *Trincalo* make such a ridiculous Pother:
Monmouth's the Head,
 To strike Monarchy dead,
 They chose themselves Vice-Roys all o'er one another.

2.

Was't not a damn'd thing
 For *Russel* and *Hambden*,
 To serve all the Projects of hot-headed *Tony*?
 But much more untoward
 To appoint my Lord *Howard*
 Of his own Purse and Credit to raise *Men* and *Money*?
 That at *Knightsbridge* did hide
 Those brisk Boys unspy'd,
 Who at *Shaftbury's* Whistle were ready to follow;
 And when Aid he should bring,
 Like a true *Brentford* King,
 Was here with a Whoop, and gone with a Hollow.

3.

Algernoon *Sidney*,
 Of Commonwealth *Kidney*,
 Compos'd a damn'd Libel (ay marry was it)
 Writ to occasion
 Ill Blood in the Nation,
 And therefore dispers'd it all over his Closet.
 It was not the Writing
 Was prov'd, or Indicting;

Tho' he urg'd Statutes, what was it but fooling,
 Since a new Trust is
 Plac'd in the Chief Justice,
 To damn Law and Reason too by over-ruling?

4

What if a Traytor,
 In spite of the State, Sir,
 Should cut his own Throat from one Ear to the other?
 Shall then a new Freak
 Make *Braddon* and *Speak*,
 To be more concern'd than his Wife or his Brother?
 A Razor all Bloody,
 Thrown out of a Study,
 Is Evidence strong of his desperate Guilt; Sir;
 So *Godfrey* when dead,
 Full of Horror and Dread,
 Run his Sword thro' his Body up to the Hilt, Sir.

5.

Who can think the Case hard
 Of Sir *Patience Ward*,
 That lov'd his just Rights more than those of his High-
 O disloyal Ears, (ness?)
 As on Record appears,
 Not to hear when to do the *Papists* a Kindness.
 And old doting Citty,
 With his *Elizabeth Wit*,
 Against the *French* Mode for Freedom to hope on;
 His Ears that told Lies,
 Were less dull than his Eyes,
 For both them were shut when all others were open.

6.

All *Europe* together
 Can't shew such a Father,
 So tenderly nice of his Son's Reputation,
 As our good Ring is,
 To labour to bring his
 By Tricks to subscribe to a Sham-Declaration.
 'Twas very good Reason
 To pardon his Treason,

To obey (not his own, but) his Brother's Command,
 To merit whose Grace,
 He must in the first place
 Confess he's dishonest under his Hand, Sir.

7.

Since Fate the Court blesses
 With daily Successes,
 And giving up Charters to go round for a Frolick;
 Whilst our Duke Nero,
 The Church's blind Hero,
 By Murder is planting his Faith Apostolick.
 Our Modren Sages,
 More wise than past Ages,
 Think ours to establish by *Papish* Successors;
 Queen *Bess* never thought it,
 And *Cecil* forgot it,
 But 'tis lately found out by our prudent Addressors.

*An Epitaph upon Felton, who was hang'd
 in Chains for Murdering the Old Duke of
 Buckingham : Written by the late Duke
 of Buckingham.*

Here uninter'd suspends, tho' not to save
 Surviving Friends th' Expences of a Grave,
Felton's dead Earth, which to the World will be
 Its own sad Monument, his Elegy:
 As large as Fame, which whether Bad or Good,
 I say not; by himself 'twas wrote in Blood;
 For which his Body is intomb'd in Air,
 Arch'd o'er with Heaven, set with a thousand Fair
 And glorious Stars; a noble Sepulchre,
 Which Time it self can't ruinate; and where
 Th' impartial Worm (that is not brib'd to spare
 Princes corrupt in Marble) cannot share
 His Flesh; which oft the charitable Skies
 Imbalm with Tears, daining those Obsequies

Belong

Belong to Men shall last, till pitying Fowl
Contend to reach his Body to his Soul.

An Answer to Mr. Waller's Poem on Oliver's Death, called the Storm: Written by Sir W----- G-----n.

TIS well he's gone, (O had he never been!)
Hurried in Storms loud as his crying Sin;
The Pines and Oaks fell prostrate at his Urn,
That with his Soul his Body too might burn;
Winds pluck up Roots, and fixed Cedars move,
Roaring for Vengeance to the Heavens above.
From Theft, like his, Great *Romulus* did grow,
And such a Wind did at his Ruin blow:
Strange! that the lofty Trees themselves should fell
Without the Ax; so *Orpheus* went to Hell:
At whose Descent the stoutest Rocks were cleft,
And the whole Wood its wonted Station left:
In Battel *Hercules* wore the Lyon's Skin;
But our fierce *Nero* wore the Beast within;
Whose Heart was brutish more than Face or Eyes,
And in the Shape of Man was in Disguise:
Where ever Men, where ever Pillage lies,
Like ravenous Vultures our wing'd Navy flies:
Under the Tropick we are understood,
And bring home Rapine thro' a purple Flood:
New Circulations found, our Blood is hurl'd,
As round the lesser to the greater World.
In civil Broils he did us first engage,
And made three Kingdoms subject to his Rage.
One fatal Stroke slew Justice, and the Cause
Of Truth, Religion, and our Sacred Laws.
So fell *Achilles* by the *Trojan* Band,
Though he still fought with Heaven it self in's Hand:
Nor would Domestick Spoil confine his Mind,
No Limits to his Fury but Mankind.

The *Brittish* Youths in Foreign Courts are sent,
 Towns to destroy, but more to Banishment ;
 Who since they cannot in this Isle abide,
 Are confin'd Prisoners to the World beside.
 No wonder then if we no Tears allow
 To him that gave us Wars and Ruin too:
 Tyrants that lov'd him, griev'd, concern'd to see
 There must be Punishment for Cruelty.

Nature her self rejoyc'd at his Death,
 And on the Waters sung with such a Breath,
 As made the Sea dance higher than before,
 While here glad Waves came dancing to the Shore.

Upon Dunkirk-House.

HERE lie the Sacred Bones
 Of Paul beguiled of his Stones :
 Here lie Golden Briberies,
 The Price of ruin'd Families :
 The Cavaliers Debenter-Wall,
 Fix'd on an Eccentrick Basis ;
 Here's Dunkirk-Town and Tangier-Hall,
 The Queen's Marriage and all ;
 The Dutch-man's Templum Pacis.

Royal Resolutions : By A. Marvell, Esq;

1.
WHEN Plate was at Pawn, and Fob at an Ebb,
 And Spider might weave in Bowels its Web,
 And Stomach as empty as Brain :

2.
 Then C—— without Acre,
 Did swear by his Maker,
 If ever I see *England* again,

3.

I'll have a Religion all of my own,
Whether Popish or Protestant, it shall not be known;
And if it prove troublesome, I will have none.

4.

I'll have a long Parliament always to Friend,
And furnish my Treasure, as fast as I spend,
And if they will not, they shall have an end.

5.

I'll have a Council shall sit always still,
And give me a License to do what I will;
And two *Secretaries* shall piss thro' a Quill.

6.

My insolent Brother shall bear all the Sway,
If Parliament murmur, I'll send him away,
And call him away as soon as I may.

7.

I'll have a rare Son in marrying, tho' marr'd,
Shall govern (if not my Kingdom) my Guard,
And shall be Successor to me or *Gerrard*.

8.

I'll have a New *London* instead of the Old,
With wide Streets and uniform to my own Mould;
But if they build it too fast, I'll bid 'em hold.

9.

The ancient Nobility I will lay by,
And new ones create, their Rooms to supply,
And they shall raise Fortunes for my own Fry.

10.

Some one I'll advance from a common Descent,
So high that he shall hector the Parliament,
And all wholesome Laws for the Publick prevent.

11.

And I will assert him to such a Degree,
That all his foul Treasons, tho' daring and high,
Under my Hand and Seal, shall have Indemnity.

12.

And what e'er it costs me, I'll have a *French Whore*,
As bold as *Alice Pierce*, and as fair as *Jane Shore*;
And when I am weary of her, I'll have more.

13.

Which if any bold Commoner dare to oppose,
I'll order my Bravo's to cut off his Nose,
Tho' for't I a Branch of Prerogative lose,

14.

My Pimp shall be my Minister Premier,
My Bawds call Ambassadors far and near,
And my Wench shall dispose of *Conge de lire*.

15.

I'll wholly abandon all publick Affairs,
And pass all my time with *Buffoons* and Players,
And santer to *Nelly* when I should be at Prayers.

16.

I'll have a fine Pond with a pretty Decoy,
Where many strange Fowl shall feed and enjoy,
And still in their Language, quake *Vive le Roy*.

*The Parallel, 1682. On the Disgrace of
the E. of M.*

AS when proud *Lucifer* aim'd at a Throne,
To have usurp'd it and made Heaven his own.
Blasphemous damn'd Design! but soon he fell,
Guarded with dreadful Lightnings down to Hell;
Or as when *Nimrod* lofty *Babel* built,
A Structure as eternal as his Guilt.
Let us, said he, raise the proud Tower so high,
As may amaze the Gods, and kiss the Sky.
He spoke, but the Success was different found,
Heaven's angry Thunder crush'd it to the Ground:
So *Lucifer* and so proud *Babel* fell,
And 'tis a cursed Fall from Heaven to Hell.
So falls our Courtier now to Pride a Prey,
And falls too with as much Reproach as they,
And justly——
That with his nauseous Courtship durst defile
The sweetest, choicest Beauty of our Isle.
That he was proud, we knew, but now we see,
(Like *Janus* looking at Eternity)
Both what he was, and what he meant to be.

Stern was his Look, and strudy was his Gate,
 He walk'd and talk'd, and would have-----in State.
 Disdain and Scorn sate perching on his Brow ;
 But (*Presto*) where is all that Greatness now ?
 Why vanish'd, fled, dissolv'd to empty Air.
 Fine Ornaments indeed to cheat the Fair ;
 And which is yet the strangest thing of all,
 He has not got a Friend to mourn his Fall.
 But 'tis but just that he who still maintain'd
 Disdain to all, should be by all disdain'd :
 Had not the lazy Drone been quite as blind,
 Equally dim both in his Eye and Mind,
 He might have plainly seen-----
 For the Example's visible to all,
 How strangely low ingrateful Pride may fall.
 Presumptuous VVretch ! but that's too kind a Name
 For one so careless of his Master's Fame.
 For as the Serpent did by Fraud deceive
 Th' unwary Soul of our first Parent *Eve* ;
 So he as impudently strove to inspire
 The Royal Maid with his delusive Fire.
 But Heaven be prais'd not with the same Success,
 For though his Pride's as great, his Cunning's less.

A Satyr against Marriage : By the same.

HUssand, thou dull unpitied Miscreant,
 VVedded, to Noise, to Misery and Want :
 Sold an Eternal Vassal for thy Life,
 Oblig'd to cherish and to hate thy Wife.
 Drudge on till Fifty at thy own Expence,
 Breath out thy Life in one Impertinence.
 Repeat thy loath'd Embraces every Night,
 Prompted to act by Duty, not Delight.
 Christen thy forward Bantling once a Year,
 And carefully thy spurious Issue rear.
 Go once a Week to see the Brat at Nurse,
 And let the young Imposter drain thy Purse.

Hedg-Sparrow like, what Cuckows have begot,
 Do thou maintain, incorrigible Sot,
 Oh I could curse the Pimpt, (who could do less?)
 He's beneath Pity, and beyond Redress.
 Pox on him, let him go, what can I say?
Anathema's on him, are but thrown away:
 The VVretch is Marry'd, and hath known the worst,
 And his great'st Blessing is, he can't be curst,
 Marriage! O Hell and Furies name it not!
 Hence, hence, ye holy Cheats, a Plot a Plot;
 Marriage! 'tis but a licens'd way to Sin,
 A Noose to catch Religious VVoodcocks in:
 Or the Nick-name of Love's malicious Fiend,
 Begot in Hell to persecute Mankind,
 'Tis the Destroyer of our Peace and Health,
 Mispender of our Time, our Strength and VVealth,
 The Enemy of Valour, VVit, Mirth, all
 That we can Vertuous, Good, or Pleasant call.
 By Day 'tis nothing but a needless Noise,
 By Night the Eccho of forgotten Joys:
 Abroad the Sport and VVonder of the Crowd,
 At home the hourly Breach of what they vow'd,
 In Youth it's Opium to our lustful Rage,
 VVhich sleeps a-while, but wakes again in Age,
 It heaps on all Men much, but useless Care,
 For with more Trouble they less happy are.
 Ye Gods! that Man by his own slavish Law
 Should on himself such Inconvenience draw,
 If he would wiser Nature's Laws obey,
 Those chalk him out a far more pleasant way,
 VVhen lusty Youth and flagrant VVine conspire,
 To fan the Blood into a generous Fire,
 We must not think the Gallant will endure
 The puissant Issue of his Calenture:
 Nor always in his single Pleasures burn,
 Tho' Nature's Hand-maid sometimes serves the turn,
 No, he must have a sprightful, youthful Wench,
 In equal Floods of Love his Flames to quench:
 One that will hold him in her clasping Arms,
 And in that Circle all his Spirits charms,

That

That with new Motion, and unpractis'd Art,
 Can raise his soul, and re-insnare his Heart.
 Hence spring the Noble, Fortunate and Great,
 Always begot in Passion and in Heat:
 But the dull Off-spring of the Marriage-Bed,
 What is it but a Human Lump of Lead;
 A sottish Lump, ingender'd of all Ills;
 Begot like Cats, against their Father's Wills?
 If it be Bastardiz'd, 'tis doubly spoil'd,
 The Mother's Fears entail'd upon the Child.
 Thus whether Illegitimate or not,
 Cowards and Fools in Wedlock are begot.
 Let no ennobled Soul himself debase
 By lawful Means to Bastardize his Race;
 But if he must pay Nature's Debt in kind,
 To check his eager Passion, let him find
 Some willing Female out; what tho' she be
 The very Dregs and Scum of Infamy?
 Tho' she be Linsey-woolsey Bawd and Whore,
 Close-stool to *Venus*, Nature's Common-shore,
 Impudent, foolish, bawdy and disease,
 The Sunday Crack of Suburb Prentices;
 What then, she's better then a Wife by half,
 And if thou'rt still unmarried, thou art safe.
 With Whores thou canst but venture; what thou'lt lost,
 May be redeem'd again with Care and Cost;
 But a damn'd Wife by inevitable Fate,
 Destroys Soul, Body, Credit and Estate.

*On Oliver's Peace with the Dutch, out of the
 Latin of Math. Mew. C. C. C. Schol. Cambr.*

WHEN with the rolling Tides of Fate,
 New Governours assume the State,
 The Change a strong Convulsion makes,
 And all the trembling Nation shakes,
 New Mischiefs follow Counsels new,
 As Death's destructive Shafts the spreading Plague
 (pursue.
 Yet

Brave Souls their Fates in purple Waters met :
 As failing Stars beneath the Ocean set.
 The Sun all Azure shew'd, like Azure Veins,
 When the small Rills the crimson Humour stains.
 The *Dutch* to *England* scorn'd to strike the Sail,
 Seem'd to be modest, but refus'd to veil.
 But now the *Belgick* Lion leaves to roar,
 And Golden Flocks float safe toward the Shoar.
 While other Elements embroil'd remain.
 The Seas alone a peaceful League maintain.

Sir, at your Feet, whom Seas and Lands obey.
 The Elements submissive Garlands lay.
 Seas are less deep than your capacious Soul,
 Your Fame sounds far, as noisie Waters roul.
 Should you in Triumph o'er the World appear,
 Your Chariot Wheels the groaning Poles would bear.
 Your Sword laid by, the Scabbard's fill'd with Peace,
 And girds your happy Side with awful Ease.
 You only could the swelling Waves restrain,
 And lay your Fetters on the conquer'd Main.
 The Seas, the Shores their Trophies yield to you,
 Who could the Many and the Great subdue.
 Your happy Name their peaceful Emblems grace,
 And Olive Wreaths your Regal Arms embrace.
England the Hand to pleas'd *Batavia* gives,
 And happy in her great Commander lives,
 By Conquests guarded, and by Seas immur'd,
 But more by your Victorious Arms secur'd.

Rob. South, *ex Æde Christi.*

*From the Latin of J. Busby A. M. of
 Christ-Church.*

PEace, absent long, two States to Union brings,
 So Life and Love from dying Fury springs.
 The merry *Dutch* ensoul'd with Peace revive,
 Their State by *English* Substance kept alive.

So we both Phyfick and Phyficians prove,
And heal the VVounds of VVar with Balm of Love.
The *Dutch* too oft drench'd in the brackifh Main,
Yet moft of Bitter, not of Salt complain.

To the P R O T E C T O R.

Lion of VVar, whose Roar the *Dutch* difmaid,
VVhile conqu'ring *England* felt your gentler Aid,
Great Prince, to whom the greateft Conqu'rors bow,
VVhose binding Force the vaffal'd VWorld allow, }
That VWorld the Circle, but the Centre thou.
One Chain two Nations can at once inclofe,
One Hand the Sea and Land in Peace compofe.
The VWorld grows quiet, and we now can meet
No Fears from Sea, nor from the *Belgick* Fleet.
Huff'd in a Peace, and faint with Fears and VVar,
Terrors and Love our joint Commanders are;
VVhat then could your confiding Subjects do,
If through their Fears, their Loves your conqu'ring
Arms purfue?

J. Busby, *A. M. ex Æde Chrifti.*

From the Latin of J. Vaughan, *A. M.*
of *Jesus Coll.*

NOW with a better Face Affairs appear,
And fmoother Looks the chearful Nations wear.
So have I feen the Sun eclips'd a while,
But quickly with recovering Luftre fmile.
What Thanks, Great Prince, can our weak Mufe repay
For all the Bleffings of this glorious Day?
Your prudent Hand our fhatrer'd State repairs,
And bravely dares assert our loft Affairs.

No Change of Fortune e'er could bend your Soul,
 No head-strong Rout your Politicks controul.
 You make the *Rhine* to Royal *Thames* be true,
 And both the Seas and *Belgick* Hearts subdue.
 Three Realms by your auspicious Stars are blest:
 You of each Age and Sex's Hearts possessest.
 By you we safely to our Books retire,
 Your gallant Acts the Muse's Sons inspire.
Crete boasts of *Jove*, her *Phæbus Delos* sings,
 And great *Alcides* tunes the lofty Strings.
 In you their scatter'd Glories all combine,
 Whose Nod could make three mighty Realms resign:
Neptune to you his Royal Trident sends,
 The groaning Oar your wond'rous Vigour bends.
 None rules with greater Art, nor can we find
 An Arm more fatal, nor a larger Mind.
 The *Welsh* and *English* for your Birth contend,
 And for that Glory both with Zeal pretend.
 Go on, the Realms with happy Omens guide,
 While Fame attends you with a swelling Tyde,
 And they, like Twin *Minerva's*, guard your side.

J. Vaughan. *A. M. e Coll. Jesu.*

IF *Greece* with so much Mirth did entertain
 Her *Argo* coming laden home again:
 With what loud Mirth and Triumph shall we greet
 The wisht Approaches of our welcome Fleet;
 When of that Prize our Ships do us possess,
 Whereof their Fleece was but an Emblem, *Peace*?
 Whose welcome Voice sounds sweeter in our Ears,
 Than the loud Musick of the warbling Spheres.
 And ravishing more than those, doth plainly show
 That sweetest Harmony we to Discord owe.
 Each Sea-man's Voice pronouncing *Peace* doth charm,
 And seems a *Siren's*, but that't has less Harm
 And Danger in't, and yet like theirs doth please
 Above all other, and make us love the Seas.

Ve've

VVe've Heaven in this Peace, like Souls above,
 VVe've nought to do now but admire and love.
 Glory of War is Victory, but here
 Both glorious, because neither's Conqueror.
 'T had been less Honour, if it might be said,
 They fought with those that could be conquered,
 Our re-united Seas, like Streams that grow
 Into one River, do the sinoother flow :
 VWhere Ships no longer grapple, but like those
 The loving Sea-men in Embraces close.
 VVe need no Fire-ships now, a nobler Flame
 Of Love doth us protect, whereby our Name
 Shall shine more glorious, a Flame as pure
 As those of Heaven, and shall as long endure.
 This shall direct our Ships, and he that steers,
 Shall not consult Heaven's Fires, but those he bears
 In his own Breast. Let *Lilly* threaten VVars,
 VVhilst this Conjunction lasts, we'll fear no Stars.
 • Our Ships are now most beneficial grown,
 Since they bring home no Spoils but what's their own.
 Unto these branchless *Pines* our forward Spring
 Ows better Fruit than Autumn's wont to bring :
 VWhich give not only Gems and *Indian Ore*,
 But add at once whole Nations to our Store :
 Nay, if to make a VWorld's, but to compose
 The Difference of Things, and make them close
 In mutual Amity, and cause Peace to creep
 Out of the jarring Chaos of the Deep :
 Our Ships do this, so that whilst others take
 Their Course about the VWorld, ours a VWorld make.

J. Locke, *Student of Ch. Ch.*

A S when two Streams divided gently glide,
 The lofty Banks their humble Bowers deride.
 The Husband-men divert them where they list,
 Nor can those weaker Floods their Dams resist.
 But if they *join*, and to one Torrent grow,
 Swelling they Rage, and no Restraint will know ;
 Over

Over th' adjoining Fields dilate their *Wings*,
Hatching that Plenty which the Summer brings.

Such the Events have been, and such the Fates
 Of our disjoin'd and reunited States.

• VWho, while afunder from each other torn
 By cruel VVar, became their Neighbours Scorn.
 But since that (*) *Power* which now informs our Age,
 Hath reconcil'd the Strength, and quell'd the Rage
 Of the disturbed Sea, the Fire, the VVind,
 And (what is more) the Tempests of our Mind.
 For now our Ships their Canvas VVings shall stretch,
 And the VWorld's VVealth to richer *England* fetch.
 Till greater Treasures overspread our Coast
 Than *Tagus* or *Pactolus* Sands can boast.

VVith this Design our busie Vessels range
 About, to make our *Isle the World's Exchange*.
 Others in *Times of Brass* and *Iron* live,
 Nought but our *Pines* the *Golden Age* can give:
 VWhich fell'd, bear better Fruit than when they stood
 The *Branching Glories* of the *Fruitful Wood*.

No foreign Navy shall impeach their Course,
 Circling the Globe with uncontrouled Force,
 VVhile, with the Sun, they round the VWorld, their
 Might

Becomes as *universal* as his Light.
 Making those Bounds which bind the farthest Land,
 The Limits, *Cromwel*, of thy large Command.
Cromwel! the Name which made a greater Noise
 Among his Foes than *Waves* or *Cannons Voice*.
 'Tis he that conquers when he please, and he
 That makes *Greek Fables*, *English History*.

Tell me, *Astrologers*, th' Event; and make
 From this Conjunction a New *Almanack*.

Storms oft enrich the Soil; and since our *Peace*
 Proceeds from *War*, we hope for more Increase.
 So Bones which have been broke, become more sound,
 And *Hydra* stronger from its fruitful *Wound*.

(*) *The Lord Protector.*

Than *War*, nought could our States have closer ty'd,
 They're join'd by *Kind* who are by *Blood Ally'd*.
 Such our Agreement is, as when one Flame
 Meeting another, both become the same.
Hermaphroditus so and *Salmacis*,
 (Whose Bodies join'd in a perpetual Kiss)
 With our two *Sates* receiv'd like Union;
 Went *Two* into the *Stream*, return'd but *One*.

W. Godolphin, *St. Ch. Ch.*

To King CHARLES the Second, on his
 Return.

V^Ertue's Triumphant Shrine, who doſt engage
 At once three Kingdoms in a Pilgrimage,
 Which in Extatick Duty ſtrive to come
 Out of themſelves, as well as from their Home:
 Whilſt *England* grows one Camp, and *London* is
 It ſelf the Nation, not *Metropolis*;
 And Loyal *Kent* renews its Arts again;
 Fencing her Ways with moving Groves of Men.

Forgive this diſtant Homage, which doth meet
 Your bleſt Approach on ſedentary Feet.
 And tho' my Youth, not patient yet to bear
 The Weight of Arms, denies me to appear
 In Steel before you, yet, Great Sir, approve
 My Manly Wiſhes, and more vigorous Love:
 In whom a cold Reſpect were Treason to
 A Father's Aſhes, greater than to you.
 Whoſe one Ambition 'tis, for to be known
 By Daring Loyalty your *Wilmot's* Son.

Rochester *Wadh. Coll.*

A Young Gentleman desirous to be a Minister of State, thus pretends to qualify himself.

TO make my self for this Employment fit,
I'll learn as much as ever I can get
Of the Honourable *Gray* of *Ru-----*'s Wit.
In Constancy and sincere Loyalty,
I'll imitate the grateful *Shaftsbury*.

And that we may assume the Churches Weal,
And all Disorder in Religion heal,
I will espouse Lord *Hall-----*'s Zeal.

To pay Respect to Sacred Revelation,
To scorn th' affected Wit of Prophanation,
And rout Impiety out of the Nation.

To suppress Vice, and Scandal to prevent,
Buckingham's Life shall be my Precedent,
That living Model of good Government.

To dive into the Depth of Statesmens Craft,
To search the Secrets of the subtlest Heart,
To hide my own Designs with prudent Art.

To make each Man my Property become,
To frustrate all the Plots of *France* and *Rome*,
None can so well instruct as my Lord *Moon*.

For Moral Honesty in Deed and Word,
Lord *W-----*'s Example will afford,
That and his Courage too are on Record.

*Upon the King's Voyage to Chatham, to
make Bulwarks against the Dutch; and
the Queen's Miscarriage thereupon.*

When *James*, our Great Monarch, so wise and
discreet.

Was gone with three Barges to face the *Dutch* Fleet,
Our young Prince of *Waks*, by Inheritance stout,
Was going to Aid him, peep'd his Head out,
But seeing his Father, without Ships or Men,
Commit the Defence of us all to a Chain,
Taffy was frighted, and sculk'd in again; }
Nor thought, while the *Dutch* domineer'd in our Road,
It was safe to come further, and venture abroad:
Nor *Walgrave*, or the th' Epistle of *Seigneur le Duke*,
Made her Majesty sick, and her Royal Womb puke;
But the *Dutch-men* picqueering at *Dover* and *Harwich*,
Gave the Ministers Agues, and the Queen a Miscarriage;
And to see the poor King stand of Ships in such need,
Made the Catholicks quake and her Majesty bleed.
I wish the sad Accident don't spoil the young Prince;
Take off his Manhood, and make him a Wench.
But the *Hero*, his Father, no Courage did lack,
Who was sorry on such a Pretext to come back.
He mark'd out his Ground, and mounted a Gun,
And 'tis thought, without such a Pretence, he had run;
For his Army and Navy were said to increase,
As appears (when we have no occasion) in Peace;
Nay, if the *Dutch* come, we despise them so much,
Our Navy *incognito* will leave them i'th' Lurch;
And to their eternal Disgrace, we are able
To beat 'em by way of a Post and a Cable.
Why was this, Sir, left out o' th' wise Declaration
'That flatter'd with hopes or more Forces the Nation?
'Twould have done us great Good to have said you
intended, (mended;
The Strength of the Nation, the Chain should be
N 2 Tho'

Tho' we thank you for passing so kindly your Word,
(Which ne'er yet was broke) that you'd Rule by the
Sword.

A CHARGE to the Grand Inquest of ENGLAND, 1674.

Room for the *Bedlam C-----ns*, *Hell and Fury*?
Room for the Gentlemen of our *Grand Jury*,
Led by no conjuring Bayliff with white Wand,
But stately Mace in talking Giant's Hand
Call them o'er, Cryer, swear them every Man,
And let an Oath fetter 'em if it can.

The Fore-man first, prefer'd before the rest,
'Cause he has learnt the Art of Prating best.
Then *Howard*, *Powell*, *Garaway*, and *Meers*,
Temple, and *S-----* (who yet wears his Ears)
Cardish the Fop, *Whorhood* that *Senior Soph*,
Some fresh come on, some lately taken off.
When these have kist the Book, swear all the rest,
This numerous Swarin of this too *Grand Inquest*.
Five hunder'd strong, a formidable Crew!
Would you could say, of half, good Men and true
Stand close together, Sirs, and hear you Charge,
In brief, which Lawyers use to give at large.

Imprimis, As to Treason, let that pass,
Since to talk Treason boldly, long since was
A Priviledge of your House; and shortly you
Will priviledg'd be to plot and act it too.

For Sacriledge, Thefts, Robberies, and Rapes,
Murders, Cheats, Perjuries, with such petty Scapes,
Of which your selves you too well guilty know:
Transmit these Trifles to the Courts below,
But if a Member chance to get a Scar,
For the Cause, or by Fortune *de le Guerre*,
You of the Inquest strictly must explore
Whether the Wound were given by Rogue or Whore;
Vote it a Breach of Privilege, then pass
An Act, Sir *John's* Nose is as whole as 'twas.

If a blunt Porter juffle from the Wall,
 Or Knaviſh Boy at Foot-ball give a Fall,
 To one o' your Houſe; let Boys and Porters be
 Sent to the Tower, or brought upon their Knee.
 But above all beat boldly every where
 For your juſt Rights and Privileges here,
 Find them out all, and more than ever were. }
 Search the Repositories of the Tower,
 And your own Brains to ſtretch your lawleſs Power;
 Ranſack your Writers, *Selden*, *Needham*, *Pryn*,
 Rather than fail, bring the ſly Jeſuit in.
 Then ſworn with Pride and Poyſon ſuckt from theſe,
 Vote your own Privilege, is what you pleaſe.
 Thus fortiſ'd, each Member is ſupreme,
 What Court of Juſtice dare touch one of them?
 The King diſdains not to ſubmit his Cauſe,
 To the known Courſe and Tryal of the Laws.
 Each Subject may his King with ſafety ſue,
 But King nor Subject can have Right from you, }
 Who are Law-givers, Judge, and Party too.
 With what diſtemper'd Counſels are we fed, }
 When ſuch Convulſions are on *England* bred?
 The very Arſe is hoisted o'er the Head. }
 Well may you ſit in Love, with all your Hearts,
 It is a Poſture proper to thoſe Parts.
 Humble as Spiders while they crawl below,
 Deſpis'd, afraid of every Spurn and Blow, }
 Crept in your Hole once, you imperious grow.
 Spread Laws, Oaths, Snares for other Men to fall,
 And you your ſelves may trample on them all.
 From Privilege of Sov'reign Parliament,
 (If you have any Breath and Time unſpent)
 In the next place to Grievances proceed,
 Such Grievances as make the Subject bleed.
 What we nam'd laſt before, may here ſtand firſt, }
 For of all Plagues, with which the Nation's curſt,
 The Privilege of Parliament is worſt. }
 Then with full Throats and empty Brains, let fly
 Againſt the Riſe and Growth of Popery.

Power Arbitrary, and the Prerogative Regal,
 Monopolies and Imprisonments illegal,
 Offices set to Sale, and scarce a Clause
 Well executed, of the Cobweb Laws:

But (tho' corrupt enough) touch not th' *Arcana*
 Of your dread Idol, (Law) your Great *Diana*.

'Twill make the Nation, full of Lawyers, rave
 With Tongue and Pen, Nonsense and Noise, who have
 By this false Oracle heap'd up more Gold,
 Than e'er that Goddess's High Priest of old.

'Twould kindle among your selves a Civil War,
 For those Gallants, tho' not the Greatest are
 Of your whole House, the loudest half by far. }

If ten or twelve create us this Vexation,
 What do ten thousand of them in the Nation?

But pass not o'er the Grievances before (more
 You have, with all your Might, knock'd down once
 A Grievance your Design may ruin,
 As a *Welch* Knight gravely observ'd of late.

Resolv'd the Boys and Footmen shall no more
 Attend their Lordships at the Lobby-door:
 For should the Commons pass some wholesome Votes,
 In their own House, to cut their Lordships Throats,
 Those Rascals might, with their short Clubs and
 Dare impudently to protect their Lords, (Swords,
 And by endeavouring their Preservation,
 Highly oppose the Safety of the Nation.

Then thunder out again, Supplies mispent,
 The Customs wasted through Ill-management;
 Curse the Commissioners to the Pit of Hell,
Till some of you creep in, then all is well.

Impeachment on Impeachment next renew
 With impudent Address against all who
 Have better Heads or truer Hearts than you. }

On numerous Articles let each Charge run,
 But when it comes to th' Upshot, prove not one.

In the last place, though least of all you mind it,
 (Yet you must pull a Crow where e'er you find it,
 With seeming Diligence, bravely take in Hand
 The Strength, Defence, and Honour of the Land:

But

But then in this be sure you do no more
Then just spoil what was well begun before.
Your fatal Policy too well does shew;
Those lofty Cares do not belong to you.

When the proud *Belgick* Lion stood at Bay,
At once the easier and the nobler Prey;
When he for Fear more than for Rage did roar,
His Arse to Lash, as it ne'er was before.
When such a Friend by Chance kind Fortune threw,
No more expected than deserv'd by you.

Who but a Parliament could flight it, when
We might have drown'd that Lion in his Den,
Or beat him to a Fawning Whelp agen?

You kindly spar'd your Money and your Foe,
E'er you much older or much wiser grow.

You may expect with Interest from these
The timely Fruits of your untimely Peace.
Let the *French* proudly brave us on the Main,
The *Dutch* our Trade, the Seas and *Indies* gain.

Let all the World appear concern'd so far,
As to be Party in this general War.

Tho' loud our Honour as our Interest calls,
You'll have no Swords drawn but within your Walls.
When thus to your no little Shame at last,
You have many Months in doing nothing past;
As Curs have shown their Teeth, but durst not bite;
As Fops have drawn their Swords, but dare not fight.
A private Bill or two, rather than none,
Get pass'd, then bravely vote a Session.

abates,

Thus when your Prayer, tho' not your Pride,
Your Purfes grown as empty as your Pates,
'Tis time to send you home to your Estates,
And to your Wives, who (may be understood
T' have been more active for the publick Good,
In their lower Sphere than you) to crown the Plot,
Present you pretty Babes you ne'er begot.

S A T Y R. *By the Lord R-----r.*

MUST I with Patience ever silent fit, (wit
 Perplex'd with Fools who will believe they've
 Must I find every place by *Coxcombs* seiz'd,
 Hear their affected Nonsense, and seem pleas'd?
 Must I meet *Hen-----m* where e'er I go,
Arp. Arrap, Villain *F-----*, nay, *Poultney* too?
 Shall *He-----t-----* pertly crawl from place to place,
 And scabby *Vill-----s* for a Beauty pass?
 Shall *H-----* and *B-----n* Politicians prove,
 And *S-----* presume to be in Love?
 Who can abstain from Satyr in this Age?
 That Nature wants, I find supply'd by Rage.
 Some do for Pimping, some for Treach'ry rise,
 But none's made Great for being Good and Wise.
 Deserve a Dungeon if you would be great,
 Rogues always are our Ministers of State.
 Mean prostrate Bitches, for a *Bridewel* fit,
 With *England's* wretched Queen, must equal fit.
Ran-----g and fearful *M-----* are preferr'd,
 Vertue's commended, but ne'er meets Reward.
 Who'd be a Monarch to endure the Prating
 Of *N-----l* and sawcy *Ogle-----p* in waiting.
 Who would *S-----s* drivling Cuckold be?
 Who would be *G-----* and bear his Infamy?
 What Wretch would be *Green's* ill-begotten Son?
 Who would be *James* out-witted and undone?
 Who would be *S-----* a cringing Knave?
 Like *Hallifax* wise, like Bearish *Pembroke* brave?
 Who'd be a Wit in *Dryden's* cudgel'd Skin?
 Or who'd be safe and senseless like *Tom T-----*

A S A T Y R. *By the same Hand.*

Nobilitas sola atque unica virtus est

NOT Rome, in all her Splendor, could compare
 With those great Blessings happy *Britan's* share.
 Vainly

Vainly they boast their Kings of heavenly Race,
 A G—— incarnate *England's* Throne does grace.
 Chaste in his Pleasures, in Devotion grave,
 To his Friends constant, to his Foes he's brave;
 His Justice is through all the World admir'd,
 His Word held Sacred, and his Scepter fear'd.
 No Tumults do about his Palace move,
 Freed from Rebellion by his Peoples Love.
 Nor do we less in Counsels wise prevail,
 As all our late Transactions loudly tell.
 Not only Prorogations good create,
 But th' adjourn'd *Play-House* is a *Comp d'Etat*.
 So learned *Chymists*, when they long have try'd
 For Secrets, thirsty Nature fain would hide,
 In basest Matters often Spirits find,
 Which Providence for greater Use design'd.
 But who can wonder at such vast Success,
 Our *Cato S——* ne'er promis'd less.
 Abroad in Embassies he first was fam'd,
 Where he so strictly *England's* Rights maintain'd.
 At home an humble Creature to her Grace,
 And Mrs. *W——* preferr'd him to the Place.
 Then for Commanders both by Sea and Land,
 T——k who thrice chang'd his Ships through warlike
 And M——, who's the *Scipio* of the Age, (Rage,
 The first long Admiral, but more renown'd
 For P——x and Propery, than publick Wound.
 This is the Man whose Vice each Satyr feeds,
 And for whom no one Vertue intercedes;
 Destin'd for *England's* Plague, from Infant time,
 Curst with a Person f—— than all Crime.
 But mightier Kings than these do still remain,
Plimouth, who lately shew'd upon the Plain,
 And did by *Hewit's* Fall immortal Honour gain. }
 So Mouse and Frog came gravely to the Field,
 Both fear'd to fight, and yet both scorn'd to yield ;
 Their Famous *Billets Deux* and Duel prove
 Them both as fit for Combat, as for Love.

Amongst all these 'twere not amiss to name
P---ney, to whom *St. Omers* Siege gave Fame.

Nor do Wits less our polish'd Court adorn,
 Than Men of Prowess, for Atchievements born.
 Romantick *M---t*, who in empty Lines
 His happier Rival tediously defines;
 That well knew how to value painted Toys,
 And left the Tartar to be catch'd by Boys.
 But his chief Talent is in Histories,
 Which of himself he tells, and always lies:
Daincourt would fain be thought both Wit and Bully,
 Put Punk-rid *R-----* not a greater Cully,
 Nor tawdry *Isbam*, intimately known
 To all port Whores and famous Rooks in Town.

No Ladies my respectful Muse will name,
 She thinks it Blasphemy to touch their Fame.
 Safe may they live, who faithful are and kind,
 But may lewd Scourers no Redemption find.
 May Young and Old incessantly give Thanks
 For that blest Nursery of Intrigue *Mill-Banks*.
 May *Lester-Fields* repair their Matrons Fall,
 But still subscribe in Feasts of Love to th' *Mall*,
 And Mrs. *Stafford* yield to *B----Hall*.

W I N D S O R. By the Lord R-----r.

MEthinks I see our Mighty Monarch stand,
 His pliant Angle trembling in his Hand,
 Pleas'd with the Sport, good Man, nor does he know,
 His easie Scepter bends and trembles so.
 Fine Representative indeed of God,
 Whose Scepter's dwindled to a Fishing Rod.
 Such was *Domitian* in his *Romans* Eyes,
 When his great Godship stoop'd to catching Flies,
 Bless us! what pretty Sport have Deities!
 But see he now does up from *Dochet* come,
 Laden with Spoils of slaughter'd Gudgeons home.

Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy Fate,
But greedily he swallows every Bait,
A Prey to every *King-Fisher* of State.
For how he Gudgeons takes, you have been taught.
Then Listen now how he himself is caught,
So well alas, the fatal Bait is known,
Which *R-----* does so greedily take down,
And however weak and slender be the String,
Bait it with Whore, and it will hold a King.
Almighty Power of Women! Oh, how vain
Are *Salique Laws*, for you will ever reign?
Yet *Lawson*, thou whose Arbitrary Sway
Our King must, more than we do him obey,
Who shortly shalt of easie *Charles's* Breast,
And of his Empire be at once possesst.
Tho' it indeed appear a glorious Thing,
To command Power, and to enslave a King;
Yet e'er the false Appearance has betray'd
A soft, believing, unexperienc'd Maid,
O, yet consider, e'er it be too late,
How near you stand upon the Brink of Fate.
Think who they are, who would for you procure
This great Preferment, to be made a Whore;
Two Reverend Aunts, renown'd in *British* Story,
For Lust and Drunkenness, with *Nell* and *L----*,
These, these are they your Fame would sacrifice,
Your Honour sell, and you shall hear the Price.
My Lady *Mary* nothing can design,
But feed her Lust with what she gets for thine;
Old *Richm----* making thee a glorious Punk,
Shall twice a Day with Brandy now be Drunk.
Her Brother *Buck----* shall be restor'd,
Nelly a Countess, *L----* be a Lord.
And sure all Honours should on him be thrown,
Both for his Father's Merit and his own.
For *Dunkirk* first was sold by *Clarendon*,
And now *Tangier* is selling by the Son:
A barren Queen the Father brought us o'er,
To make way for the Son to bring a Whore.

*The Second Advice to a PAINTER.**By the Author of the First.*

NOW Painter try if thy skill'd Hand can draw,
 The *horrid ft Scene* the trembling World e'er saw.
 Wipe all your Pencils that the former drew,
 In dismal Colours dip them all anew;
 Colours that may in lively parts exprefs
 The plotted Fall of Monarchs, in a Dress
 May fright the World: Crimes which we can't atone
 With our best Blood, and Christians blush to own.
 But let me first advise you, e'er you take
 This work in Hand, a small Reflexion make,
 Of all that's Heinous, Murthers, Treasons, Fires,
 Perjuries, Incests, Rapines, hot Desires:
 Of Murthering Kings, I tremble to rehearse,
 A tottering World and sinking Universe.
 Think well on these, e'er you begin the part;
 'Twill heighten Fancy, and affect your Heart.
 In th' upper part of all the Canvas, paint
 His Holiness the Pope, that mighty Saint,
 Old *Satan*, his Associate, too must stand
 Behind his Chair, to Guide his Heart and Hand.
 Draw him stuck round with all the Toys that come
 From the grand Mint of Lies, old foppish *Rome*.
 Bulls, Dispensations, Pardons, all the Baits
 He lays for the dull Crowd; the Book of Rates
 Will be convenient too, that of every Sin
 The value may be know, pray cram them in.
 Draw him dispersing with a bounteous Hand,
 For horrid Ends, the Treasure of his Land;
 Dispensing with false Oaths, or any thing,
 So that they'll Murther *Charles*, *Great Britan's* King.
 Poor Fool! to think the Guardian of his Throne
 Is grown so dull and senseless as his own.
 No, proud Impostor, no, thy Hand's too short
 To reach his Head, or make his Fall thy Sport.

Next

Next draw proud *France*, and his Ambition hope
 Of being mighty, cringing to the Pope.
 'Tis not his Zeal to him, or to his Laws,
 That cheats the World, this his Affection draws,
 'Tis Interest, mighty Interest, bears the Sway,
 He dare not, tho' he's willing, disobey.
 Base Prince! and foolish too, your self you cheat,
 When on such Terms as these you would be great.
 You feast your Senses at such costly Rates,
 That nothing else can serve but Delicates.
 Dipt in the Blood of Princes, Death of Kings,
 In your Opinion, are but vulgar things :
 If thirst of Empire sway'd a generous Soul,
 These base low Tricks could never sure controul ;
 But when a Mind's so firm on Mischief bent,
 No Thoughts of Honour can its Crimes prevent.
 In meanest Actions, Princes should be true,
 And act on Principles of Honour too:
 Then they are sacred to the World, and ought
 To be ador'd, then Disrespect's a Fault.
 But when both base, degenerate they're grown,
 The Vulgar hurl them head-long from the Throne.
 Go on, vile Prince, in all these Arts, and try
 How soon your Crown will fade, your Empire die.
 By your Examples your own Subjects teach
 To strike at Empire, and at Scepters reach ;
 And may their first Attempt be on thy Head,
 Dethrone thee first of all, then strike thee Dead.

Now Painter, to our Subject; dip thy Pen
 In black, in horrid black, yet once agen.
 For when a Subject from a King revolts,
 Conspires his Death, and thinks these things no Faults,
 The Scene must needs be horrid, first begin,
 With *Bel-----*s his foul ungrateful Sin ;
 Draw him a Monster in as foul a Dress,
 As e'er your Heart can think, or Hand express.
 Long did he in his Prince's Bosom lie,
 One would have thought, void of all Treachery :
 For what base Man but he, could e'er conspire
 To set that House wherein he lives on fire ;

Who

Who would such Treason harbour in his Breast,
 'Gainst th' best of Princes, and to him the best
 The other Lords must on the Stage be led,
 Draw out each Man with Halter on his Head,
 And Dagger in his Heart, with which in vain
 They often strove to Stab their Sovereign.
 Base Rascals! do you thus your Prince reward?
 Have you no Honour left? or no Regard
 To Clemency? which some of you, I know
 Have tasted or y'had dy'd for't long ago.
 Had he been cruel, or tyrannick grown,
 You'd had more Reason to usurp his Throne:
 But to a gracious, and obliging Prince,
 'Tis past all Hopes of Pardon or Defence.

Now Painter, draw me Hell in all its Heat,
 Let Sulphurous Flames and dismal Darkness meet;
 Draw S-----by, Col-----n, and the Jesuits,
 And in the hottest Place as best befits;
 Let them endure the flaming *Brimstones* Rage,
 These bloody traiterous Miscreants of our Age.
 These were the Men design'd (oh bloody Act!)
 Nay, were resolv'd on to commit the Fact. (Hand
 Base Rebels, don't you know that Heaven's high
 Has ever kept the Monarch of our Land?
 And could you think to move our Scene, and do
 What Heaven's High Lord had never consented to?
 Burn on, vile Wretches, think well on these Things,
 What Treason is, what 'tis to Murther Kings.

Now draw in all His Majesty and State,
 Our Sovereign Prince, just rising from his Fate.
 Pray paint him Laughing at the Follies done,
 By th' *Pope* and *France*, his most Unchristian Son.
 Prithee Old Fellow, prithee tell me why
 Old *England* should so much disturb thy Eye?
 It is because we do not doat on you?
 And Worship all your Saints, we never knew?
 If these, Old Man, your Aggravations be,
 Know we defie thy Malice, Imps, and Thee.

On the Dutcheſs of Portſmouth's Picture.

September, 1682.

WH O can on this Picture look,
 And not ſtrait be wonder-ſtruck,
 That ſuch a ſneaking dowdy Thing
 Should make a Beggar of a King?
 Three happy Nations turn to Tears,
 And all their former Love to Fears,
 Ruin the Great, and raiſe the Small,
 Yet will by Turns betray them all.
 Lowly born, and meanly bred,
 Yet of this Nation is the Head;
 For half *White-hall* make her their Court,
 Tho' th' other half make her their Sport.
Monmouth's Tamer, *Jeffery's* Advance,
 Foe to *England*, Spy to *France*,
 False and fooliſh, proud and bold,
 Ugly as you ſee, and Old.
 In a Word, her mighty Grace
 Is Whore in all Things but her Face.

HOUNSLOW-HEATH, 1686.

*Upon this Place are to be ſeen
 Many Brave Sights. God ſave the Queen.*

NEAR *Hampton-Court*, there lies a Common,
 Unknown to neither Man nor Woman:
 The Heath of *Hounslow* it is ſtil'd;
 Which never was with Blood defil'd,
 Tho' it has been of War the Seat,
 Now three Campaigns almoſt compleat.
 Here you may ſee Great *JAMES* the Second,
 (The Greateſt of our Kings he's reckon'd)

A Hero of such high Renown,
 Whole Nations tremble at his Frown :
 And when he smiles, Men die away
 In Transports of excessive Joy.
 A Prince of admirable Learning !
 Quick Wit ! of Judgment most discerning !
 His Knowledge in all Arts, is such,
 No Monarch ever knew so much.
 Not that old blustering King of *Pontus*,
 Whom Men call learned to affront us,
 With all his Tongues and Dialects,
 Could equal him in all Respects ;
 His two and twenty Languages
 Were Trifles, if compar'd to his,
Jargons, which we esteem but small,
English and *French* are worth 'em all.
 What tho' he had some Skill in *Phyick*,
 Could cure the Dropfie or the Phthifick ;
 Perhaps was able to advise one
 To scape the Danger of rank Poison,
 And could prepare an Antidote
 Should carry't off, tho' down your Throat ?
 These are but poor Mechanick Arts,
 Inferior to Great *James* his Parts :
 Shall he be set in the same Rank,
 With a Pedantick Mountebank ?
 He's Master of such Eloquence,
 Well chosen Words, and weighty Sense,
 That he ne'er parts his lovely Lips,
 But out a Trope or Figure slips :
 And when he moves his fluent Tongue,
 Is sure to ravish all the Throng ;
 And every Mortal that can hear,
 Is held fast Pris'ner by the Ear.

His other Gifts we need but name,
 They are so spread abroad by Fame,
 His Faith, his Zeal, his Constancy,
 Aversion to all Bigottry !
 His firm adhering to the Laws,
 By which he judges every Cause,

And

And deals to all Impartial Justice,
 In which the Subjects greatest Trust is.
 His constant keeping of his Word,
 As well to Peasant as to Lord;
 Which he no more would violate,
 Than he would quit his Regal State.
 Who has not his least Promise broke!
 Nor contradicted what he spoke!
 His governing the Brutal Passions
 With far more Rigour than his Nations,
 Would not be sway'd by's Appetite,
 Were he to gain an Empire by't.
 From hence does flow that Chastity,
 Temperance, Love, Sincerity,
 And affected Piety:
 That just Abhorrence of Ambition,
 Idolatry and Superstition,
 Which through his Life have shin'd so bright,
 That nought could dazle their clear Light.
 These Qualities we'll not insist on,
 Because they all are Duties Christian;
 But haste to celebrate his Courage,
 Which is the Prodigy of our Age:
 A Spirit which exceeds Relation;
 And were too great for any Nation,
 Did not those Vertues nam'd before
 Confine it to its Native Shore,
 Restrain it from the Thirst of Blood,
 And only exercise't in Good!

}

The tedious *Mithridatick* VVar,
 (The Noise whereof is spread so far)
 VWas nothing to what's practis'd here;
 Tho' carry'd on for forty Year,
 'Gainst *Pompey*, *Sylla*, and *Lucullus*,
 High sounding Names, brought in to gull us:
 In which the *Romans* lost more Men
 Than one Age could repair again;
 VWho perish'd not by Sword or Bullet,
 But melted Gold pour'd down the Gullet.

Heroes of old were only fain'd
 For having Millions kill'd or maim'd,
 For being th' Instrument of Fate,
 In making Nations desolate;
 For wading to the Chin i'th' Blood
 Of those that in their Passage stood:
 And thought the Point they had not gain'd,
 While any Foe alive remain'd.

Our Monarch, by more gentle Rules,
 Has prov'd the Ancients arrant Fools:
 He only studies and contrives
 Not to destroy, but save Men's Lives;
 Shews all the Military Skill,
 Without committing ought that's ill.
 He'll teach his Men in Warlike Sport,
 How to defend or storm a Fort;
 And in Heroick Interlude,
 Will act the dreadful Scene of *Bude*:
 Here *Lorrain* storms, the *Visier* dies,
 And *Brandenburgh* routs the Supplies;
Bavaria there blows up their Train,
 And all the *Turks* are took or slain.
 All this perform'd with no more harm
 Than loss of simple Gunners Arm:
 And surely 'tis a greater Good
 To teach Men War, than shed their Blood.

Now pause, and view the Army Royal,
 Compos'd of valiant Souls and Loyal;
 Not rais'd (as ill Men say) to hurt ye,
 But to defend, or to convert ye:
 For that's the Method now in use,
 The Faith *Tridentine* to diffuse.
 'Time was the word was powerful;
 But now 'tis thought remiss and dull;
 Has not that Energy and Force,
 Which is in well-arm'd Foot and Horse.
 Thus, when the Faith has had Mutation,
 We change its way of Propagation;
 So *Mahomet*, with Arms and Terrors,
 Spread over half the World his Errors.

Here daily swarm prodigious Wights,
 And strange variety of Sights,
 As Ladies lewd, and foppish Knights,
 Priests, Poets, Pimps, and Parasites;
 Which now we'll spare, and only mention,
 The hungry Bard that writes for Pension;
 Old *Squab*, (who's sometimes here, I'm told)
 That oft, has with his Prince made bold,
 Call'd the late King a Sant'ring Cully,
 To magnifie the *Gallick* Bully;
 Who lately put a senseless Banter
 Upon the World, with *Hind* and *Panther*,
 Making the Beasts and Birds o'th' Wood
 Debate what he ne'er understood,
 Deep Secrets in Philosophy,
 And Mysteries in Theology,
 All sung in wretched Poetry;
 Which rambling Piece, is as much Farce all,
 As his true Mirror, the *Rehearsal*;
 For which he has been foundly bang'd,
 But ha'n't his just Reward till hang'd.

*Now you have seen all that is here,
 Have Patience till another Year.*

*The Dissenters Thanksgiving for the
 late Declaration, 1685.*

FOR this additional Declaration,
 This double Grace of Dispensation,
 For Liberty and Toleration,
 Against *Antichristian* Violation.
 Whatever Zeal Misguided Passion
 Perswades the Sons of Reformation,
 'Tis but a sly Insinuation,
 To work a *Popish* Inundation,
 We of the new Regeneration;
 The well affected of the Nation,

That will be useful in our Station,
 Do offer up our due Oblation ;
 And make our humble Supplication,
 While Test and Penals are in Fashion ;
 We be not brought in Tribulation
 By the next Synod of the Nation.

The DISPUTE.

By the Earl of R——.

BEtwixt Father *Patrick* and his Highness of late,
 There happened a strong and a weighty Debate.
 Religion the Theme. 'Tis strange that they two
 Should dispute about that which neither of 'em knew ;
 When I dare boldly say, if the Truth were but known,
 The Weakness of *Patrick*, and Strength of his own,
 He'd have call'd it a Madness, and much like a Curse,
 To have chang'd from a good one, to that which is
 worse ;

But the Reasons which made most his Highness to yield,
 And willingly quit to St. *Patrick* the Field,
 Were ———

First, Sir, they cheat you, and leave you i'th' Lurch,
 Who tell you there can b' any more than one Church.
 And next unto that he averr'd for a certain,
 No Footsteps of ours could be found before *Martin*.
 Now, at these two Reasons, so deep and profound.
 His Highness had like to have fall'n in a Swoon ;
 But at length he cry'd out, Father *Patrick*, I find
 By the sudden Conversion, and Change of my Mind,
 It is not your Reason, nor Wit can afford
 Such Strength to your Cause ; 'tis the Finger o'th' Lord,
 For now I remember he somewhere has said,
 That by Babes and Sucklings his Truth is convey'd.
 Thus ends the Dispute 'twixt the Priest and the
 Knight,

In which, to say Truth, and to do 'em both Tight,
 He manag'd the Cause, as he did the Sea-fight.

Satyr

S A T Y R *Unmuzzled.*

WHo'd be the Man lewd Libels to indite,
 Yet fears to own what he ne'er fears to write;
 And meanly sneak his Lampoons into th' World,
 Which are i'th' Streets by Porters dropt and hurl'd,
 Or else by *Julian* 'mong the Bullies spread,
 That and his Pimping brings him in his Bread?
 Who'd be the Wretch to hear himself abus'd,
 By some Men censur'd, and by some accus'd,
 For Libelling the Town with his sharp Pen,
 And they with Cudgels Lampoon him again?
 To Name Great Men, is Malice grossly shewn,
 As if they could not by their Crimes be known;
 For what Fool knew not, when you nam'd a Bear,
 Without a Comment *Pembroke* was not there.
 When we say Fool, then all Men must agree,
 V----- to name would be Tautology.
 Who to the Sin of Pride does lay most claim,
 Need we say P----- *Arp*----- or *Heningham*.
 With these, before the Wits have had a bout,
 I'll pick out some the Poets have left out;
 And yet not name the Men, but swinge their Faults,
 For so wise Satyr makes his best Assaults.

One play'd at Dice all Night at *Locket's* Door,
 Quarrell'd and cuff'd till he was Blood all o'er;
 Next Day he set at the wise Green-cloth Board,
 And with great Gravity said ne'er a word,
 There fell asleep, then wak'd with angry Face,
 And swore G----- damn him, his Throw was Ains-Ace:
 So swept the Money that o'th' Green-cloth lay,
 And vow'd he dreamt he won it all at play.
 To cheat the King he has left off being brave,
 From Captain, turn'd a formal Green-cloth Knave.

Next comes a Wretch whom all Mankind does hate,
 Curs'd by his Servants for his Pride and Sate,

Keeps Bawds, and has his *Banio* for the Gout,
Which is a modest Word for Pox, no doubt ;
No Lampoon ever thought him worthy yet,
Having no matter to afford them wit.

Lewdly his out-side, as his Soul within,
One that deserves to be, for his proud Sin,
Toss'd up to Heaven, to tumble down agen.
Fam'd for his Vertue and good Nature too,
Yet both conceal'd, and never came in view.
His Office shews the Devil and he are Twins,
Being Privy-Purse to all the Privy Sins.

Search the whole Court in all that blessed Race,
No one Man's planted in his proper place ;
Scarce one Man just or faithful found to be,
Only *Frank N----- Henry K----- w.*

Why did I name 'em, since ye all well know
When we say faithful, it implies them two ;
Once faulty Men, but now as just are known,
They mortgage Oaths, and lay their Honour down,
To every Footman lends them half a Crown.

Now for a Brute whose *Species* is unknown,
Like Man, but Hell best knows he is not one :
Full as destructive as the Wind *North East*,
And much more ominous to Man and Beast :
Swell'd like a Toad, his Soul just speckled so,
And poisons all things where he does but blow ;
Whose crooked Nature forces so much Evil,
Thus chang'd his *Species* from Mankind to Devil.
'Tis not the Form, but the brave noble Mind,
That makes us worthy to be call'd Mankind.
He left a Conquest that the Duke had gain'd,
A greater Blemish *England* ne'er sustain'd.
No more of that, let's sleep out all the rest,
For silence in this case is safe and best.
He's Cofferer now, in great Esteem and Grace,
But Sledge and *Tyburn* is his proper place.

Our late Secretary fell into Disgrace,
And *Ignoramus* slept into his place.
By our great *Filt-Royal* he had his Fall,
She that commands the Court, the Devil and all.

To us who know these things, 'tis no great Wonder,
For Court and Devil ne'er live far asunder.

She that to th' Eye of State is such a Film,
Who sits in Pomp to guide and steer the Helm,
And will in time the tall Ship over-whelm.

The Fool of Honour, like a nimble Eel,
Has wriggled through the muddy Fortunes Wheel,
Slipt into place improperly by Fate,
Whose Parts were ne'er cut out to serve the State,
But fawning well on Madam, did the Feat,
She's a great Bubble to a cringing Cheat.

One thing I wonder at, and shall do still,
To see a Fool act wise *Achitophel*.
Could Booby think you'd e'er be in a Plot,
Whose Stock of Brains would lie upon a Groat,
But that was not his, but the King's great Fault.
Had he for Murders hang'd him in all reason,
We may believe he'd ne'er committed Treason.

Thou weak *Achitophel*, to undertake
By thy wise Counsels a false King to make,
But thou and *Abfalon*, thy weaker Friend,
Your damn'd Ambition now is at an end;
Go, get thy Living with thy old Man *Thomas*,
That lusty Drudge will prove thy best *Mendamus*.

Now for a She-Buffoon, who, as 'tis said,
Crawl'd into th' World, without a Maiden-head;
It is most sure 'twas never had by Man,
Nor can she say where it was lost, or when,
We must conclude she never had one then.
Her Mother griev'd in muddy Ale and Sack,
To think her Child should ever prove a Crack;
When she was drunk, she always fell asleep,
And when full *Maudlin*, then the Whore would weep,
Her Tears were Brandy, *Mundungus* her Breath,
Bawd was her Life, and Common-shore her Death.
To see the Daughter Mourn for such a Beast,
Is like her Life, which make up but one Jest,
Of all her Jokes, this Mourning is the best.

As Jews, descended from the High-Priest's Race,
Were thought the fittest to supply that place,

So she best satisfies lustful Amours,
 Whose Line from *Adam* have been Bawds and Whores.

Now will I speak of all those foollish Duns,
 Who trust the *Goths*, the *Vandals*, and the *Huns*,
 Such as do run on every Tradesman's Score,
 Nay, basely tick with every little Whore,
 And still tick on, till they can tick no more.
 When Dun comes, each Man asks what he'd be at,
 And swears and rants at the old *Vandal* rate,
 Then pays his Score off with a broken Pate.
 Bilks the poor Coach-man, wretched Link-Boy cheats,
 And brags next Day of his Heroick Feats.
 Such mean base things the Goatish Gentry do,
 The *English* keep their Fame and Honour too.
 Most highly scandalous are all the rest,
 And proud gay Fool and Fop includes the best.
 All Golden Out-sides, with false Tinsel Hearts,
 They only make a shew of worthy Parts;
 The Name of Gentleman's grown odious now,
 It is become great Honour's Overthrow.
 Full as reproachful to the Men we find,
 As Common Whore is to all Womankind.
 Here the whole Race of Gentry lies at stake,
 The Guiltless suffers for the Guilty's sake.
 Pity it is that Men of noble Fame,
 Should lose their Honour meerly for the Name.
 'Cause *Tom's* a Knave, must every *Tom* be so?
 Must we, *Draw-Can-Sir* like, slay Friend and Foe?
 No general Rule without Exception is,
 Those few unblemisht are not meant in this.

The Man of HONOUR. Written by
 the Honourable Mr. *Montague*.

Occasion'd by a Postscript of *Pen's* Letter.

NOT all the *Threats* or *Favours* of a Crown,
 A *Prince's* Whisper, or a *Tyrant's* Frown,

Can *awe* the Spirit, or *allure* the Mind
 Of him, who to strict *Honour* is inclin'd;
 Though all the *Pomp* and *Pleasure* that does wait
 On publick Places, and Affairs of State,
 Shou'd fondly court him to be *base* and *great*.
 With *even* Passions, and with *setled* Face,
 He would remove the *Harlots* false Embrace.

Tho' all the *Storms* and *Tempests* should arise,
 That *Church-Magicians* in their Cells devise,
 And from their *setled* Basis *Nations* tear,
 He wou'd unmov'd the mighty Ruin bear;
 Secure in Innocence, contemn 'em all,
 And decently array'd in *Honours*, fall.

For this brave *Shrewsbury* and *Lumly's* Name
 Shall stand the foremost in the List of Fame,
 Who first with *steddy* Minds the Current broke,
 And to the suppliant *Monarch* boldly spoke.

Great Sir, renown'd for Constancy, how just
 Have we obey'd the *Crown*, and serv'd our Trust,
 Espous'd your *Cause* and *Interest* in Distress,
 Your self must witness, and our Foes confess!
 Permit us then *ill Fortune* to accuse,
 That you at last *unhappy Councils* use,
 And ask the *only* Thing we must *refuse*.
 Our *Lives* and *Fortunes* freely we'll expose,
Honour alone we cannot, must not lose:
Honour, that *Spark* of the Celestial *Fire*,
 That above *Nature* makes *Mankind* aspire;
 Ennobles the rude Passions of our Frame,
 With Thirst of *Glory*, and Desire of *Fame*;
 The richest *Treasure* of a generous Breast,
 That gives the Stamp and Standard to the rest.
Wit, *Strength*, and *Courage*, are wild dangerous Force,
 Unless this softens and directs their Course;
 And would you rob us of the *noblest* part?
 Accept a *Sacrifice* without a *Heart*?
 'Tis much beneath the Greatness of a Throne,
 To take the *Casket* when the *Jewel's* gone:
 Debauch out *Principles*, corrupt our Race,
 And teach the *Nobles* to be False and Base.

What

What Confidence can you in them repose,
 Who e'er they serve you, all their Value lose?
 Who once enslave their *Conscience* to their *Lust*,
 Have lost their *Reins*, and can no more be *Just*.

Of *Honour*, Men at first, like Women nice,
 Raise *Maiden Scruples* at unpractis'd *Vice*;
 Their *modest* Nature curbs the struggling *Flame*,
 And stifles what they wish to act with *Shame*.
 But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
 That they may taste forbidden Fruit and live;
 They stop not here their Course, but safely in,
 Grow strong, Luxuriant, and bold in Sin.
 True to no Principles, press forward still,
 And only bound by Appetite their Will.
 Now fawn and flatter while this Tide prevails,
 But shift with every veering Blast their Sails.
 Mark those that meanly truckle to your Power,
 They once deserted, and chang'd sides before,
 And would to morrow *Mahomet* adore!

On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
 Free is their Service, and unbought their Love.
 When Danger calls, and Honour leads the way,
 With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey.
 When the *Rebellious Foe* came rolling on,
 And shook with gathering Multitudes the Throne,
 Where were the Minions then? what Arms, what Force,
 Cou'd they oppose to stop the Torrents Course?

Then *Pembrook*, then the Nobles firmly stood,
 Free of their Lives, and lavish of their Blood;
 But when your Orders to mean Ends decline,
 With the same Constancy they all resign.

Thus spake the Youth, who open'd first the way,
 And was the *Phosphorus* to the dawning Day;
 Follow'd by a more glorious splendid Host,
 Than any Age, or any Realm can Boast;
 So great their Fame, so numerous their Train,
 To name were endless, and to praise in vain:
 But *Herbert*, and great *Oxford* merit more,
 Bold is their Flight, and more sublime they soar.

So high their Vertue as yet wants a Name,
 Exceeding Wonder, and surpassing Fame.
 Rise, glorious Church, erect thy Radiant Head,
 The Storm is past, th' impending Tempest fled:
 Had Fate decreed thy Ruin or Disgrace,
 It had not giv'n such Sons so brave a Race.
 When for Destruction Heaven a Realm designs,
 The Symptoms first appear in slavish Minds.
 These Men would prop a sinking Nations Weight,
 Stop falling Vengeance, and reverse ev'n Fate.
 Let other Nations boast their fruitful Soil,
 Their fragrant Spices, their rich Wine and Oil;
 In breathing Colours, and in living Paint,
 Let them excel, their Mastery we grant.
 But to instruct the Mind, to arm the Soul
 With Virtue, which no Dangers can controul;
 Exalt the Thought, a speedy Courage lend,
 That Horror cannot shake, or Pleasure bend:
 These are the *English* Arts, these we profess
 To be the same in Mis'ry and Success.
 To teach Oppressors Law, assist the Good,
 Relieve the Wretched, and subdue the Proud:
 Such are our Souls: But what doth Worth avail,
 When Kings commit to hungry Priests the Scale?
 All Merit's light, when they dispose the weight,
 Who either would embroil, or rule the State.
 Defame those Heroes who their Yoke refuse,
 And blast that Honesty they cannot use.
 The Strength and Safety of the Crown destroy,
 And the King's Power against himself imploy;
 Affront his Friends, deprive him of the Brave;
 Bereft of these, he must become their Slave.
 Men, like our Money, come the most in play,
 For being base, and of a coarse Alloy.
 The richest Medals, and the purest Gold,
 Of native Value, and exactest Mould,
 By Worth conceal'd, in private Closets shine,
 For vulgar Use too precious and too fine.
 Whilst Tin and Copper, with new stamping bright
 Coin of base Metal, counterfeit and light,

Do all the Business of the Nation's turn,
 Rais'd in Contempt, us'd and employ'd in Scorn:
 So shining Vertues are for Courts too bright,
 Whose guilty Actions fly the searching Light.
 Rich in themselves, disdaining to aspire,
 Great without Pomp, they willingly retire:
 Give place to Fools, whose rash mis-judging Sense
 Increases the weak Measures of their Prince;
 Prone to admire, and flatter him in Ease,
 They Study not his Good, but how to please.
 They blindly and implicitly run on,
 Nor see those Dangers which the other shun.
 Who slow to act, each Bus'ness duly weigh,
 Advise with Freedom, and with Care obey;
 With Wisdom fatal to their Interest, strive
 To make their Monarch lov'd, and Nation thrive.
 Such have no place where Priests and Women Reign,
 Who love fierce Drivers, and a looser Rein.

The Man of no Honour.

AS the late Character of God-like Men,
 (Given, as it ought, by a Diviner Pen)
 Will make the Race of those I write appear,
 Low as to glorious Valour, wretched Fear;
 So the smooth Lines in which those Truths are told,
 (Lines justly happy as they're nobly bold)
 With Right from humble Muses hold Esteem,
 And shew my Verse as distant as my Theme.

Forgive me, you Betrayers of your Land,
 If I do scourge you with a wanting Hand;
 My Will is good to give you all your Due,
 The Pope will pardon want of Power in you.

Your Aid, my Muse, this once I humbly ask,
 Exposing Villany's a noble Task;
 Assist my Story with such ample Phrase,
 It may find leave to live and see good Days.

Stamp an Eternal Value on the Brave,
 By drawing to the Life a sneaking Knave;
 Shew him how justly he's expos'd by all,
 And shew him time may come when he my fall;
 Shew him on what Foundation now he stands;
 Shew him, instead of Rocks, mistaken Lands;
 Shew him it lately fail'd believing Man,
 And will do so when time shall serve again.

When *Oxford* Prophecies were come to pass,
 And many a squeamish Church-man prov'd an Ass,
 Then blockish Honesty was made give ground,
 And foolish Knaves were much more useful found;
 A search throughout the *Senate* pass'd for such.
 (Since Fools would do, to find no more, 'twas much)
 Vile Int'rest was oppos'd to Men of Sense,
 And many from that Hour did Rogues commence.
 Besides, with Gold the despicable *Slaves*
 Were willingly thought Fools; they might be Knaves.
 Of these, the Chief a Consultation call,
 Where they shall stop, or whether stop at all:
 Some faint Resistance Conscience wou'd have made,
 And Honour wou'd have spoke, but was forbid.
 Int'rest with Impudence assum'd the Chair,
 And thus address'd to each *Plebeian* Fool was there.

Of all Philosophers that plagu'd the World,
 And curious Brains in various Labyrinths hurl'd,
 None far'd so ill, and yet so justly far'd,
 As those Preach'd Vertue for its own Reward.
 More useful Doctrines sprung from wiser Schools,
 They heard their Morals, and resolv'd them Fools.
 Mark those who strive the Multitude to please,
 Nice of their Honour, lavish of their Ease:
 How in the gazing Croud they humbly stand,
 With their perplexing Honesty at hand,
 They dare not use the Strength they may command.
 They prove their Grandeur from their humble Soul,
 But he is Great who can and dare controul;

You'll

You'll soar above, exhal'd by Princely Rays,
 And with contempt look down on rotten Praise.
 Laugh at dull Notions of a Glorious Name,
 When Beggery's the Basis of its Frame.
 More useful Honour shall attend your Fate,
 You serve a Power can make you rich and Great,
 Who scorns the Nation's Love, shall live above their
 Hate.

Permit no Bugbear Thoughts against your Cause,
 The Loss of your Religion and the Laws,
 Trifles to those who dare their God defy,
 And can with copious Consciences comply.
 Contemn the foolish Threats of distant Time,
 'Tis plain that Honesty is yet a Crime;
 If things hereafter turn another way,
 You'll still be right, for still you can obey.
 Ne'er fear the Brand of Knave will hurt you much,
 The best of Courts will stand in need of such.
 Fools oft grow useless, and are laid aside,
 But Knave of Conduct always will abide.
 Old Honesty some poor Employ may get,
 But he that sticks at nothing shall be great,
 The Villain wisely thrives in every State.

Thus Int'rest spoke, and merits just Applause,
 The Judges first declar'd against the Laws;
 Of *Levi's* Tribe, not many went astray,
 (Much wonder'd at, since they procur'd this Day)
 But Men of Conscience oft in Judgment fail,
 Mistaken Loyalty did once prevail,
 But such Diseases now no more's their Ail.

Become good Christians by Affliction's Rod,
 Their King they honour, but they fear their God,
 Of those that brand their Country with Disgrace,
 Noble in Title as in Practice base,
 Give underhand Pre-eminence of place,
 That sniv'ling Representer of the rest,
 VVho in their Names the *Monarch* thus addrest:

Most glorious Prince, in whom all Vertues thine,
 VVhere every Worth in one great Soul combine!

You for your gracious Deeds we come to bless,
But most of all your Constancy confess;
Safe by your Word, in Peace your People sleep,
Your sacred Word which you so nicely keep;
That Word so much throughout your Land re-
nown'd, in which Equivocation ne'r was found.

On this it is so firmly we rely,
You cannot ask the thing we can deny;
As Heav'n has taught the Soul of Man to know,
Whate'er it pleaseth to dispense below,
Shall to Advantage of Believers tend,
And bless their blind Obedience in the end;
So we such awful Thoughts of you receive,
Whate'er you'll do, we for our Good believe;
Our grand Ambition is our King to please;
We ne'er can want Repose while he's at ease.
When by Obedience we have giv'n you Rest
And blasted e'en the frightful Name of Test,
But smile upon us, and your Slaves are blest.

Thus spake the fawning Minister of State,
Poor in Esteem; and despicably Great.
The easie Monarch blest the Priesthoods Skill,
Forfakes his Reason to perform his Vill,
Deserts his noble Friends for flatt'ring Knaves,
Neglects his Subjects whele he favours Slaves.

Rise up, brave Prince, attend your Nature's Course,
We know that's Noble, when exempt from Force;
Spread your relenting Arms, imbrace your Friends,
They'll help you to attain more noble Ends.
You know their Love, the Rebels know their Force:
Serve God with speed, annul th' unjust Divorce:
Then shall you stand great in your Peoples Love,
A lively Emblem of the mighty Jove.
Then shall your haughty Rival cease to soar,
And tremble at the Neighb'ring *British Shore*;
The Senate's Bounty shall preserve you still,
With chearful Tribute all your Coffers fill:
All Kings shall-gaze with Envy on your Throne,
Then with Contempt look down upon their own,

To gain your Smiles, shall be their utmost Pride,
 And happy he who nearest is Ally'd.
 Belov'd by God and Men you shall remain,
 Great without War, and undisturb'd your Reign.
 Then when the Remnant of your Days are done,
 The Thread of glorious Life at length is spun,
 Sincere in Grief your People all shall mourn,
 Some goodly Fabrick shall your Grave adorn.
 With this Inscription, for Eternal Praise,
Here lies the only Prince who left all evil Ways.

The V I S I O N.

TVVas at an Hour when busie Nature lay,
 Dissolv'd in slumbers from the noisie Day,
 VVhen gloomy Shades and dusky Atoms spread
 A Darknes o'er the Universal Bed,
 And all the gaudy Beams of Light were fled;
 My flatt'ring Fancy 'midst the silent Peace,
 Careless of Sleep, and unconcern'd with Ease,
 Drew to my wandring Thoughts an Object near,
 Strange in its *Form*, and in *Appearance* rare.
 Methought (yet sure it could not be a Dream,
 So real all its Imperfections seem)
 VVith *Princely* Port a stately *Monarch* came,
Airy his Mien, and Noble was his Frame :
 A fullen Sorrow brooded on his Brow ;
 He seem'd beneath some weighty Fate to bow ;
Distrust and *Grief* upon his Eye-lids rest,
 And show the struggling Troubles of his Breast.
 Upon his Head a *nodding Crown* he wore,
 And in his Hand a *yielding Scepter* bore ;
 Forlorn and careless did his Strokes appear,
 And ev'ry Motion spoke a wild *Despair*.

This mournful Scene did all my Passions move,
 And challeng'd both my *Pity* and my *Love* ;
 And yet I thought him by the Ruins made,
 Above my *Pity*, and beyond my *Aid* ;

Long did he in a pensive Silence stand,
For sure his Thoughts cou'd not his Words command:
Too big for Speech——

Till fullen Murmurs from his Bosom flew,
And thus a Draught of his Disorders drew.

Almighty Pow'rs! by whose Consent alone
Ordain'd, I did ascend the *Regal* Throne,
Led by your dark Decrees and Conduct, there
I, as your great *Vicegerant*, did appear
Beneath my Charge, whilst crowding Nations sate,
And bow'd, and did *admire* my rising Fate:

'Twas then my *Laurels* fresh and blooming grew,
And a loud Fame of all my Glories flew;
My willing Subjects blest and clap the Day;

The bravest and the best were all my Friends,
Whilst Faction in Confusion sneak'd away;

At distance grin'd, but could not reach their Ends.
Such Faith unto my Promises were shown,
My Word they took, for Oaths were useless grown:
My very Word compos'd their Hopes and Fears,
Sacred 'twas held, and all *Serene* appears:

Until my *Fate* revers'd did backwards reel,
Blurr'd all my Fame, and alter'd Fortune's wheel;
Ye Gods! why did ye thus unconstant prove?

Was I the Envy of th' Abodes above?

Or was this stately Majesty but giv'n
To be the Cheat and Flatt'ry ee'n of *Heav'n*?

Can ne'er a Saint implore Celestial Aid?

Nor yet the *Virgin Goddess* intercede?

'Twas for her Cause engag'd I suffering lie;

'Twas to advance her just Divinity.

Yes, I avow, the Quarrel and the Cause,

'Twas for my *Faith*, and to out-cope the *Laws*.

I'd rather be forsaken and alone,

Than sit a *craving* Monarch on a *Throne*!

Let all my cringing Slaves at distance stand,
Fawn on th' invading Foe, and kiss his Hand;
Leave me, their *Prince*, forsaken and forlorn,
Expos'd to all their Sights and publick Scorn.

Let after-Ages judge the mighty Test,
 Judge the Magnetick Grandeur of my Breast.
 I saw my great Fore-father yet afore,
 Seal all his Sacred Vows with Martyr'd Gore.
 His Royal Issue branded with Disgrace,
 Saw all th' Efforts they us'd t' exclude the Race:
 And yet these Terrors all I dare Invade,
 Thus *Conscience*, thus *Religion* does persuade.
 I'll stand or fall by both those Tenets still,
 And be the second *Martyr* to my *Will*,
 And then he stopp'd ; his fiery Eye-balls move,
 And thus with his resisting *Fate* he strove,
 And stood, like *Capaneus*, defying *Jove*.

When strait a Noise, from whence it came unknown,
 Was heard to answer in an angry Tone ;
 Die then unpity'd, *Prince*, for thus thy Fate
 Long since, by its Decrees, did Antedate.
 To such *Perverseness*, what regard is shown ?
 What *Merit* could'st thou plead to mount a Throne ?
 To thy repeated Wishes Heav'n was kind,
 And pleas'd the wild Ambition of thy Mind ;
 It put a Scepter in thy eager Hand,
 Yet not t' oppose the *Genius* of the Land ;
 If Reason could not sway thy Actions here,
 Heav'n's not oblig'd by *Wonders* to appear.

See how thy Creatures at a distance stand,
 Skulk from thy Troubles to a safer Land ;
 Those who their Being to thy *Bounty* own,
 Forsake their fawning Cheats, and now are gone.
 Those who were *Friends* to thee and to thy Cause,
 Bold for their *Right*, and for their *Country's* Laws ;
 Thou from thy darker Counsels didst remove,
 And want their Aid, now they refuse their Love.
 Some more imperfect Sounds did reach my Ear,
 But Sense return'd, and Day-light did appear.

The CONVERTS.

I Did intend in Rhimes Heroick
 To write of Converts Apostolick,
 Describe their Persons, and their Shames,
 And leave the World to guess their Names:
 But soon I thought the scoundrel Theme
 Was for Heroick Song to mean;
 Their Characters we'll then rehearse
 In Burlesque, or in Dogrel Verse;
 Of Earls, of Lords, of Knights, I'll sing,
 That chang'd their Faith to please their King.

The first an Antiquated Lord,
 A walking Mummy; in a word,
 Moves cloath'd in Plaisters Aromatick,
 And Flannel by the help of a Stick;
 And like a grave and noble Peer,
 Out-lives his Sense by sixty Year;
 And what an honest Man would anger,
 Out-lives the Fort he built at *Tangier*.
 By Pox and Whores long since undone,
 Yet loves it still, and fumbles on.
 Why he's a Favourite few can guess,
 Some say it's for his Uglinefs.
 For often Monsters (being rare)
 Are valu'd equal to the Fair
 For in his Mistresses, kind *James*
 Loves Uglinefs in its Extremes:
 But others say its plainly seen,
 'Tis for the choice he made o'th' Queen;
 When he the King and Nation blest
 With Off-spring of the House of *Est*.
 A Dame whose Affability
 Equals her Generosity.
 Oh! well match'd Pair, who frugally are bent
 To live without the Aids of Parliament,
 All this and more the Peer perform'd,
 Then to compleat his Vertues, turn'd.

But 'twas not Conscience or Devotion,
 The hopes of Riches or Promotion,
 That made his Lorship first the vary,
 But 'twas to please his Daughter *Mary*.
 And she to make Retaliation,
 Is full as lewd in her Vocation.

The next a Garavanish Thief,
 A lazy Mass of damn'd Rump Beef,
 Prodigious Guts, no Brains at all,
 But very Rhinocercical:
 Was 'Farried e'er the Cub was lick't,
 And now not worthy to be kick't.
 By Jockeys bubled, forc'd to fly,
 To save his Coat, to *Italy*,
 Where *Hains* and he, that Virtuous Youth,
 Equal in Honour, Sense, and Truth;
 By Reason and pure Conscience urg'd,
 Past Sins by Abjuration purged.
 But 'tis believ'd both Rogue and Peer,
 More worldly Motives had to veer.
 The Scoundrel *Plebeian's* swerving
 Was to secure himself from starving;
 And that which made the Peer a Starter,
 Was hope of a long wish'd for Garter.

Next comes a Peer who sits at Helm,
 And long has steer'd the giddy Realm,
 With Taylor's Motion, Mien, and Grace,
 But a right Statesman in Grimace.
 The sneer, the Cringe, and then by turns,
 The dully Grave, the Frowns and Scorns,
 Promises all, but nought performs.
 But howe'er great he's in Promotion,
 He's very humble in Devotion:
 With taper Light, and Feet all bare,
 He to the Temple did repair,
 And knocking softly at the Portal,
 Cry'd, Pity (Fathers) a poor Mortal,
 And for a Sinner make some room,
 A Prodigal returned home.

Some say that in that very Hour,
Convert *Mall Megs* arriv'd at Door,
So both with penitent Grimace,
Statesman and Bawd with humble Pace
Enter'd, and were receiv'd to Grace.

The next a Knight of high Command,
'Twixt *London-Bridge*, and *Dover-Sand*.
A Man of strict and holy Life;
Taking Example from his Wife.
He to a Nunnery set her packing.
Lest they should take each other napping.
Some say *L'E-----* did him beget,
But that he wants his Chin and Wit.
Good-natur'd, as you may observe.
Letting his Tit'lar Father starve.

A Man of Sense and Parts, we know it;
But dare as well be damn'd as show it.
Brib'd by himself, his trusty Servant,
At *Kings-Bench-Bar* appear'd most fervant,
Against his Honour for the *Test*,
To him 'twas Gain, to all Mankind a Jest.

Blue-Bonnet Lords, a numerous Store,
Whose best Excuse, is, that they're poor,
Meerly drawn in, in hopes of Gains,
And reap their Scandal for their Pains
Half-starv'd at Court with Expectation,
Forc'd to return to their *Scotch* Station,
Despis'd and scorn'd by every Nation.

A paltry Knight not worth a mention.
Renonc'd his Faith for piteous Pension;
After upon true Protestant Whore,
He'd spent a large Estate before.

A thick short Colonel next does come,
With *Stradling* Legs and Massie Bum.
With many more of shameful Note,
Whose Honour ne'er was worth a Groat.

If these be Pillars of the Church,
'Tis fear'd they'll leave her in the Lurch;
If abler Men do not support her weight,
All quickly will return to *Forty Eight*.

The Humble Address of Your Majesty's Poet Laureat, and others Your Catholick and Protestant Dissenting Rhimers, with the rest of the Fraternity of Minor Poets, Inferior Versifiers and Sonetters, of Your Majesty's Ancient Corporation of Parnassus.

Humblly Sheweth,

THat we Your Majesty's poor Slaves,
Your merry Beggars, witty Knaves,
Being highly sensible how long
And dull dry Prose addressing throng,
Have daily vext Your Royal Ears
With fulsome Speeches, canting Pray'rs,
Unanimously think it better
T' Address Your Majesty in Meter.

Great Sir, your healing Declaration
Has cur'd a base distemper'd Nation;
The Godly hug it for the Ease
It gives to squeamish Consciences;
And by the Mammonists, 'tis made
The grand Encouragement of Trade.
But we must reckon it (in our Sense)
A gracious Poëtick License.

'Tis your peculiar Excellency,
T' indulge Religion to a Frensy;
And our Religion is our Fancy.
For which, we judge 'twould be a Crime,
Not to present our Thanks in Rhime.
We, with all Subjects of our mind,
Do pay, like us, their Dues in kind:
That jealous Protestants would greet
With *Tests* and Laws your Royal Feet;
That all would sacrifice in course
Their stubborn Consciences to yours.

That

That th' Academies wou'd oppose,
 On no Pretence, your Royal Cause,
 But quit their Oaths and Founders Laws.
 That Corporations yeild their Charters,
 And no more grudge your Soldiers Quaters.
 That *Borough-Towns* would chuse such Men
 As you shan't need send home agen.
 That all right Members take their Stations,
 Such as Sir R----- and Sir P-----
 That your new Friends stand every where,
 Of which we recommend one pair,
 Honest *Will. Pen*, and *Harry Care*.
 Dissenters will with all their Heart-a
 Vote for a Gospel *Magna Carta*;
 Your Judges too will over-awe
 The poor dead Letter of the Law.
 Your High Commissioners form whom
 The obstinate receive their Doom,
 For trusty Catholicks make Room,
 Only one resty part o'th' Nation
 Wou'd bound your Pow'r of Dispensation;
 For which we'll bait the Rogues again
 With Second Part of *Hind* and *Pau*:
 We'll Rhime 'em into better Manners,
 And make them low'r their Paper Banners;
 Nor is this all that we will do,
 No, *Sir*, we'll pray like Poets too.

May our great God *Apollo* bless you,
 May *Juno* help your budding Issue;
 May you attempt no Enemies
 To skirmish with but Butterflies:
 Nor exercise your *Martial Arms*,
 But in mock *Sieges*, false Alarms.
 May you have long and peaceful Days,
 And may we live to sing your Praise;
 And after all, may you inherit
 The Overplus of the *Saints* Merit.

*Advice to the Prince of Orange, and
the Packet-Boat returned.*

- Adv.* THE Year of Wonder now is come,
A Jubilee proclaim at *Rome*;
The Church has pregnant made the Womb.
- Pac.* No more of the admired Year,
No more of Jubilee declare;
All Trees that blossom do not bear.
- Adv.* *Orange*, give o'er your hopes of Crowns,
And yeild to *France* the *Belgick* Towns,
And keep your Fleet out of the *Downs*;
- Pac.* We'll wait for Crowns, not Interest quit,
Let *Lewis* take what he get;
And do not you proscribe our Fleet.
- Adv.* Ye talk of Eighty *Men of War*,
Well rigg'd and Mann'd you say they are;
'Twas Joyful News when it came here.
- Pac.* Well may the Sound of Eighty Sail,
Make *England's* greatest Courage fail;
When half the number will prevail.
- Adv.* But we have some upon the Stocks,
And others laid up in our Docks;
Well fitted out, would match your Cocks.
- Pac.* Talk as if you'd match our Cocks,
And Launch your few Ships on the Stocks;
And if you can, secure your Docks.
- Adv.* Besides, we've call'd our Subjects home,
Which in your Fleet and Army roam,
But you, they say, won't let them come.
- Pac.* Your Subjects in our Camp and Fleet,
Whom you with *Proclamation* greet,
Will all obey when they think fit.
- Adv.* Soldiers and Seamen both we need.
Old England's quite out of the Breed;
Feather and Scarf won't do the Deed.
- Pac.* Of Men and Arms never despair,
The Civiliz'd Wild *Irish* are
Couragious even to Massacre.

- Adv.* Now, if you'd be victorious made,
Like us, on *Hounslow* Masquerade;
Advance your Honour and your Trade.
- Pac.* Then take this Counsel back again,
Leave off to mimick in Campaign,
And fight in earnest on the Main.
- Adv.* *Buda* we storm'd and took with ease;
Do you the same upon the Seas,
And then we'll meet you when you please.
- Pac.* The Storming *Buda* does declare,
That you the glorious Off-spring are
Of them that made all *Europe* fear.
- Adv.* Such Warlike Actions will at least
Inspire each neighbouring Monarch's Breast,
Till *Lewis* shall compleat the rest.
- Pac.* Such Camp, such Siege, and such sham Shews,
Make each small State your pow'r oppose,
And *Lewis* lead you by the Nose.
-

A Stanza lately put upon Tyburn.

HAil Reverend *Tripes*, Guardian of the Law;
Sacred to Justice, Treasons greatest Awe!
Do thou decide the Nation's weighty Cause,
And judge between the Judges and the Laws,
So shall no guiltless Blood thy Timber e'er pollute,
But Righteous Laws shall vouch all thou shalt execute.

The Council.

To the Tune of *Jamaica*.

I.

TWO *Toms* and *Nat*,
In Council sat,

To

To rigg out a Thanksgiving,
 And make a Prayer,
 For a thing in th' Air,
 That's neither Dead or Living.

II.

The Dame of *Est*,
 As 'tis exprefs'd,
 In her late quaint Epistle,
 Did to our Lady,
 Bequeath the Baby,
 With Coral, Bells and Whistle.

III.

With this Intent, she to her sent
 Her Gold and Diamod Bodkin,
 That to conceive,
 She might have leave;
 * And is not this an odd thing?

IV.

Then a Pot of Ale
 To the *Prince of Wäles*,
 Though some are of Opinion,
 That when't comes out,
 A double Clout
 Will cover his Dominion.

The Audience.

TH E Criticks that pretend to Sense,
 Do cavil at the Audience,
 As if his Grace were not as good
 To bow to, as a piece of Wood.
 Did not our Fathers heretofore
 Their senseless Deities adore?
 Did not Old *Delphos* all along
 Vent Oracles without a Tongue?
 And wisest Monarchs did importune
 From the dumb God to know their Fortune?

Did

* *The Words of King James, on the Queen's Miraculous Conception.*

Did not the speaking-Head of late,
 Of Matters Learnedly debate?
 And rendred without Tongue or Ears.
 Wife Answers to his whisp'ring Peers;
 And shall we to a living Prince
 Deny the State of Audience?
 What, tho' the Bantling cannot speak,
 Yet, like the Block-head, he may squeak.
 Give Audience by Interpreter,
 The wisest Prince can do no more.
 Then enter with a *Prince's Banner*,
 Sir Charles, after the usual Manner.
 Great Sir, *His Holiness from Rome*
Greet's your high Birth. The Prince cry'd Mum.
 The consecrated Pilch and Clout,
 If you'll vouchsafe to hear me out,
 And many other Toys I'm come
 To lay them at your sacred Bum.
 So young, yet such a God-like Ray!
Phabus, your *Dad*, was Priest *Dad a*.
 Great Prince, I have no more to say.
 Conducted next, there comes, *Great Sir*,
 An *Euvoy* from the *Emperor*,
 To Gratulate your lucky *Fate*,
 That gives to *England's* Throne new Date;
 We Joy that any thing should Reign,
 To baffle *Orange* and the *Dane*.
 The Youth, to see them thus beguil'd,
 In Token of his Favour, smil'd,
 But at the *Spaniard* laugh'd out right,
 As sham'd again in *Eighty Eight*.
 Next, having pas'd the inward Centry,
 The doubtful *Monsieur* made his Entry:
 The King, my Master, Sir, has sent,
 Your *Royal Birth* to Complement;
 If you will make it but appear,
 That you are *England's* Lawful Heir.
 Here Lady *Powis* took him short,
 Have you a King? Thank *Maz'rine* for't!

Fr. Man.] *Who'er the Father was, the Mother*
Was France's Q. (P-----is) who questions t'ther
 At this Reproof he pawn'd a Purse,
 And parting, made his Peace with Nurse.
 The *Dane*, the *Swede*, with other Nations,
 Come in with loud Congratulations.
 Upon the *Swede*, so fam'd for Battle,
 He cast a Frown, and shook his Rattle.
 And for the *Dane*, who took the part
 Of good Prince George, he let a Fart.
 This put him to a sullen Fit,
 Nurse scare could dance him out of it.
 When an Ambassodor from *Poland*,
 Knock'd at the Door, and *Velt* from *Holand*,
 He crying suck'd, and sucking cry'd,
 When Lady Governess reply'd,
 Peace, Prince, Peace, Prince, Peace pritty Prince,
 And let the States have Audience.
 Dutch-man.] *From Holland I am hither sent,*
To Challenge, not to Complement.
Prepare with speed your Twenty Sail;
Tour twice four Thousand on the Nail;
Which by your Senate was enacted,
With Orange, when your Sire contracted
 The Name of *Holland* did affright,
 And make th' young *Hero* stream outright.
 But *Orange* nam'd the Royal Elf,
 The sweet; sweet Babe, beshit himself.
Tyrconnel, who came o're no less
 Than to be made his Governess.
 To take her leave, by luck came in,
 She suck'd his Nose, and lick'd him clean.
 Last came the Lady *H-----* from Play,
 Mov'd by Instinct, he cry'd *Mamma*,
 And posted to the Queen away.

The D R E A M.

WEary'd with Bus'ness, and with Cares oppress'd,
 My Faculties were doz'd, and fond of Rest,
 And unusual Heaviness did on me creep,
 My Soul indulg'd it, yet I could not sleep.
 Dreams short and frightful vex'd me all the Night,
 I found I was betray'd, and long'd for Light;
 The first such Wonders brought within my view,
 And when I wak'd I almost thought them true.
 Methought I saw great *Julius* sadly lie,
 Bleeding from all his Wounds, and *Brutus* by;
 The ungreatful *Brutus* which he detest'd on,
 With *Meager Cassius* pleas'd with what he'd done,
 Crying, the World and *Brutus* are my own.
 I nearer drew to view the Ghastly Trunk,
 But oh! the Scene was chang'd, *Cæsar* was sunk;
 'Twas *Charles* the Second which lay mangl'd there,
 The sacrificing *Tride* too did appear,
Brutus and *Cassius*, *Tork* and *Petre* were.
Charles weeping, grasp'd his Brother by the Hand,
 I heard him sighing say, Within my Land
 A Faithful Pious Mother thou wilt command,
 Who in the utmost of Extremity,
 When all but her, and much upbraided I
 Wou'd from the Crown have quite excluded thee,
 Preach'd up thy forfeit Title by our Laws,
 And in thy Banishment maintain thy Cause;
 Passive Obedience thou hast much in store,
 But do know urge it to thy utmost Pow'r.
James, to preserve her, most devoutly Swore;
Charles dy'd, and *James* discharg'd his Oath next Hour.
 I saw the Priests flock in, the *Bishops* out,
 Saw *Petres* cram the Water down his Throat
 Tho' dead, it sav'd the Heretick no doubt.
 I saw him poorly bury'd in the Night,
 A wretched Train, and a more wretched fight;

To me it seem'd a Fun'ral in Disguise,
 For fear his Creditors shou'd his Body seize.
 I saw him shewn for *two Pence* in a Chest,
 Like *Monk*, old *Harry*, *Mary*, and the rest;
 And if the Figure answer'd its Intent,
 In ten Years time 'twould buy a Monument.
 My Fancy brough me bach again to Court,
 Where only *Fools* advise, and *Knaves* resort,
 Our Kingdom's Curse, and other Nations Sport.
 I hear the *Jesuites* in a Grand Cabal,
 Resolves to root out *Heresy*, or fall.
 Each his particular Opinion gave;
 They cry'd, an Opportunity we have
 To fetter her, who kept us long her Slave.
 Immediately they pitch'd upon a Rule,
 How to suppress it by a forward *Fool*;
 A bawling, blundering, senseless Tool.
 Whose Mouthing at *White-Chappel* first began,
 Who regularly to his Greatness ran,
 Thro' all the vile Degrees of Treachery,
 And now usurps the Court of Equity?
 He said, if you would bring the Clergy down,
 Erect a Court-Commission from the Crown,
 And for Dispencing Law, let me alone.
 They hugg'd their Bubble, and the Deed was done.
Peter grew Fat, and with *Mandamus's*,
 Canker'd the Worthy *Universities*.
 The Seats of Learning *Block-Heads* might command,
 Yet the King's Promise to the Church doth stand.
 Next *Liberty of Conscience* was Ordain'd;
 The *Bishops* for *Contempt* were then Arraign'd;
 The Nobles and the Commons Closetted,
 The *Penal Laws* must be abolished:
 If you refuse, your *Principles* are base,
 Disloyal, and you lose our Royal Grace,
 And each that has Dependencies, his Place.
Rocheſter fell, the Loyal *Herbert* starv'd;
 Each that forsook his God, his *Monarch* serv'd:
Somerſet lost his Troops, and *Shrewsbury*,
Oxford was stripp'd. So *Scarſdal*, *Lumley*;

And many more too tedious to relate,
 By whom in Safety, *James*, thou now dost sit.
 When thou perceiv'dst no Comfort from this Wild,
 Thy Dame immediately was quick with Child;
 The *Princess* at the *Bath*, when it was Born,
 The *Bishops* in the *Tower*, yet had he sworn,
 The *Church of England* never should be wrong'd:
 Upon this News the Hot-brain'd *Papists* throng'd;
 Awak'd, and as I on my Dream reflected,
 My reasonable Notions thus projected:
 O King! I cry'd, thy Measures run too fast!
 And thou wilt find the Curse of it at last;
 Why dost thou wrong thy Country, shame thy Life,
 To please false *Priests*, and an ungrateful *Wife*
 A Wife, whose Character has always been
 A Fawning Duthefs, and a Sawcy Queen?
 How can'st thou suffer *Peter's* Insolence,
 Who only makes the Harvest of his Prince.
 A Slave, to Rule three Kingdoms, Govern thee,
 Yet ne'er was Master of a Family?
 This Serpent envying thy Happiness,
 Has crept into thy *Eve*, whose Wilfulness
 Has certainly betray'd thy Paradise;
 Discerning *Hallifax* thy Fall foresaw,
 And early did his slighted Faith withdraw:
 He needs no Pardon for the Advice he gave,
 Which shews him honest than some that have.
 Under the Rose Men use their Mind to tell,
 But now, *Myne-Heer*, 'tis under the Broad Seal;
 O *Nassau*! with thy promis'd Succours come,
 And be to us like *Anthony* to *Rome*:
 Thy Wife shall young *Octavia's* place supply,
 And those that have betray'd our Country fly;
 Unless the King, to prove the Prince his own,
 Shall to the Lions Den present his Son;
 And if the Royal Brute do not destroy
 The Infant, By *Christ* 'tis his none Joy.

Over the Lord Dover's-Door, 1686.

Unhappier Age who'er saw,
 When Truth doth go for Treason?
 Every Block-head's Will for Law,
 And Coxcomb's Sense for Reason.
 Religion's made a *Bawd* of State,^d
 To serve the Pimps and Panders,
 Our Liberty a Prison Gate,
 And *Irish-Men* Commanders.
 O wretched is our Fate!
 What Dangers do we run!
 We must be wicked to be Great,
 And to be just, undone.
 'Tis thus our Sov'raign keeps his Word,
 And makes the Nation great;
 To *Irish-Men* he trusts the Sword,
 To *Jesuits* the State.

Over the Lord Salisbury's-Door,
 1686.

IF *Cecil* the Wife,
 From his Grave should arise,
 And look the fat B-----t in the Face,
 He'd take him from Mass,
 And turn him to Grass,
 And swear he was none of his Race.

To the Speaking-Head.

I'M come my future Fate to seek,
 Speak then, Coelestial Block-head, speak.

Answer.

Had'st thou not consulted with the Witch at *Rome*,
 Thou need'st not thus, like *Saul*, to *Endor* come,
 To seek out (Brother solid-head) thy Doom.
 The Hearts of all thy Friends are lost and gone;
 Gazing they stand, and grieving round thy Throne,
 And scarce believe thou art the Martyr's Son.

Those whom thou favourest, merit not thy Grace,
 They, to their Interest, Sacrifice thy Peace,
 And will in Sorrow make thee end thy Days.
 Tempt not thy Fate too far, do not rely
 On Force or Fraud; why should'st thou, Monarch,
 why,
 Live unbelov'd, and unlamented die?

Essay written over his Door upon an Institution, and Induction.

I.

'TIS a strange thing to think on,
 That old *Tom* of *Lincoln*,
 Who writ for the Reformation,
 Shou'd so basely submit,
 Without Honour or Wit,
 To be Reading the Declaration.

II.

Whoever takes Order
 From this *Satan* Recorder,
 And thinks to go out a Divine,
 VVill find it a Folly,
 To expect the Ghost Holy,
 'Tis the Devil that enters the Swine.

*The Fable of the Pot and Kettle, as it
was told by Colonel Titus the Night before
he Kifs'd the King's Hand.*

AS down the Torrent of an angry Flood,
An Earthen Pot, and a Braſs Kettle flow'd;
The heavy Caldron, ſinking and diſtreſs'd
By his own Weight, and the fierce Waves oppreſs'd,
Slily beſpoke the lighter Veſſel's Aid,
And to the Earthen Pitcher friendly ſaid,
Come, Brother, why ſhould we divided loſe
The Strength of Union, and our ſelves expoſe
To the Inſults of this poor paltry Stream,
Which with united Forces we can ſtem?
Tho' different heretofore have been our Parts,
The common Danger reconciles our Hearts;
Here, lend me thy kind Arm to break the Flood.
The Pitcher this New Friendſhip underſtood,
And made this Answer; Tho' I wiſh for Eaſe
And Safety, this Alliance does not pleaſe;
Such different Natures never will agree,
Your Conſtitution is too rough for me;
If by the Waves I againſt you am toſt,
Or you to me, I equally am loſt;
And fear more Miſchief from your hardned Side,
Than from the Shores, the Billows, or the Tide:
I calmer Days and ebbing Waves attend,
Rather than boy you up, and ſerve your End,
To periſh by the Rigor of my Friend.

The M O R A L.

LEarn hence (ye Whigs) and act no more like Fools,
Nor truſt their Friendſhip who wou'd make you Tools;
While

*While empty Praises and smooth Flatt'ers serve;
Pay with feign'd Thanks, what their feign'd Smiles deserve:
But let not the Alliance further pass;
For know that you are Clay, and they are Brasses.*

Epitaph on Harry Care.

A True Dissenter here does lie indeed,
He ne'er with any or himself agreed;
But rather than want Subjects to his Spite,
Wou'd Snake-like turn, and his own Tail wou'd bite.
Sometime, 'tis true, he took the faster side;
But when he came by Suff'ring to be try'd,
The Craven soon betray'd his Fear and Pride: }
Thence, *Settle*-like, he too recanting fell
Of all he wrote or fancy'd to be well;
Thus purg'd from Good, and thus prepar'd by Evil,
He fac'd to *Rome*, and marcht off to the Devil.

*On Easter-day 87. this was found fixt
on the King's Chappel-Door.*

WHEN God Almighty had his Palace fram'd,
That Glorious shining Place he Heaven
nam'd;
And when the first Rebellious Angels fell,
He Doom'd them to a certain place, call'd Hell.
Here's *Heaven* and *Hell* confirm'd by Sacred Story,
But yet I ne'er could read of Purgatory,
That cleansing-place which of late Years is found,
For sinning-Souls to Flux in till they're found:
The Priest form'd that for the good *Roman* Race,
Our Maker never thought of such a Place.

Oh *Rome*! we'll own thee for a Learn'd wile Nation,
 To add a place wanting in God's Creation.

*Upon K. J. Pistolling a Mastiff Dog at
 Banbury, in his last Progress.*

THE Poets tell us idle Tales to please us,
 Of Mighty *Perseus*, *Hercules*, and *Theseus*;
 And several other gallant Heroes too,
 Who e'ery one their several Monsters flew!
 The *Minotaur* did *Theseus* bravely Slaughter,
 And then as bravely Sw--d the King's own Daughter.
Nemean Lion bold *Hercules* did choak,
 And of his Skin made him a lasting Cloak.
 The far fam'd *Perseus* kill'd a mighty Whale,
 And all t'enjoy *Andromeda's* brown Tail.
 Historians all the great *St. George* admire,
 For murd'ring horrid Dragon that spit Fire.
 But what concerns us yet far more to tell,
 One of these Heroes flew the Dog of Hell;
 Renown'd Attempts (you'll all confess) if true,
 But our great *J--s* did more than this, (*Morbleau*)
 He who before, t' immortalize his Name,
 Lost dreaded *England* all her Navel Fame;
 He who return'd from *Belgick* Lions Roar,
 When *Sandwich* sunk in sight of *Southwold* Shore;
 He who two Summers but of late sat down
 With all his Forces before *Hounslow Town*,
 And nothing else but bare dishonour won;
 He, when he saw his Loving Friend assail'd
 By furious Mastiff-Cur, Ear-snip'd, bob tail'd,
 Eyes darting Fire, and with his *Boo-woo's* fierce,
 Ready to seize the Lord-Lieutenant's Horse:
 'Tis true, quoth he, to shew that wonderous Might
 Which I have long conceal'd from Haman Sight:
 With furious Tone pursuing then his Speech,
Fanatick Dog, forbear my Royal Breech,

(He cry'd) *For know thou art but bluntly pointed,
Tho' sharp thy Fangs, to touch the Lord's anointed.*
To which the Dog, who never Scripture read
And scorn'd to call an Earthly Monarch Dread.
*I am no Dog (quoth he) to Fawn and Flatter,
But I Address according to my Nature ,
However, know I am a Dog of Sense,
That's more than may be said of many a Prince.*
With this the mighty *J-----* a Pistol drew,
Discharg'd, and shot the Mastiff thro' and thro'.
Some say, that *Vulcan* like, he riv'd his Brain,
No Matter which, the Dog receiv'd his Bane,
By Royal Hand for such Language slain,
And both got Honour, Dog and Sov'reign:
The Sov'reign had the Honour Dog to kill;
The Mastiff, that a Prince his Gore did spill;
Now then, come down from Heaven (ye Cur) come
down,

Thou whom the sultry Summers so renown:
Resign that place of thine more justly due,
To this same Dog, whom God's Vicegerant slew:
Surely a Dog so dignify'd in Story,
Is th' only Dog with Constellations Glory.

And you, who in you Signs *St. George* advance,
Trampling o'er Dragon's Jaws, pierc'd through with
Lance,

Alter your painting, and set in place,
The bravest Hero of the *Scottish* Race,
Discharging Thunder from his gaudy Saddle,
And Mastiff prostrate in a goary Puddle:
So shall your Truth advance o'er Fabulous Toys,
And Dog and Monarch both immortalize.

Cæsar's Ghost.

T Was still low Ebb of Night, when not a star
Was twinkling in the muffled Hemisphere;
But all around in horrid Darkness mourn'd,
As if old *Chaos* were again return'd;

When not own Gleam of the eternal Light
 Shot thro' the solid Darkness of the Night;
 In dismal Silence Nature seem'd to sleep,
 And all the Winds were bury'd in the Deep;
 No whispering *Zephyrus* aloft did blow,
 Nor warring Boughs were murmuring below;
 No falling Waters dash'd, no Rivers purld;
 But all conspir'd to hush the drowsy World.

When on my Couch in thoughtless Slumbers wrapt,
 I lay repos'd; ————— my very Soul too slept
 In peaceful Dulness, silent and serene,
 Till 'twas debauch'd and waken'd into Dream.
 Methought I saw a dark and dismal Vault,
 Whose Horror cannot be conceiv'd by Thought,
 And seem'd by some Infernal Magick wrought:
 So vast and so perplexing intricate,
 As if the dreadful Court of Death and Fate;
 And yet of Kings, the great Repositer,
 And only Royal Dust, lies mouldering here.
 Amongst these Monuments of Sacred Fame
 Great *Cæsar* stood; *Cæsar*, whose deathless Name,
 When Shrines decay, triumphant shall remain,
 While Sense, good Nature, Wit, and Love shall reign.
 While I with awful Fear and Trembling, paid
 Humble Oblations to the mighty Dead.
 Methought the sweating Marble did uncloset,
 And from Death's Mansion the dead Monarch rose;
 His Eyes o'er all scatter'd a fullen Light,
 Such as divides the breaking Day from Night;
 By whose faint Rays the Object I discern'd
 All pale———— with ghastly Majesty adorn'd.
 His stiffen'd Loins a purple Mantle bore,
 His Brows a Wreath of wither'd Lawrels wore,
 Such as had flourish'd there in Life before.

Now forth he stalks, silent as Shadows glide,
 Or Clouds that skim the Air while they divine;
 As quick as Thought the faithless Town he past,
 And towards the *Camp* of wonderful Fame does hast,

While Midnight Fogs furrround his awful Head,
 And down his Locks their baneful Poyson shed ;
 The wondring airy *Demons* at the View,
 And all the *Ignis Fatuus's* withdrew ;
Hecate let fall her Charm-preparing Weeds, (treads ;
 Wondring what unknown Pow'r Earth's Surface
 Which more than that which she invokes, she
 She flies all frighted with erected Hair, } dreads.
 And scarce her Broomstaff bears her thro' the Air ;
 From his dread Presence every evil ran,
 Except that more exalted Evil, Man :
 Not the first Race of less corrupted Fiends,
 Till taught by Man, knew half their new coin'd Sins.
 Thrice with Majestick Pace he walks the Round,
 Surveying the Pavilions utmost Bound,
 And useless Grandeur every where he found.
Philippi, nor the fam'd *Pharsalian* Field,
 Did not more signs of Glorious Action yeild ;
 But this was all for Show, not Terror made,
 'Twas *Hounslow* Farce, a Siege in Masquerade,
 More near he views it, and found within,
 All the Degrees of Luxury and Sin ;
Asiatia's Sink into this Common-shore,
 Did all its vile and nasty Nuisance pour ;
 Fat Sharpers, Broken Cuckolds, Gamesters, Cheats,
 What *Newgate* disembogues, find here Retreats ;
 The Groom and Footman from their Liv'y stript,
 With Scarf, gay Feather, and Command equipt.
 Promotion gives to Sauciness Pretence,
 And Greatness is mistook for Insolence ;
 And to evince their Valour every Hour,
 Bamboo the Slaves that bow beneath their Pow'r ;
 Yet to the Country Ladies these appear
 So Novel, Witty, *Beau en Cavalier*,
 That scarce a tender Heart is left behind,
 Pray God a Maidenhead you chance to find !
 The Phantom to that Quarter first resorts,
 Where the Illustrious Gen'als keep their Courts.

I.

Great *Fever*—, the foremost of the Grew,
 Whose Uncle *Turein* well cou'd fight we know.
 He who so often does repeat the Jest,
 How he subdu'd the Monarch of the *West*,
 (Or wou'd have done, had he not been undrest.)
 This rough stern Hero of the *British* War,
 To Neighbouring Tents is always born in Chair,
 For fear of Incommodement from the Air.

I I.

It wonders what did *Chur—ll* recommend,
 Who never did to Deeds of Arms pretend :
 Love, all his Active Youth, his Bus'ness was,
 Love that best suits his handsome Shape and Face.
 But Armies are like Verse, whose Doggrel Lines
 Are here for Sense, and there for gingling Rhimes.
 (Here where *Bellona* lays her Armour by,
 And learns to be more charming Company,
 Where the ill-manner'd God has nought to do :)
 Some few for Fighting are, but most for shew ;
 Where rich imbroider'd Cloaks *à la Campagne*
 So often shine, unless it chance to rain.
 Then Lord, how the Sir *M.* will fret and fling !
 Undone, 'tis spoil'd, e'er shown before the King ;
 In perfum'd Beds adorn'd they're basking laid,
 As fine as young Birds on *Persian* Carpets tread,
 That o'er the spacious Floor in wanton Pride are
 spread.

Like Feasting Gods luxurious, and, they say,
 As arrant Fornicators too as they.
 None come amiss when Lust their Fancies lead,
Alcmena, nor the sweet-fac'd *Ganimede* ;
 And, like those Gods, they all are giv'n to Love,
 But none we hear e'er thunder'd but old *Jove*.

I I I.

Here one the Hero acts in *Love*'s Arms,
 And calls his Passions out in warlike Terms,
 Tells of soft Sieges, Batteries and Alarms ;
 How the Artillery of her Eyes did wound,
 And how at the first Onset he gave Ground :

He

He who ne'er yet did to a Conqueror bow,
 Yet kisses and adores his Fetters now;
 While all the Batteries ever he assay'd,
 Have been against some Female Fortless Maid;
 But *Love-it*, who has less of Love than Pride,
 Being with gilt Coach and Country-House supply'd,
 Makes that atone for all Defects beside. }

I V.

There lay a Youth of all his Wits bereft,
 Who this Campaign was by his Mistress left.
 A nauseous Strumpet, Insolent and Loud,
 False and Destructive, basely Born, and Proud.
 Oh bubbld Fool! thou that hadst seen thy Fate
 Of Cully *Ba---she's* quickly spent Estate:
Collier undone, and forty Rake-hells more,
 For an old common o'er grown flabby Whore,
 Whose Bastard-Son may vie with thee for Age,
 A Trader twenty Years upon the Stage:
 What from th' expensive Folly couldst thou see,
 But shameful Ruin, laught at Infamy?
 Thy Eyes I know were open'd long before,
 But still the Jilt betray'd thee to the Whore;
 Debas'd thy Noble Spirits to her Rule,
 And turn'd thy once fair Fame to ridicule;
 Debauch'd thy Sense with Conversation base,
 Whores, Eating Pimps, Play'rs, a numerous Race,
 While thou the treating Cully art despis'd,
 And Cuckold by the Slaves thou Gormandiz'd.
 Return, thou Prodigal, from Husks and Swine,
 The Ruin of the first, was Cause of thine:
 They say thou'rt brave, give us this Proof of it,
 And we'll believe thou canst be braver yet:
 Thou'lt yet a Nobler Race of Life to run,
 Leave *Her---d* to her now to be undone:
 But her kind Keeper gone, his Flame will fade;
 Love Cools when 'tis an Obligation made.

V.

Here an old batter'd *Tangieren* he beheld,
 More mawl'd by Love than e'er he was in Field;

From drudging City-Prig advanc'd to be
 Right Worshipful, in Place of High Degree,
 But knew not how to manage Quality;
 And thought the nearest way was to be lewd,
 While all Degrees the Debauchee pursu'd,
 But like true Cit, did always over-do,
 As well in Lewdness, as in Fashions too;
 Drinking's his leading Vice, his darling Sin,
 That pumps his duller Inclination in:
 Then loud as Storms, encourag'd for all Evil,
 Swears and invokes by Healths his Guardian Devil.

By chance the Poet *Elkanah* was there,
 To make them Sport, for 'twas not yet the Fair;
 With many more too scandalous to name,
 Whose Talents are two Sware, Whore, Drink and Game;
 At a large Table they were seated round,
 With Bottles Snuff, foul Pipes, and Glasses crown'd,
 Boxes and Dice----- but whether false or true,
 I leave it to the Fools that Night shall rue;
 For there was Country Squire and City Cully,
 That came to see the Shew, look'd to by Bully,
 Where bubbled of their Coin, and heeled are
A la Campagne,— that is with Chear entire:
Damme, cries *Grab*, each Prig his Buttock bring,
And let us forthwith fall to managing;
When I am booking, clear old Dudgeon's Drolish,
Then let my Natural be a Jump, a Polish,
I sink her down— Then makes some nasty Jest,
 And Crowns it with a Bumper to the Best;
 (And calls for a Link-Boy, swears his Pego's Nice,
 And therefore cannot deal in common Vice.)
 Then to the Height of Lewdness they retire,
 And *Venus* must extinguish *Bacchus* Fire.

Thus 'tis when Men forsake an honest Trade,
 How much the better Pedant thou hadst made;
 Or (Bilking sharp) hadst bully'd up and down,
 And scar'd the trembling Mortals of the Town?
 This was thy Talent, this thy proper Sphere;
 Yet still this part of thee remains while here,
 That thou canst Cheat, Oppress and Domineer.

Though

Though thus much by thy Foes must be confess'd,
Of all thy roaring Tribe, thou art the best.

The rest such Cowards, Sots, such hard'ned Rogues,
Blasphemers, Villains, Rake-hells, Swines and Dogs,
Have newer Sins than were to *Sodom* known,
And if just Heav'n should send his Vengeance down,
There's not one *Lot* to save a sinking Town. }

But numberless and endless 'twere to tell
All the rank Vice that fills this Local Hell.
All which the Phantom does in hast survey,
He scents the Morning-Air, and must away,
And on the *Eastern* Hill he views the breaking Day. }
Yet e'er he goes with a remorse Extreme,
Looks back and Sighs o'er this *Jerusalem*;
Nor cou'd depart till like the Prophet too,
In whispering out, pronounc'd thrice, *Wo, wo, wo*;
And then methought I heard a hollow Sound,
Like Ecchoes that from Caves and Rocks rebound;
And thus it spake— *Full five and twenty Tears*
I Reign'd, without the Noise or Toil of Wars,
Bore all th' Indignities of Faction's Pow'r,
And saw my Life in Danger every Hour;
Yet rather had resign'd it up in Peace,
Than ow'd my Safety to such Brutes as these,
At best a Scarce-crow Rebels to affright,
Put them to Action, and scarce one will Fight.

Ah, great Augustus! thou deserv'd an Host
Of Heroes, such as Ancient Rome produc'd;
When each Commander should like Scipio be;
Or rather like the yet more God-like thee,
Brave, Temperate, Prudent to the last Degree. }
The common Rout all Sceva's in the Field,
Who bore a thousand Arrows in his Shield.
And least they shou'd have Souls to be inspir'd,
And by thy great Example to be fir'd;
Thy Constancy and Valour imitate,
And raise at once thy Glory, and the State.
This said, and parting with a pitying Look,
Tow'rs his Eternal Hope, his way he took.

And blest his Fate he cou'd again return
To the blest Confines of his peaceful Urn.

The Fourth Satyr of Boileau to W. K.
1687.

Believe me, *Will*, that those who have least Sense,
Think they to Wisdom have the sole Pretence;
And that those Wretches who in *Bethlem* are,
Deserve it less than those who put them there.

The haughty Pedant, swoln with frothy Name
Of Learned Man, big with his Classick Fame;
A thousand Books read o'er and o'er again,
Does Word for Word most perfectly retain,
Heap'd in the Lumber-Office of his Brain;
Yet this cramm'd Skull, this undigested Mass,
Does very often prove an arrant Ass;
Believes all Knowledge is to Books Confin'd,
That Reading only can inform the Mind;
That Sense must err, and Reason ramble wide,
If Sacred *Aristotle* ben't their Guide.

While, on the other hand, a flutt'ring thing,
With a full Roll, and three pil'd Crevat-string,
Whose Life's a *Visit*, who alone takes Care
To say fine things, write Songs, and count the Fair;
Laughs at the musty Precepts of the School,
Calls the Learn'd Writer an Authentick Fool;
Swears that all Learning is a thing unfit
A well-bred Person, or a Man of *Wit*;
Names proper only to the Sparks o'th' Town,
And damns his Scholar to his Colledge Gown.

The fierce Bigot, who vainly does believe,
His bantring Zeal can Heaven it self deceive;
With Saint-like Looks the bleer-sy'd Crow does blind,
And the Jilt Villain damns all Human kind.

While the wild Libertine, that Beast of Prey,
Who bears down all that stops him in his way,

Ranges

Ranges o'er all, and takes his Savage fill
 In the wild Forrest of a boundless Will:
 Swears that Heav'n, *Jove's*, and Hell's eternal Pain,
 Are the sick Dreams of a distemper'd Brain,
 Tales fit for Children, a meer holy Jest,
 To starve the People, and to glut the Priest.

The sharpest Satyrist with Poetick Rage,
 Strives to reform the Vices of the Age;
 Laughs at the *Fool*, and at the *Villain* rails;
 Yet *Folly* reigns, and *Villany* prevails;
 While the crack'd Skull shews all that has been said,
 Leaves Marks on nothing but the Poet's Head:
 For partial Man, try'd by himself alone,
 Protesting every Sentence but his own;
 Severe to all Men, to himself too kind,
 Sees others Faults, but to his own is blind.

The sordid Miser, a meer Lump of Clay,
 Form'd into Man e'er from its gross Allay
 It was refin'd by the Soul's Heavenly Ray;
 Whose Thirst of Wealth encreases with his Store,
 And to spend less, does covet to have more;
 Who *Midas*-like, to feed his Avarice,
 Starves in the Enjoyment of a Golden Wish;
 Thinks himself wise, boasts of being Provident,
 And downright Scraping call good Management.

The Love of Wealth is Madness, and I hate
 The very Trouble of a great Estate:
 'Tis perfect Dirt, cries the vain Prodigal,
 Mad till 'tis gone, and when he has spent it all,
 The beggar'd Fool calls himself Liberal.

Now, weigh them both, and tell me, if you can,
 Which of the two seems the most prudent Man:
 The Gamester Swears both shou'd in *Bethlem* be,
 That Fortune-monger, maddest of the three,
 Whose Life, whose Soul, whose very Heav'n is Play,
 At which the Bubble throws them all away;
 Who every Moment waits his Destiny
 From the uncertain Running of a Die;

And

And, if he chance to lose, then how he stares !
 Then how the Fury, with his bristled Hairs,
 Curses his Fate, Earth, Hell, and Heaven defies,
 And with Oath heap'd on Oaths, he storms the Skies.

I could name Thousands more, but to draw all
 The Shapes of his false reasoning Animal,
 Wou'd be as hard, as to count all that die
 Each Spring and Fall by *Low'r* and *Mercury* :
 Or say, how oft th' impatient Heir, to have
 The old Man's Wealth, has wisht him in his Grave:
 A Drudgery so great my Pen declines,
 Content to sum up all in these four Lines.

Greece boasts seven Sages, but the *Story* lies,
 For the whole World ne'er saw one truly wise :
 All Men are Mad ; and the sole Difference
 Lies in the More or the Less want of Sense.

*The Miracle ; how the Dutcheßs of Modena
 (being in Heaven) prayed the B. Virgin
 that the Queen might have a Son, and
 how our Lady sent the Angel Gabriel
 with her Smock ; upon which the Queen
 was with Child.*

To the Tune of, *O Touth, thou hadst better been starv'd at
 Nurse. In Bartholomew Fair.*

I.

YOU Catholick States-men and Church-men rejoyce,
 And praise Heaven's Goodness with Heart and
 with Voice ;

None greater on Earth or in Heaven than she.
 Some say she's as good as the best of the Three.

Her Miracles bold,

Were famous of Old,

But a Braver than this was never yet told ;

'Tis pity that every good Catholick living,

Had not heard on't before the last Day of Thank-
 giving.

II.

In Lombardy-Land, great Modena's Dutcheſs
Was ſnatch'd from her Empire by Death's cruel
Clutches;

When to Heaven ſhe came (for thither ſhe went)
Each Angel receiv'd her with Joy and Content.

On her knees ſhe fell down,
Before the bright Throne,
And begg'd that God's Mother would grant her one
Boon;

Give *England* a Son (at this Critical Point)
To put little *Orange's* Noſe out of Joynt.

III.

As ſoon as our Lady had heard her Petition;
To *Gabriel*, the Angel, ſhe ſtrait gave Commiſſion;
She pluck'd off her Smock from her *Shoulders Divine*,
And charg'd him to haſten to *England's* fair Queen.

Go to the Royal Dame,
To give her the ſame;
And bid her for ever to praiſe my Great Name;
For I, in her favour, will work ſuch a Wonder,
Shall keep the moſt Insolent Hereticks under.

IV.

Tell *James* (my beſt Son) his part of the matter
Muſt be with this only to cover my Daughter;
Let him put it upon her with's own Royal Hand,
Then let him go Travel to viſit the Land;

And the Spirit of Love
Shall come from above,
Though' not as before, in form of a Dove;
Yet down he ſhall come in ſome likenefs or other,
(Perhaps like Count *Dada*) and make her a Mother.

V.

The Meſſage with Hearts full of Faith were receiv'd;
And the next news we heard was *Q. M.* conceiv'd;
You great ones Converted, poor cheated Diſſenters,
Grave Judges, Lords, Biſhops, and Commons Conſenters,
You Commiſſioners all,
Eccleſiaſtical,

From *M*—— the Dutiful, to *C*—— the Tall;

Pray Heav'n to strengthen Her Majesties Placket,
For if this Trick fail, beware of your Jacket.

D I A L O G U E.

M. **W**HY am I daily thus perplex'd?
Why beyond Woman's patience vex'd?
Your Spurious Issue grow and thrive,
While mine are dead e'er well-alive.
If they surviv'd a nine days wonder,
Suspicious Tongues aloud do thunder;
And strait accule my Chastity,
For your damn'd Insufficiency:
You meet my Love with no desire,
My Altar damps your feeble Fire:
Though I have infinite more Charms
Then all you e'er took to your Arms.

The Priest at th' Altar bows to me;
When I appear, he bends the Knee.
His Eyes are on my Beauties fixt;
His Pray'rs to Heav'n and Me are mixt;
Confusedly he tells his Beads,
Is out both when he Prays and Reads.

I Travell'd farther for your Love,
Then *Sheba's* Queen, I'll fairly prove.
She from the *South*, 'tis said, did come,
And I as far from *East* did come.
But here the difference does arise,
Though equally we fought the Prize;
What that great Queen desir'd she gain'd,
But I soon found your Treasury drain'd
Your Veins corrupted in your Youth,
'Tis sad Experience tells this Truth:
Though I had Caution long before
Of which I now too late deplore.

Y. Pray, Madam, let me silence break,
As I have you, now hear me speak

These Stories sure must please you well;
You're apt so often them to tell.

But, if you'll smooch your Brow a while,
And turn that Pout into a Smile,
I doubt not, but to make't appear
That you the great'st Aggressor are.

I took you with an empty Purse,
Which was to me no trivial Curse;
No Dowry could your Parents give;
They'd but a Competence to live.
When you appear'd, your Charming Eyes
(As you relate) did me surprize
With Wonder, not with Admiration;
Astonishment, but no Temptation:
Nor did I see in all your Frame
Ought could create an am'rous Flame
Or raise the least Desire in me,
Save only for Variety.

I paid such Service as was due,
Worthy my self and worthy you:
Carefs'd you far above the rate
Both of your Birth, and your Estate.
When I soon found your haughty mind
Was unto Sov'raignty inclin'd;
And first you practis'd over me
The heavy Yoke of Tyranny,
While I your Property was made,
And You, not I was still obey'd:
Nor durst I call my Soul my own,
You manag'd me as if I'd none.
I took such measures as you gave,
All Day your Fool, all Night your Slave.

Nor was Ambition bounded here,
You still resolve you Course to steer:
All that oppose you, you remove;
'Twas much you'd own the Pow'rs above.
Now several Stratagems you try,
And I'm in all forc'd to comply;
To Mother Church you take Recourse,
She tells you 't must be done by force;

And you, impatient of delay,
Contrive and Excecute the way.

When mounted to the place you fought,
It no Contentment with it brought :
One Tree within your prospect stood
Fairest and tallest of the Wood :
Which to your prospect gave offence,
And it must be remov'd from thence.
In this you also are Obey'd,
While all the Fault on Me is laid.

Now you was quiet for a while,
As flatt'ring Weather seems to smile,
Till buzzing Beetles of the Night
Had found fresh matter for your spight,
And set to work your busy Brain,
Which took Fire quickly from their Train.
Some Wise, some Valiant, you remove,
'Cause they your Maxims don't approve ;
And in their stead such Creatures place,
Which to th' Employments bring disgrace :
While whatsoe'er you do I own,
And still the Dirt is on Me thrown.

Strait new Chimæra's fill your Brain,
The humming Beetles buz again ;
A Goal Delivery now must be,
All tender Consciences set free ;
Not out of Zeal, but pure Design
To make Dissenters with us join,
To pull down Test and Penal Laws,
The Bulwark of the Hereticks Cause.
The sly Dissenters laugh the while,
They see where lurks the Serpent's guile ;
And rather than with us comply,
Will on our Enemies rely.

The Chieftains of the Protestant Cause,
We did confine, though 'gainst the Laws ;
But soon was glad to set 'em free,
Fearing the giddy Mobile.

Now all is turning upside down,
Loud Murmurings in every Town,

We've Foes abroad, and Foes at home,
Armies and Fleets against us come:
The Protestants do laugh the while,
And the Dissenters sneer and smile;
But no assistance either sends,
They're neither Enemies nor Friends.

Now pray conclude what must be done;
Consult your Oracle of *ROME*,
For next fair Wind be sure they come.

}

*On the University of Cambridge's burning
the D. of Monmouth's Picture, 1685.
who was formerly the Chancellour-----In
Answer to this Question,*

In turba semper sequitur fortunam & odit damnatos?
By Mr. Stepney.

YES, fickle *Cambridge*, *Perkins* found this true,
Both from your Rabble, and your Doctors too,
With what Applause you once receiv'd his Grace,
And begg'd a Copy of his Godlike Face;
But when the sage Vice-Chancellor was sure
The Original in Limbo lay secure,
As greasy as himself he sends a Lictor
To vent his Loyal Malice on the Picture.
The Beadle's Wife endeavours all she can
To save the Image of the tall young Man,
Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with strong thoughts she might improve her Race,
But all in vain; since the wise House conspire
To damn the *Canvas Traitor* to the Fire,
Lest it, like *Bones of Scanderbeg*, incite
Scythemen next Harvest to renew the fight:
Then in comes Mayor *Eagle* and does gravely alledge,
He'll subscribe (if he can) for a bundle of Sedge,
But the Man of *Clarehall* that proffer refuses,
'Snigs, he'll be beholden to none but the *Muses*:

And orders Ten Porters to bring the dull Reams
 On the Death of good *Charles*, and Crowning of *James* :
 And swears he will borrow of the Provost more stuff
 On the Marriage of *Ann*, if that ben't enough.
 The Heads lest he get all the profit t'himself
 (Too greedy of honour, too lavish of pelf)
 This motion deny, and Vote that *Tite Tillet*
 Should gather from each noble Doctor a Billet.
 The Kindness was common, and so they'd return it,
 The Gift was to all, all therefore would burn it :
 Thus joining their Stocks for a Bonfire together,
 As they club for a Cheese in the Parish of *Chedder* ;
 Confusedly crowd on the Sophs and the Doctors,
 The Hangman, the Townsmen, their Wives and the
 •Proctros,
 While the Troops from each part of the Countries in all,
 Come to quaff his Confusion in Bumpers of stale.
 But *Rosalin*, never unkind to a Duke,
 Does by her absence their folly rebuke,
 The tender Creature could not see his fate,
 With whom she had danc'd a Minuet so late.
 The Heads, who never could hope for such Frames,
 Out of envy condemn'd Sixscore pounds to the Flames
 Then his Air was too proud, and his Features aniss
 As if being a Traytor had alter'd his Phiz :
 So the Rabble of *Rome*, whose favour ne'er settles,
 Melt down their *Sejanus* to Pots and Brass Kettles.

Nulla manere diu, nequæ vivere carmi-
 nant possum, quæ scribuntur aque no-
 toribus.

By Mr. *Aloffe*, T. C. C.

HE that first said it, knew the worth of Wit,
 Lov'd well his Glass, and as he drank he writ ;
 Vast was his Soul, and sprakling was the Wine,
 Which strangely did inspire each Mighty Line.

The

The wat'ry Springs of *Helicon* are Theams
 Fit for dull Freshmen, and dull Doctors Dreams;
 Not Flood of *Cam*, or VVell of *Aristotle*;
 Yield half the pleasure of the charming Bottle;
 Poor Scribes then that Bread and Water use,
 The slender Diet of a *Bridewell* Muse,
 As easily may Water Poets make,
 As Coffee Politicians does create,
 The two Grand Whigs of Poetry and State. }
 When Booths on *Thames* were built, and Oxen roasted,
 Poets the strength of Waters might have boasted;
 And might have made their frozen Verse to pase,
 As well as he that put out Ice for Glafs :
 Though our good Proctor otherwise does think,
 Our Mother *Cambridge* kindly bids us drink;
 She holds the Candle and the Sacred Cup,
 And as th'one wasteth, cries, Drink t'other up.
 'Twas drinking got our Ancestors Renown,
 And Claret first that dy'd the Scarlet Gown.
 As well may *Dutchmen* without Brandy fight,
 As *English* Poets without Claret write.
 Not moderate Learning, nor immoderate Fees,
 Are of themselves sufficient for Degrees.
 Wine, and the Supper, must the Act compleat;
 And he does best dispute who best does treat :
 'Tis *Carnival*, and we'll the time enjoy,
 This day, and next, while VVine and Wit run high,
 And the forty days
 Preachers in vain may bid the Court repent,
 But Poets sure did never write in Lent.
 Now in the name of Dulness and small Beer
 Ye *Nothern* VVits of fam'd St. *Johns* appear, }
 That scarce taste Wine, or VVit throughout the Year
 Had she, who by the pow'rful Charms of Wine
 Transform'd *Ulysses* Men to Gruntling Swine;
 Had she and you th'Experiment try'd again,
 By contrary effects ye had Poets been.
 Next the pert Fops by Title dignifi'd,
 Wise to themselves, and Fools to all beside,

Whom Company nor Drinking can refine,
 Blockish and dull beyond the Pow'r of Wine ;
 Who after the first Bottle still's the same,
 Can never higher raise than Anagram,
 Or at most quibble on their Dowdy's Name. }
 When *Whig* Religious, Trimmer Loyal turns,
 When *Cambridge* Wives, and *Barnwel* Whores turn Nuns,
 When Curate's Rich, and the fat Doctor's poor,
 When Scholars trick, and Townsfolk cheat no more:
 When am'rous Fops leave hunting handsome Faces,
 When craving Beadle begs no more for Places :
Hopkins and *Sternhold* with their paltry Rhimes,
 Shall please us now, and take with future Times :
 And *Water-drinkers* then shall famous grow,
 Settle the Poet to my Lord-Mayor's Show }
 Shall *Dryden*, *Cowley* and our *Duke* out-go.

To Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd. . By Mr. P--r

WHEN Crowding Folks, with strange Ill Faces,
 Were making Legs, and begging Places;
 And some with Patents, some with Merit,
 Tired out my good Lord D-----t's Spirit:
 Sneaking, I stood, among the Crew,
 Desiring much to speak with you.
 I waited, while the Clock struck thrice,
 And Footman brought out fifty Lies;
 Till Patience vex'd, and Legs grown weary,
 I thought it was in vain to tarry :
 But did opine it might be better,
 By Penny-post to send a Letter.
 Now, if you miss of this Epistle,
 I'm balk'd again, and may go whistle.
 My Business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
 Is to desire some little Place,
 And fair pretensions I have for't,
 Much Need, and very small Desert.

VVhen e'er I writ to you, I wanted;
 I always begg'd, you always granted;
 Now, as you took me up when little,
 Gave me my Learning, and my Vittle:
 Askt for me, from my Lord, things fitting
 Kind as I'd been your own begetting;
 Confirm what formerly you've given,
 Nor leave me now in Six and Seven
 As *S-----d* has left *Mun. St-----n*.
 No Family that takes a VVhelp,
 VVhen first he laps and scarce can yelp,
 Neglects or turns him out of Gate,
 VVhen he's grown up to Dogs Estate:
 Nor Parish, if they one adopt
 The spurious Barns that Strowlers dropt,
 Leave 'em when grown up lusty Fellows,
 To the wide VVorld, that is, the Gallows:
 No, thank 'em for their Love, that's worse,
 Than if they'd throttl'd them at Nurse.

My Uncle, rest his Soul, when Living,
 Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving;
 Taught me with Syder to replenish
 My Fatts or ebbing Tide of Rhenish.
 So when for Hock I drew Prickt VVhite-wine,
 Swear't had the flavour, and was right Wine:
 Or sent me with ten Pounds to *Furna-*
Vall's Inn, to some good Rogue-Attorney;
 Where now, by forging Deeds and cheating,
 I'd had some handfom ways of getting.
 All this you made me quit to follow,
 That sneaking Whey-fac'd God *Apollq*.
 Sent me among a Fidling Crew
 Of Folks, I'd never seen nor knew,
Caliope, and God knows who.
 To add no more Invectives to it,
 You spoil'd the Youth to make a Poet.
 In common Justice, Sir, there's no Man
 That makes the Whore but keeps the Woman.
 Among all honest Christain People
 Who e're breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.

The sum of all I have to say,
Is, that you'd put me in some way,
And your Petitioner shall pray——

There's one thing more I had almost slipt,
But they may do as well in Post-script ;
My Friend C———s M———ue's preferr'd,
Nor would I have it long observ'd,
That one Mouse eats while t'other's starv'd.

*The true and genuine Explanation,
Of one King Jame's Declaration.*

J. R.

WHereas by misrepresentation
(Of which Our self was the Occasion)
We lost our Royal Reputation,
And much against Our Expectation,
Laid the most Tragical Foundation,
Of vacant Throne, and Abdication :
After mature Deliberation,
We now Resolve to Sham the Nation
Into another Restauration ;
Promising, in Our wonted Fashion,
Without the least Equivocation,
To make an ample Reparation.
And for Our Reinauguration
We chuse to owe the Obligation
To Our kind Subjects Inclination,
For whom we always shew'd a Passion.
And when again they take Occasion
To want a King of Our Perswasion,
We'll soon appear to take Our Station,
With the ensuing Declaration.
All shall be safe from Rope and Fire,
Or never more beleive in J. R.

J. R.

J R.

When we reflect what Desolation
 Our Absence causes to the Nation,
 We would not hold Our self exempted
 From any thing to attempted,
 Whereby Our Subjects, well beguil'd,
 May to Our Yoke be reconcil'd.

Be all assur'd, both Whigg and Tory,
 If for past Faults you can be sorry,
 You ne're shall know what we'll do for ye,
 For 'tis our Noble Resolution
 To do more for your Constitution,
 Than er'e we'll put in Execution.

Tho' some before us made a pother,
England hath never such another,
 No not our own Renown'd, Dear Brother.
 We have it set before our Eyes,
 That our main Interest wholly lies
 In managing with such Disguise,
 As leaves no room for Jealousies.

And to encourage Foes and Friends
 With Hearts and Hands to serve our Ends,
 We hereby Publish and Declare
 (And this we do because we Dare)
 That to evince We are not sullen,
 We'll bury all past Faults in Woollen,
 By which you may perceive we draw
 Our wise Resolves from Statute Law :
 And therefore by this Declaration
 We promise Pardon to the Nation,
 Excepting only whom VVe please,
 Whether they be on Land or Seas.

And farther Blood-shed to prevent,
 We here Declare Our self content
 To heap as large Rewards on all
 That help to brings us to *White-hall*,
 As ever did Our Brother Dear
 At his Return on Cavalier :
 Or we, ro Our immortal Glory,
 Conferr'd on Non-resisting Tory.

Then

Then be assur'd the first fair weather
 VVe'll call a Parliament together,
 (Chuse right or wrong no matter whether)
 VWhere with United Inclination
 VVe'll bring the Interest of the Nation
 Under our own Adjudication :

VWith their Concurrence we'll Redress
 VWhat we Our self think Grievances,
 All shall be firm as Words can make it,
 And if we promise, what can shake it?

As for the Church we'll still defend it,
 Or if you please, the *Pope* shall mend it,
 Your Chappels, Colleges and Schools
 Shall be supply'd with your own Fools :
 But if we live another Summer,
 VVe'll then relieve them from St. *Omer*.

Next for a Liberty of Conscience,
 VWith which we bit the Nation long since,
 VVe'll settle it as firm and steady,
 Perhaps as that you have already.

VVe'll never violate the Test,
 Till 'tis Our Royal Interest,
 Or till we think it so at least,
 But there we must consult the Priest.

And as for the Dispensing Power
 (Of Princes Crown the sweetest Flower)
 That Parliament shall so explain it,
 As we in Peace may still maintain it.

If other Acts shall be presented,
 VVe'll pass em all, and be contented.

Let *H*———y, *W*———k, and old *C*———s
 Draw Bills enough to load three Barges.

VVe'll give them thanks and bear their Charges:
 VWhether they be for Partial Trial,
 Judges Pride, or Self Denial,
 For Royal Mines, or Triennial.

VWhat ever Laws receiv'd their Fashion
 Under the present Usurpation,
 Shall have Our Gracious Confirmation,
 Provided still we see Occasion,

Our Brother's *Irish* settling Act,
(Which we 'tis true repeal'd in Fact)
We'll be contented to restore,
If you'll provide for *Teague* before;
For you your selves shall have the Glory
To re-establish wandring Tory.

But now you have so fair a Bidder,
'Tis more than time you should consider
What Funds are proper to supply Us
For that, and what your Hearths save by Us;
Therefore consult your Ployhymne
To find another Rhime to Chimney.
Or if I bleed the Devil's in me.
And lest a Project in its prime
Should be destroy'd for want of time,
We'll soon refer the whole Amount
To your Comission of Account.

Thus having tortur'd Our Invention,
To frame a draught of Our Intention,
By the Advice of *H-----ton*,
wise *Ely*, *Fenwick*, and *Tom D-----*
And, of all Ranks, some Fifty One,
Who have adjusted for Our coming
All Gimcrack's fit for such a Mumming,
And 'tis their business to perswade you
VVe come to succour, not invade you.

But after this we think it Nonsense
(Besides it is against our Conscience)
To trouble you with a Relation,
Of Tyranny, and Violation,
Or Burthens that oppress the Nation,
Since you can make the best Construction
Of what may turn to your Destruction.
But since our Enemies would fright you,
Telling our Debt to *France* is mighty,
As positively we assure you,
As if we were before a Jury,
That he expects no Compensation
For helping in our Restauration,
But what he gains in Reputation:

And

And all must own that know his Story
 How far his Int'rest stoops to Glory:
 Whose Generosity is such,
 We doubt not he'll out-do the *Dutch*.
 We only add, that we are come
 By Trumpets sound and beat of Drum,
 For our just Titles Vindication,
 And Liberties Corroboration.
 So may we ever find Success,
 As we intend you nothing less
 Than what you owe to old *Queen Bess*.

On the Death of the Queen. By my Lord Cutts.

SHE's gone! The Beauty of our Isle is fled;
 Our Joy cut off, the great *MARIA* dead.
 We faint beneath the Stroke: but weep no more,
 Waft not our Sorrow to a Foreign Shore;
 Lest *ALBION*'s Enemies with impious Breath
 Prophane our Sighs, and Triumph in her Death.
 Tears are too mean for her, our Grief should be
 Dumb as the Grave, and Black as Destiny.
 For such a Loss let universal Nature mourn,
 And all things to their first Disorder turn.

Ye Fields and Gardens, where our Sov'reign walk'd,
 Serenely smil'd, and profitably talk'd,
 Be Gay no more; but wild and Barren lye,
 That all your blooming Sweets with Her's may die,
 Sweets that crown'd Love, and softned Majesty.

Bless'd Princess! How distinguish'd, how ador'd!
 How much above ev'n Her own Sphere She soar'd!
 Whilst other Monarchs glory in their State,
 In Wealth and Power contending to be great;
 She, with a God-like and Heroick Mind,
 Pursu'd a Greatness of another Kind;
 A brighter Diadem than Earth could give;
 A glorious Name that should for ever live.

And with unweary'd Vertue pressing on,
 Gave Lustre to, not borrow'd from a Crown.
 Nor was this Angel lodg'd in common Earth,
 Her Form proclaim'd Her Mind as well as Birth;
 So graceful and so lovely, ne're was seen
 A finer Woman or more awful Queen:

The Gazing Crowd admir'd Her as a God,
 And reverenc'd the Ground whereon she trod.

Ye gentle Nymphs that on her Throne did wait,
 And help'd to fill the Brightness of Her State;
 Mourn over your dead Mistress, speechless mourn,
 Watch Her dear Ashes, and attend Her Urn.
 She cherish'd and adorn'd your tender Years,
 Preventing still the fearful Mothers Cares;
 Whilst all with shining Gold and Purple grac'd,
 Your Beauties in the fairest Light were plac'd.

How Majesty is fall'n! As if the Great
 Were destin'd to short days and sudden Fate.
 O Empire! Thou deceitful treacherous Good:
 How false thy Smiles, tho' hard to be withstood!
 What stormy Ills thy calmer Brow conceals!
 And what uncommon Strokes a Monarch feels!

See where the glorious *Nassau* fainting lies;
 The mighty *Atlas* falls, the Conqueror dies.
 O Sir! return, to *Albion's* Help return;
 Command your Grief, and like a Hero mourn.

If You forsake us, we are lost indeed;
 Your Subjects now Lament, but then must Bleed.
 Think what a Task Your Vertue has begun,
 And be not weary e're your Race is Run.
 That Pow'r that form'd You in the tender Womb,
 Then laid the Scenes of all Your Toils to come,
 Decreed that You should *Europe's* Saviour be,
 And from fierce Monsters purge the Earth and Sea;
 Monsters of Tyrants that oppress Mankind,
 And set no Bounds to their ambitious Mind.

Success and Honour wait upon your Arms;
 Heav'n guide your Heart, & guide you still from Harms.
Maria has the Crown of Glory won;
 And may You Late arrive where She is gone.

Prologue,

Prologue, by the E. of R-----r.

Gentle Reproofs have long been try'd in vain,
 Men but despise us while we but complain :
 Such numbers are concern'd for the wrong side,
 A weak resistance still provokes their Pride ;
 And cannot stem the fierceness of the Tide.
 Laughers, Buffoons, with an unthinking Crowd
 Of gaudy Fools, impertinent and loud,
 Insult in every corner : Want of Sense,
 Confirm'd with an outlandish Impudence,
 Among the rude Disturbers of the Pit,
 Have introduc'd ill Breeding, and false VVit :
 To boast their Lewdness here young Scourers meet,
 And all all the vile Companions of a Street,
 Keep a perpetual Bawling near that Door,
 VVho beat the Bawd last Night, who bilk't the VVhore :
 They snarl, but neither Fight nor pay a Farthing,
 A Play-House is become a meer Bear-garden ;
 VVhere every one with Insolence enjoys,
 His Liberty and Property of Noise.
 Should true Sense, with revengful Fire, come down,
 Our *Sodom* wants Ten Men to save the Town :
 Each Parish is infected, to be clear
 VVe must lose more than when the Plague was here :
 VVhile every little Thing perks up so soon,
 That at Fourteen it hectors up and down, (Town, }
 VVith the best Cheats and the worst VVhores i'th' }
 Swears at a Play, who should be whipt at School, }
 The Foplings must in time grow up to rule,
 The Fashion must prevail to be a Fool.
 Some powerful Muse, inspir'd for our defence,
 Arise, and save a little common Sense :
 In such a Cause, let thy keen Satyr bite,
 VVhere Indignation bids thy Genius write :
 Mark a bold leading Coxcomb of the Town,
 And single out the Beast, and hunt him down ;
 Hang up his mangl'd Carcass on the Stage,
 To fright away the Vernin of the Age :

*On Melting down the Plate: Or, the Piss Pot's
Farewel, 1697.*

MAids need no more their Silver Piss-pots scoure,
They now must jog like Traytors to the Tower:
quick dispatch! no sooner are they come,
at ev'ry Vessel there receives its Doom:
by Law condemn'd to take their fiery Tryal,
Sentence that admits of no denial.
Presumptuous Piss-pot! how dost thou offend?
Compelling Females on the Hams to bend?
To Kings and Queens, we humbly bow the Knee:
But Queens themselves are forc'd to stoop to thee;
To thee they cringe, and with a straining Face,
They cure their Grief, by opening their Case.
In times of need thy help they did implore,
And oft to ease their Ailments made thee roar.
Under their Bed thou still hadst been conceal'd,
And ne'er but on Necessity reveal'd:
When over charg'd, and in Extremity,
Their dearest Secrets they disclos'd to thee.
Long hast thou been a Prisoner close confin'd,
But Liberty is now for thee design'd;
Thou, whom so many Beauties have enjoy'd,
Now in another use shall be employ'd;
And with delight be handled ev'ry Day,
And oftner occupied a better way.
But crafty Workmen first must thee refine,
To purge thee from thy Soder and thy Brine:
When thou, transform'd into another shape,
Shalt make the World rejoyce at thy Escape;
And from the Mint in Triumph shall be sent,
New Coin'd, and Mill'd, to ev'ry Hearts content.
Welcome to all, then proud of thy new Vamp,
Bearing the Passport of a royal Stamp;
And pass as currant, pleasant, and as free,
As that which hath so often pass'd into thee.

Tunbridge-Wells. By the Earl of Ro-
chester, June 30. 1675.

AT five this Morn, when *Phæbus* rais'd his head
From *Thetis* Lap, I rais'd my self from Bed,
And mounting Steed, I trotted to the Waters,
The Rendevouze of Fool, Buffoons and Praters,
Cuckolds, Whores, Citizens, their Wives and
(Daughters
My squeemish Stomach, I with Wine had brib'd,
To undertake the Dose, it was prescrib'd:
But turning Head a curst suddain Crew,
That innocent Provision overthrew,
And without drinking, made me Purge and Spew.
From Coach and Six, a Thing unwealdy roll'd,
Whom lumber Cart, more decently would hold:
As wise as Calf it look'd, as big as Bully,
But handled, prov'd a meer *Sir Nicholas Cully*;
A Bawling Fop, a *Natural Nokes*; and yet
He dar'd to Censure, to be thought a Wit.
To make him more Ridiculous in spight,
Nature contriv'd the Fool should be a Knight:
"How wise is Nature when she does dispence,
"A large Estate to cover want of Sence,
"The Man's a Fool, 'tis true, but that's no matter,
"For He's a mighty Wit, with those that flatter;
"But a *poor Blockade*, is a wretched Creature,
Tho' he alone was dismal sight enough,
His Train contributed to set him off,
All of his Shape, all of the self-same Stuff.
No Spleen or Malice need on them be thrown,
Nature has done the business of Lampoon,
And in their Looks their Characters are shown.
Endeavouring this irksome sight to baulk,
And a more irksome noise their silly Talk;
I silently shrunk down to th' lower Walk.
But often when we would *Charibdis* shun,
Down upon *Scylla* 'tis our Fate to run;

For here it was my curst luck to find,
 As great a Fop, tho' of another kind.
 A tall stiff Fool, that walk'd in Spanish guise,
 The Buckram Puppet never stirr'd his Eyes,
 But grave as Owl t' look'd, as Woodcock wise.
 He scorns the empty talk of this mad Age,
 And speaks all Proverbs, Sentences, adage;
 Can with as great solemnity buy Eggs,
 As a Cabal can talk of their Intrigues;
 Master oth' Ceremonies, yet can dispence,
 With the formality of talking sence.
 From hence unto the upper end I ran,
 Where a new Scene of Foppery began;
 A tribe of Curates, Priests, Canonical Elves,
 Were company for none besides themselves:
 They got together, each his Distemper told,
 Scurvy, Stone, Strangury; and some were bold,
 To charge the Spleen to be their Misery,
 And on that wise Disease bring Infamy.
 But none there were so modest to complain
 Of want of Learning, Honesty or Brain,
 The general Diseases of that Train.
 These call themselves Ambassadors of Heaven,
 Saucily pretending a Commission given:
 But should an *Indian* King, whose small Command,
 Seldom extends t' above ten miles of Land;
 Send forth such wretched Fools on an Embassy,
 He'd find but small effect, from such a Message.
 Listning, I found the Cobb of all the Rabble,
 Was pert * *Bays*, with Importance comfortable;
 He being rais'd to an Arch-deaconry, * *Parker*
 By trampling on Religious Liberty;
 Was grown so fat, and look'd so big and jolly,
 Not being disturb'd with care and melancholly,
 Tho' *Marvel* has enough expos'd his folly:
 He drank to carry off some old remains,
 His lazy dull Distemper left in's Veins;
 Let him drink on, but 'tis not a whole Flood,
 Can give sufficient sweetness, to his Blood,
 Or make his Nature or his Manners good.

Next after these, a fulsome *Irish* Crew,
 Of silly Macks were offered to my view ;
 The things they talk, but hearing what they said,
 I hid my self, the kindness to evade.
 Nature has plac'd these Wretches below scorn,
 They can't be call'd so vile as they were born.
 Amidst the crowd, next I my self convey'd
 For now there comes (White-Wash, and Paint be

ing laid

Mother and Daughter, Mistress and the Maid,
 And Squire with Wig and Pantaloon display'd :
 But ne'er could Conventicle, Play or Fair,
 For a true Medly, with his Herd compare.
 Here Lords, Knights, Squires, Ladies and Countesses
 Chandlers, Mum, Bacon, Women and Sempstresses
 Were mix'd together, nor did they agree,
 More in their Humours, than their Quality.
 Here waiting for Gallant, young Damsel stood,
 Leaning on Cane, and Muffled up in Hood :
 The would be-wit——whose business 'twas to woo,
 With Hat remov'd, and solemn scrapes of Shooe ;
 Bowing advanced, then he gently thrugs,
 And ruffled Fore-top he in order tugs ;
 And thus accosts her, " Madam, methinks the Weather
 " Is grown much more serene since you came hither
 " You influence the Heavens ; and should the Sun,
 " Withdraw himself to see his Rays out done ;
 " Your Luminaries would supply the Morn,
 " And make a Day, before the Day be born.
 With Mouth screw'd up, and aukward winking Eye
 And breast thrust forward ; Lord, Sir, she replies :
 It is my goodness, and not your deserts,
 Which makes you shew your Learning, Wit and Parts
 He puzzled, bites his Nails, both to display
 The Sparkling Ring, and think what's next to say :
 And thus breaks out a fresh, Madam, I'gad,
 Your Luck, last Night at Cards was mighty bad
 At Cribbage ; Fifty nine, and the next shew,
 To make your Game, and yet to want those Two.

I---d---me, Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,
 In my Life, I saw the like before.
 To Pedler's Hall he drags her soon and says,
 The same dull stuff a thousand different ways;
 And then more smartly to expound the Riddle
 Of all his Prattle, gives her a Scotch Fiddle.
 Quite tir'd with this most dismal stuff; I ran
 Where were two Wives, and Girl just fit for Man,
 Short was her Breath, Looks Pale, and Visage wan.
 Some Curtisy's past, and the old Compliment,
 Of being glad to see each other spent:
 With Hand in Hand they lovingly did walk,
 And one began thus to renew the Talk.
 I pray, good Madam, if it may be thought
 No Rudeness, what cause was't hither brought
 For your Ladship? She soon replying smil'd,
 We have a good Estate, but ne're a Child;
 And I'm inform'd these Wells will make a barren
 Woman, as fruitful as a Cony-warren.
 The first return'd; for this Cause I am come,
 For I can have no Quietness at Home.
 My Husband grumbles tho' we've gotten one.
 This poor young Girl, and mutters for a Son,
 And this disturb'd with Head-ach, Pangs and Throws,
 Is full Sixteen, and yet had never *Those*.
 She answer'd, strait, get her a Husband, Madam;
 I Married at that Age, and never had 'em;
 Was just like her, Steel Waters let alone,
 A Back of Steel will bring them better down.
 And ten to one, but they themselves will try,
 The same way to encrease their Family.
 Poor silly Fribble who by Subtily
 Of Midwife, truest Friend to Letchery;
 Persuaded art to be at Pains and Charge,
 To give thy Wife occasion to enlarge
 Thy silly Head. Some here Walk, Cuff and Kick
 With brawny Back and Legs potent—
 Who more substantially will cure thy Wife,
 And to her half Dead-Womb restore new Life.

From these the Waters got their Reputation
 Of good Assistance, unto Generation.
 Some warlike Men were now got to the Throng,
 With Hair ty'd back, singing a bawdy Song:
 Not much afraid, I got a nearer View,
 And 'twas my chance to know the Dreadful Crew :
 They were Cadets, that seldom did appear,
 Damn'd to the stint of Thirty Pounds a Year,
 With Hawk on Fist, or Greyhound led in Hand,
 They Dog and Foot-boy sometimes to command ;
 But now having trim'd a leash of spavin'd Horse,
 With three hard-pincht-for Guineas in their Purse }
 Two rusty Pistols Scarf about their Arse——
 Coat lin'd with Red, they have presum'd to swell ;
 This goes for Captain, that for Collonel :
 Ev'n so Bear Garden Ape, on his Steed mounted,
 No longer is a Jackanapes accounted,
 But is by Vertue of his Trumpery, then
 Call'd by the Name of the young Gentleman.
 Bless me! thought I, what Thing is Man that thus
 In all his shapes, he is ridiculous.
 Our selves with noise of Reason we do please,
 In vain, Humanity's our worst Disease,
 Thrice happy Beasts are, who, because they be
 Of Reason void, are so of Foppery.

A Satyr against Brandy.

Farewel thou *Stygian* Juice, which does bewitch,
 From the Court Bawd, down to the Country-
 (Bitch.
 Down to thy Native Hell, and mend the Fire ;
 Or if you rather choose to settle nigher,
 Descend to the Dull Clime from whence you came,
 Where Wit and Courage may require the Flame ;
 Where they Carouse in their *Vesuvian* Bowls,
 To crush the Quagmire of their Spungy Souls.

Had *Dives* for thy Scorching Moisture cry'd,
Abraham in pity, had his suit deny'd.
 Or *Bonner* known thy force, the Martyrs Flood,
 Had seiz'd on thee, and sav'd the Nation Wood.
 Essence of Ember, Scum of melted Flint,
 With all its native Sparkles floating in't;
 Sure the black Chymist, with his Cloven Fog,
 All *Etna's* Simples in his Lymbeck put?
 And doubly Still'd, nay, Quintiscenc'd thy Juice,
 To Charcoal Mortals, for his future use.
 Fireship to Nature who dost doubly wound,
 For they who grapple thee, are Burnt and Drown'd.
 So when Heav'n press'd th' Auxiliaries of Hell,
 A scorching Storm on Cursed *Sodom* fell;
 And when its single Plague could not prevail,
Egypt was scall'd with kindled Rain and Hail,
 So Natures Feuds are reconcil'd to Thee,
 Thou two great Judgments in Epitomy,
 Gods past, and future Judgment breath in you,
 A Deluge, and a Conflagration too,

View yonder Sot, I do'nt mean S——
 Grill'd all o're with thee from Head to Foot:
 His greasy Eye-lids show'd above their pitch,
 His Face with Carbuncles, and Rubies Rich:
 His Scull instead of Brain, supply'd with Cynder,
 His Nose turns all his Hankerchiefs to Tynder:
 His feeble Head scarce heave the Liquor in,
 His Nerves, all crackle in his Parchment-skin:
 His Stomach don't concoct, but bake his Food,
 His Liver even vitrifies his Blood.
 His Guts from Nature's Drudgery are freed,
 And in his Bowels *Salamanders* breed.
 He breaths like a Smiths Forge, and wets the Fire,
 Not to allay the Flame, but raise it higher.
 He's grown to hot to think, too dull to laugh,
 And steps as tho' he walk'd with *Pinder's* Staff.
 The moving glass-house lighten in his Eyes,
 Singes his Cloaths, and all his marrow fries,
 Gloys for a while, then in Ashes dyes.

But hold ; lest I the Saints dire Anger merit,
 By stinting these Auxiliary Spirits,
 I hear of late, what're the wicked think,
 Thou art reform'd and turn'd a Godly Drink :
 For since the publick Faith, for Plate did whimble,
 And sanctified thy Girl with *Hannab's* Thimble :
 Thou lests thy old bad Company of Vermin,
 The swearing Porters, and the drunken Carr-men ;
 And the lewd drivers of the Hackny Coaches,
 And now take up with Sage Discreet Debauches :
 Thou freely dropst upon Gold Chains, and *Farr* ;
 And Sots of Quality thy Minions are.
 No more shall thou foment an Ale house brawl,
 But the more sober Riots of *Guild-Hall* :
 Whereby thy Spirits fallible Direction,
 The Reprobates stood Poling for Election.
 Go then, thou Emblem of their torrid Zeal,
 Add Flame to Flame, and their stiff Tempers heal,
 Till they grow ductile to the publick Weal. }
 Yet one word more, now we are out of hearing,
 Many have dy'd with drinking, some with swearing.
 If these two Ills should in Conjunction meet,
 The Grass would quickly grow in every Street :
 Save thou this Nation from the double Blow,
 And keep thy fire from *Salamanca* T. O.

On the Infanta of Portugal.

I.

HOW Cruel was *Alanzo's* Fate,
 To fix his Love so high ;
 That he must perish for her hate,
 Or for her Kindness dye ?

II.

Tortur'd and Mangl'd, Cut and Maim'd,
 I'th' midst of all his Pain,
 He with his dying Breath proclaim'd,
 'Twas better than Disdain.

III.

The Gentle Nymph long since design'd,
 For the proud Mounseurs Bed ;
 Now to a Holy Goal confin'd,
 Drops Tears for every Bead.

IV.

Tell me, ye Gods, if when a King
 Suffers for Impotence ;
 If Love be such a thing,
 What can be Innocence ?

Pindarick, By the Lord R——.

1.
Let Ancients boast no more,
 Their lewd Imperial Whore ;
 Whose everlasting Lust,
 Surviv'd her Body's last Thrust.
 And when that transitory Dust
 Had no more Vigour left in store,
 Was still, as fresh and active, as before.

2.
 Her Glory must give place,
 To one of Modern British Race ;
 Whose every daily Act exceeds
 The others most transcendent Deeds:
 She has at length made good,
 That there is Humane Flesh and Blood,
 Even able to out-do,
 All that their loosest Wishes prompt them to.

3.
 When she has Jaded quite,
 Her almost Boundless appetite ;
 Cloy'd with the choicest Banquets of Delight,
 She'll still trudge on in tasteless Vice,
 (As if she sinn'd for Exercise)
 Disabling stoutest Stallions every hour,

And

Granting your Principle that Reasons use,
 Is not to curb, but make Sense more profuse.
 For tho' Mans Life more vig'rous is than Brutes,
 His pander Reason can contrive Recruits,
 For its defects what Sins the sensual Man
 Can't do alone the reasonable can.
 With useful Will for Sensuality,
 A half unfashion'd Sinner doth descry
 His Modesty debauched who can tell why;
 That stirs up slow pac'd Lust by Agrument,
 Who tir'd Sense give no Divertisement,
 But call for more when all its Sin is spent,
 And tho' the flagging Wretch would be content,
 Disabled from more Vice, now to repent.
 Upbraiding Reason scorns the puny Motion,
 Bids it chear up, and gives it t'other Potion,
 Till after all when Nature hath given o're,
 And Art can buoy up aged Sense no more,
 Reason reserves this Remedy at last,
 To think those Pleasures which it cannot tast;
 In this the thinking Fool may become wise,
 And yet think on so that his thinking lies
 In Notions of Venereal Misteries.
 Hence sprung the reasoning Art in former Days
 Of *Sphinxstrinx Oser*, and the modern Ways,
 By Baths, Lascivious Pictures, Jigs and Plays.
 If this be Reasons use no more we'll call
Clodius incontinent but rational,
 And boast the Reason of *Sardanapal*.
 Reason nick nam'd like Quaker new found Light,
 One while call'd Spirit, *alias* Appetite;
 A stupid Reason which none will defend,
 But he that has with Brutes one common End;
 Debasing Reason, corrupting every Afs,
 Even with my Lord in the same reasoning Glafs:
 I'll be no Student in this Learned School,
 I'd rather be the human thinking Fool,
 A cloister'd Coxcomb able to converse
 (Although alone) with the whole Universe.

And reasoning, into Heaven mount, from thence.
 Most Gazetes of Divine Intelligence
 And sacred Knowledge most remote from Sense.
 Might I be placed in this exploded Sphere;
 I'd not alone forgive the witty Jeer,
 But boast the Name of reasoning Engineer.
 But as for Man made perfect and upright,
 Why not the Image of the infinite;
 Were this a Scandal to his Glory, must
 We for his Honours sake his word distrust?
 Or is an Image such a very lame
 With that it represents, that it must claim
 Its full Perfection, sure my Picture might
 Be painted like me, and yet void of Slight?
 Must the first Draught of Man be vilify'd (stray'd?
 Scorn'd and Contemn'd 'cause Man himself hath
 Or did not *Eve* sufficiently transgress,
 And bastardise Posterity, unless
 Man little as he is be made much less.
 Tho' he does not his higher End pursue
 So well as doth the more ignoble Crew,
 Of Birds and Beasts that have little else to do.
 The Difficulty of his lofty End
 Above the others does his Cause defend;
 And in the means a disproportion pleads
 Choice sways the one, Instinct the other leads.
 'Tis not 'cause Jowler's wife he takes the Hare,
 But 'tis because Jowler cannot forbear.
 Tho' in the Chair of State *Jone* lolling sit,
 That therefore she can sit upright in it,
 Is an ill Consequence and void of Wit.
 But you your self have taught Man such a Way
 Unto his Happiness that he must stray;
 For if his Sense must usher in his Rest,
 And never be abridg'd of its Request,
 He may be drunk and pockey but ne'er blest.
 As for Pride, gendring Philosophy
 A captious Word, 'tis what you'd have it be,
 Its own Distinctions have an Act to shew
 'Tis good or bad, or neither as please you.

Some Sects love Wrangling, others Pedantry,
 But in the Love of Wisdom all agree,
 Wisdom, which all acknowledge to be good,
 But hath the Fate to be misunderstood,
 But tho' Fools crowd among Philosophers,
 The Fault is not the Sciences but theirs ;
 With all their Flaws our Bedlam School I'd choose
 Before the madder Tavernis lewder stews ;
 Tho' both are Slaves I rather do respect
 The *Stoick* than the *Epicurean* Sect ;
 If Sense or Reason, one must be deny'd,
 Reason would tell me Reason must abide,
 The less obnoxious and the surest Guide.
 But since kind Nature hath design'd 'em both,
 For humane Complement, I should be loth
 To give my human Sense to its own Will,
 Or grant a Tyrant Reason leave to kill ;
 Such useful Faculties my Reason shall,
 Govern my subject Sense but not enthrall ;
 Nor shall officious Sense presume to act,
 Till Justice Authorize the Fact.
 That humane Nature is corrupt I grant,
 But was't the Use of Reason, or the want,
 That pufft out the warm breath of Love ? from whence
 Sprung Murder first but from malicious Sense ?
 Which having first usurp'd Queen Reason's Throne,
 Was not contented with one Sin alone,
 But falling headlong plainly shews, alas !
 By too too fatal proof that that which was
 The best, corrupted to the worst does pass.
 Hence the acutest Wits when they are defil'd
 Turn most extravagant, prophane and wild,
 Defend Debaucheries and Sense advance
 To reason Reason out of Countenance,
 Making their Knowledge worse than Ignorance,
 But must Humanity be quite crac'd,
 Because it is from what it was defac'd ?
 Or, must the little Reason Men yet hold,
 For their Improvement, be for Dogs flesh sold ?

Sometimes the Gambler when Misfortune crosses,
 With his last Stake recovers all his Losses;
 He's but a weak Physician who gives o're
 His weaker Patient whom he might restore;
 But may he suffer an eternal Curse,
 That dare prescribe a Remedy that's worse
 Than the Disease itself, when Jowler's lame,
 No one expects that he should catch the Game,
 But that he may hereafter, I am sure
 'Tis best not to cut off his Leg, but cure.
 He that feels Qualms of Conscience in his Breast,
 Let him not barter Reason with a Beast,
 But purge the Guilt with which he is oppress'd.
 That Honesty's against all common Sense
 Is a good Argument for my Defence,
 Since With that thing that hath so great a Fame
 Is inconsistent Sense is much to blame;
 And Reason will (spite of the Rhime and Tide
 Of Ink, Wit and Contempt) more firm abide,
 For having such a Vertue on its side.
 And Valour too takes part with her for Sense,
 As you contrive it puts no Difference
 Between the Valiant that are so for fear,
 And Cowards that would be, but do not dare;
 Reason could ne're invent such a witty thing,
 That one should fight for fear of quarrelling,
 All men you say for Fools or Knaves must go,
 And 'tis a Man himself that calls them so,
 And being Man is at his own Choice free,
 Or in the Rank of Fools or Knaves to be,
 Let him be either, or else none for me.
 But let me, Sir, request before you slip
 Into the Dog, or Bear, or Monky-Ship,
 Whether you think their brutish Form procures
 Any Advantages exceeding yours?
 Both Dog and Bear as well as Man will fight,
 And (to no Purpose too) each other bite;
 And as for Pug all his Vertues lye
 In aping Man the only thing you fly,

The wiser way this Evil to redress
 Is to be what you are, not more nor less.
 That is not Man, Dog, Bear nor Monkey neither,
 But a Rare something of them altogether.

An Epitaph on the D. of G——— By F. S———

I.

Beneath this place
 Is stow'd his Grace
 The Duke of G———
 As sharp a Blade!
 As are was made,
 Or e'er had Haft on.

II.

Mark'd with a Star
 Forg'd for War
 Of Mettle true
 As ever drew
 Or made a Pass
 At Lad or Lads.

III.

This nat'ral Son of Mars
 Ne're hung an Arse
 Or turn'd his Tail
 Tho' shot like Hail.

IV.

Flew 'bout his Ears
 Through Pikes and Spears

So thick they hid the Sun
 He'd boldly lead them on
 More like a Devil than a Man

V.

He valu'd not the Balls of Gun
 He ne're would dread
 Shot made of Lead
 Or Cannon Ball
 Nothing at all.

VI.

Yet a Bullet of Cork
 Soon did his Work
 Unhappy Pellet
 With Grief I tell it
 It has undone
 Great Caesar's Son.
 A Statesman spoil'd
 A Soldier foil'd
 G———rot him
 That shot him,
 A Son of a Whore
 I say no more.

The Iniskilling Regiment.

1.
Will sing in the Praise, if you'll lend but an Ear,
Of the first Royal Regiment, but don't think I jeer,
If I vow and protest they are as brave Men and Willing,
As ever old *Rome* bred; or new *Iniskilling*.

2.
Oh had you but seen them March with that *Decorum*,
That no *Roman* Triumph could e're go before 'em,
Some smoking, some whistling, all meaning no harm;
Like *Yorkshire* Attornies coming up to a Term.

3.
On Bobtails, on Longtails, on Trotters, on Pacers,
On Pads, Hawkers, Hunters, on Higlers, on Racers,
You'd ha' swore Knight and Squires, Prigs, Cuckolds and
Pandors.
Appear'd all like so many great *Alexanders*.

4.
Whose Warriors who thorow all Dangers durst go,
Most bravely despising Blood, Battle and Foe,
Were mounted on Steeds the last Lord Mayor's Day,
From *Turky*, *Spain*, *Barbary*, Coach, Cart and Dray.

5.
'Twas that very day their high Prowess was shown,
In guarding the King thro' the Fire-works o'th' Town;
Tho' Sparks were unhors'd, and their lac'd Coats were spoil'd,
They dreaded no Squibs of Men, Women or Child.

6.
The Cornet whose Nose, though it spoke him no *Roman*,
Was mounted that day on a Horse feared no man,
No Wounds, for all o'er his Trappings so sumptuous,
He had ty'd Squibs and Crackers, 'twas mighty presumptuous.

7.
For note his Design, faith 'tis worth your admiring,
'Twas to let the Queen se how his Horse could stand firing;
Not wisely consid'ring her Majesty's marry'd.
And he had been hang'd if the Queen had miscarry'd.

8.

All Hearts true as Steel, but of all brave Fellows
Th' Attorney for my mony who was so zealous,
He went for the Lease of his own House from home,
To make a new covering for the Troop's Kettle drum.

9.

The Lieutenant being thrown by his Jennet,
His Son in Law fancying some Treachery in it,
Gave the Oaths to the Horse, which the Beast took, they say,
But swore by the Lord they went down like chopt hay.

10.

He the Nag of an *Irish* Papist did buy,
So doubting his Courage and his Loyalty,
He taught him to eat with his Oats Gunpowdero,
And prance to the Tune of *Lilly-bolero*.

11.

The Tub-preaching Saint was so furious a Blade,
In Jack-boots both Day and Night preacht, slept and pray'd,
To call them to prayers he need no Saints Bell,
For gingling his Spurs chim'd them all in as well.

12.

A noble stout Scrivener that now shall be nameless,
That in Day of Battle he might be found blameless,
A War-horse of Wood from *Duck Carver* buys,
To learn with more safety the Horse Exercise.

13.

With one Eye on's Honour, the other on's Gain,
He fixes a Desk on *Bucephalus* Main,
That so by that means he his Prancer bestriding,
Might practise at once both his Writing and Riding.

14.

But oh the sad news which their Joy now confounds,
To *Ireland* their own like the last Trumpet sounds,
Lord, Lord, how this sets them a Writing Petitions,
And thinking of nothing but Terms and Conditions.

15.

Oh, who will March for me, speak any that dare,
A Horse and an Hundred Pounds for him that's fair,
Dear Courtiers excuse me from *Tengland* and Slaughter,
And take which you please, Sir, my Wife or my Daughter.

16. Some

16.
Some feign'd themselves lame, some feign'd themselves clapt,
At last finding all themselves by themselves trappt,
The King most unanimously they addrest,
And told him the Truth, 'twas all but a Jest.

17.
A Jest, quoth the King, and with that the King smil'd,
Come, it ne'er shall be said such a Jest shall be spoil'd,
Therefore I dismiss you, in Peace all depart,
For it was more your Goodwill than my Defect.

18.
Thus happily freed from the dreadful Vexation,
Of being Defenders of this, or that Nation,
They kist Royal Fist, and were drunk all for Joy,
And broke all their Swords, and cry'd *Vive le Roy*.

A Ballad on the Fleet.

A Mighty great Fleet the like was ne'er seen
Since the Reign of K. William and Mary the Q.
Design'd the Destruction of France to have been.
Which no body can deny, &c.

The Fleet was composed of *English* and *Dutch*,
For Men and for Guns there was never seen such,
Nor so little done, when expected so much.
Which, &c.

One hundred Ships which we Capital call,
With Frigots and Tenders, and Yachts that were small,
Went out, and did little or nothing at all.
Which, &c.

160500 and six Lusty Men,
Had they chanc'd to have met with the French Fleet, oh then,
As they beat 'em last Year, so they'd beat 'em again.
Which, &c.

Six thousand great Guns and seventy eight more,
 As good and as great as ever did roar,
 It had been the same thing had they all been ashore,
Which, &c.

But T———now must command them no more,
 We try'd of what Mettle he was made of before,
 It's safer for him on the Land for to whore.
Which, &c.

For a Bullet perhaps from the lowd Cannons Breech,
 Which makes no distinction betwixt poor and rich,
 Instead of his Dog might have taken his Bitch.
Which, &c.

But R———the C———C———R———is chose,
 His fine self and his Fleet to the Sea to expose,
 But he'll have a Care how he meets with his Foes.
Which, &c.

He had Sea-Colonels of the Nature of Otter,
 Which either might serve by Land or by Water,
 But of what they have done we have heard no great matter.
Which, &c.

In the Month of May last they sail'd on the Main,
 And now in September they come back again
 With the loss of some Ships, but in Battle none slain.
Which, &c.

T H E

THE FOREIGNERS.

LONG time had *Israel* been disus'd from Rest,
Long had they been by Tyrants sore oppress'd;
Kings of all sorts they ignorantly crav'd,
And grew more stupid as they were enslav'd:
Yet want of Grace they impiously disown'd,
And still like Slaves beneath the Burden groan'd:
With languid Eyes their Race of Kings they view,
The Bad too many, and the Good too few,
Some rob'd their Houses, and destroy'd their Lives,
Ravish'd their Daughters, and debauch'd their Wives;
Prophan'd the Altars with polluted Loves,
And worshipp'd Idols in the Woods and Groves.

To Foreign Nations next they have recourse;
Striving to mend, they made their State much worse,
They first from *Hebron* all their Plagues did bring,
Cramm'd in the Single Person of a King;
From whose base Loins ten thousand Evils flow,
Which by Succession they must undergo.
Yet sense of Native Freedom still remains,
They fret and grumble underneath their Chains;
Incens'd, enrag'd, their Passion does arise,
Till at his Palace-Gate their Monarch dies.
This Glorious Feat was by the Fathers done,
Whose Children next depos'd his Tyrant Son,
Made him like *Cain*, a murd'rous Wanderer,
Both of his Crimes, and of his Fortunes share.

But still resolv'd to split on Foreign Shelves,
Rather than venture once to trust Themselves.

To Foreign Courts and Councils do resort,
 To find a King their Freedoms to support:
 Of one for mighty Actions fam'd the're told,
 Profoundly Wise, and desperately Bold,
 Skilful in War, Successful still in Fight,
 Had vanquish'd Hosts, and Armies put to flight;
 And when the Storms of War and Battles cease,
 Knew well to steer the Ship of State in Peace.
 Him they approve, approaching to their sight,
 Lov'd by the Gods, of Mankind the Delight.
 The numerous Tribes resort to see him land,
 Cover the Beach, and blacken all the Strand;
 With loud Huzzas they welcome him on shore,
 And for their Blessing do the Gods implore.

The Sanhedrim conven'd, at length debate
 The sad Condition of their drooping State,
 And Sinking Church, just ready now to drown;
 And with one Shout they do the Hero crown.
 Ah Happy *Israel*! had there never come,
 Into his Councils crafty Knaves at home,
 In combination with a Foreign Brood,
 Sworn Foes to *Israel*'s Rights and *Israel*'s Good;
 Who impiously foment intestine Jars,
 Exhaust our Treasure, and prolong our Wars;
 Make *Israel*'s People to themselves a Prey,
 Mislead their King, and steal his Heart away:
 United Interests thus they do divide,
 The State declines by Avarice and Pride.
 Like Beasts of Prey they ravage all the Land,
 Acquire Preferments, and usurp Command.
 The Foreign Inmates the House-keepers spoil,
 And drain the Moisture of our fruitful Soil.
 If to our Monarch there are Honours due,
 Yet what with *Gibeonites* have we to do?
 When Foreign States employ 'em for their Food,
 To draw their Water, and to hew their Wood.
 What Mushroom Honours, does our Soil afford!
 One day a Beggar, and the next a Lord.
 What dastard Souls do *Jewish* Nobles wear!
 The Commons such Affronts would never bear.

Let no Historian the sad Stories tell
Of thy base Sons. O servile *Isael* !
But thou, my Muse, more Generous and Brave,
Shalt their black Crimes from dark Oblivion save.
To future Ages shalt their Sins disclose,
And brand with Infamy thy Nation's Foes.

A Country lies, due East from *Judab's* Shoar,
Where stormy Winds, and noisy Billows roar;
A Land much differing from all other Soils,
Forc'd from the Sea, and buttress'd up with Piles.
No marble Quarries bind the spung Ground,
But Loads of Sand and Cockle-shells are found :
Its Natives void of Honesty and Grace,
A Boorish, Rude, and Inhumane Race ;
From Nature's Excrement their Life is drawn,
Are born in Bogs, and nourish'd up from Spawn.
Their hard-smok'd Beef is their continual Meat,
Which they with Rusk, their luscious Manna, eat ;
Such Food with their chill Stomachs best agrees,
They sing *Hosannab* to a Mare's-milk Cheese.
To supplicate no God, their Lips will move ;
Who speaks in Thunder like Almighty *Jove*,
But watry Deities they do invoke,
Who from the Marshes most Divinely croak.
Their Land, as if ashamed their Crimes to see,
Dives down beneath the Surface of the Sea.
Neptune, the God who does the Seas command,
Ne'er stands on Tip-toe to descry their Land ;
But seated on a Billow of the Sea,
With Ease their humble Marshes does survey.
These are the Vermin do our State molest ;
Eclipse our Glory, and disturb our Rest.

BENTIR in the Inglorious Roll the first,
Bentir to this, and future Ages, curst,
Of mean Descent, yet insolently proud,
Shun'd by the Great, and hated by the Crowd ;
Who neither Blood nor Parentage can boast,
And what he got the *Jewish* Nation lost.
By lavish Grants whole Provinces he gains,
Made forfeit by the *Jewish* Peoples Pains.

Till angry Sanhedrims such Grants resume,
 And from the Peacock take each borrow'd Plume,
 Why should the *Gibeonites* our Land engross,
 And aggrandize their Fortunes with our Loss?
 Let them in foreign States proudly command,
 They have no portion in the Promis'd Land,
 Which immemorially has been decreed
 To be the Birth-right of the *Jewish* Seed.
 How ill does *Bantir* in the Head appear
 Of Warriours, who do *Jewish* Ensigns bear,
 By such we're grown e'en scandalous in War.
 Our Fathers Trophies were, and oft could tell,
 How by their Swords the mighty Thousands fell;
 What mighty Deeds our Grandfathers had done,
 What Battels fought, what Wreaths of Honour won.
 Thro the extended Orb they purchas'd Fame,
 The Nations trembling at their Awful Name;
 Such wondrous Heroes our Fore-fathers were,
 When we, base Soul! but Pigmies are in War.
 By Foreign Chieftains we improve in Skill;
 We learn how to intrench, not how to kill.
 For all our Charge are good Proficients made,
 In using both the Pickax and the Spade.
 But in what Field have we a Conquest wrought?
 In Ten Years War what Battle have we fought?
 If we a Foreign Slave may use in War,
 Yet why in Council should that Slave appear?
 If we with *Jewish* Treasure make him great,
 Must it be done to undermine the State?
 Where are the Ancient Sages of Renown?
 No *Magi* left, fit to advise the Crown?
 Must we by Foreign Councils be undone?
 Unhappy *Israel*, who such Measures takes.
 And seeks for Statesmen in the Bogs and Lakes:
 Who speak the Language of most abject Slaves,
 Under the Conduct of our *Jewish* Knaves.
 Our *Hebrew's* murderer in their hoarser Throats;
 How ill their Tongues agree with *Jewish* Notes!
 Their untun'd Prattle does our Sense confound,
 Which in our Princely Palaces does sound.

The self-same Language the old Serpent spoke,
 When misbelieving *Eve* the Apple took:
 Of our first Mother why are we asham'd,
 When by the self same Rhetorick we are damn'd?

But *Bentir*, not content with such Command,
 To canton out the *Jewish* Nations Land;
 He does extend to other Coasts his Pride,
 And other Kingdoms into parts divide.
 Unhappy *Hiram*! dismal is thy Song;
 Tho' born to Empire, thou art very young!
 Ever in Nonage, canst no Right transfer:
 But who made *Bentir* thy Executor?
 What mighty Power does *Israel's* Land afford?
 What Power has made the famous *Bentir* Lord?
 The Peoples Voice, and *Sanhedrim's* Accord.
 Are not the Rights of People still the same?
 Did they e'er differ in or Place or Name?
 Have not Mankind on equal Terms still stood,
 Without Distinction, since the mighty Flood?
 And have not *Hiram's* Subjects a free Choice,
 To chuse a King by their united Voice?
 If *Israel's* People cou'd a Monarch chuse,
 A living King at the same time refuse;
 That *Hiram's* People, shall it e'er be said,
 Have not the Right of Choice when he is dead?
 When no Successor to the Crown's in sight,
 The Crown is certainly the Peoples Right,
 If Kings are made the People to enthral,
 We had much better have no King at all;
 But Kings, appointed for the Common Good,
 Always as Guardians to their People stood.
 And Heaven allows the People sure a Power,
 To chuse such Kings as shall not them devour:
 They know full well what best will serve themselves,
 How to avoid the dangerous Rocks and Shelves.
 Unthinking *Israel*! Ah, henceforth beware
 How you entrust this faithful Wanderer!

He

He, who another Kingdom can divide,
 May set your Constitution soon aside,
 And o're your Liberties in Triumph ride.
 Support your Rightful Monarch, and his Crown,
 But pull this proud, this croaking Mortal down.

Proceed, my Muse ; the Story next relate
 Of *Kepech*, the Imperious Chit of State,
 Mounted to Grandeur by the usual Course
 Of Whoring, Pimping, or a Crime that's worse ;
 Of Foreign Birth, and undescended too,
 Yet he, like *Bastir*, mighty Feats can do.
 He robs our Treasure to augment his State,
 And *Jewish* Nobles on his Fortunes wait :
 Our ravish'd Honours on his Shoulder wears,
 And Titles from our Antient Rolls he tears.
 Was e'er a prudent People thus befooled,
 By upstart Foreigners thus basely gull'd ?
 Ye *Jewish* Nobles, boast no more your Race,
 Or sacred Badges did your Fathers grace !
 In vain is Blood, or Parentages, when
 Ribbons and Garters can ennoble Men,
 To Chivalry you need have no recourse,
 The gawdy Trappings make the Ass a Horse.
 No more, no more your Antient Honours own
 By slavish *Gibeonites* you are outdone :
 Or else your Antient Courage re-assume,
 And to assert your Honours once presume ;
 From off their Heads your ravish'd Lawrels tear,
 And let them know what *Jewish* Nobles are.

The True Born English-man.

To the Reader.

THE End of Satyr is Reformation ; And the Author, tho' he doubts the Work of Conversion is at a General Stop, has put his Hand to the Plow.

I expect a Storm of Ill Language from the Fury of the Town, and especially from those whose *English* Talent is to Rail ; and without being taken for a Conjuror, I may venture to foretel, That I shall be cavil'd at about my *Mean Stile, Rough Verse, and Incorrect Language* ; things I might, indeed, have taken more care in. But the Book is Printed ; and tho' I see some Faults, 'tis too late to mend them : And this is all I think needful to say to them.

Possibly somebody may take me for a *Dutchman*, in which they are mistaken : But I am one that would be glad to see *English-men* behave themselves better to Strangers, and to Governors also ; that one might not be reproach'd in Foreign Countries for belonging to a *Nation that wants Manners*.

I assure you, *Gentlemen*, Strangers use us better abroad, and we can give no reason but our Ill-Nature for the contrary here.

Methinks an *English-man*, who is so proud of being call'd *A Good Fellow*, shou'd be Civil : And it cannot be denied but we are in many Cases, and particularly to Strangers, the Churlishest People alive.

As to Vices, who can dispute our *Intemperance*, whilst an *Honest Drunken Fellow* is a Character in a
Man's

Mans Praise ? All our Reformations are Banted and will be so, till our Magistrates and Gentry reform themselves by way of Example ; then, and not till then, they may be expected to punish others without Blushing.

As to our *Ingratitude*, I desire to be understood of that particular People, who pretending to be Protestants, have all along endeavour'd to reduce the Liberties, and Religion of this Nation, into the Hands of King *James*, and his Popish Powers: Together with such who enjoy the Peace and Protection of the present Government, and yet abuse and affront the King who procur'd it, and openly profess their Uneasiness under him: These, by whatsoever Names or Titles they are dignified, or distinguish'd, are the People aim'd at. Nor do I disown, but that it is so much the Temper of an *English-man* to abuse his Benefactor, that I could be glad to see it rectified.

They who think I have been guilty of any Error, in exposing the Crimes of my own Countrymen to themselves, may among many honest Instances of the like nature, find the same thing in Mr. *Cowly*, in his Imitation of the second Olympick Ode of *Pindar* : His words are these ;

*But in this Thankless World the Givers
Are env'y'd even by th' Receivers.
'Tis now the Cheap and Frugal Fashion,
Rather to hide then pay an Obligation.
Nay, 'tis much worse then so ;
It now an Artifice doth grow,
Wrongs and Outrages to do,
Lest Men should think we Owe.*

The Introduction.

Speak, Satyr; for their's none can tell like thee,
 Whether 'tis Folly, Pride, or Knavery,
 That makes this discontented Land appear
 Less happy now in Times of Peace, than War:
 Why Civil Feuds disturb the Nation more
 Than all our Bloody Wars have done before.

Fools out of Favour grudge at Knaves in Place,
And Men are always honest in Disgrace:
 The Court Preferments make Men Knaves in course:
 But they who would be in them would be worse:

'Tis not at Foreigners that we repine,
 Wou'd Foreigners their Perquisites resign;
 The Grand Contention's plainly to be seen,
 To get some Men put out, and some put in,
 For this our S——rs make long Harangues,
 And florid M——rs whet their polish'd Tongues.

Statesmen are always sick of one Disease;
And a good Pension gives them present Ease.
 That's, the Specifick makes them all content
 With any King and any Government.

Good Patriots at Court-Abuses rail,
 And all the Nation's Grievances bewail;
 But when the Sov'reign Balsam's once apply'd,
 The Zealot never fails to change his Side;
 And when he must the Golden Key resign,
 The Railing Spirit comes about again.

Who shall this Babb'd Nation disabuse,
While they their own Felicities refuse?
 Who at the Wars have made such mighty potter,
 And now are falling out with one another;
 With needless Fears the Jealous Nation fill,
And always have been saw'd against their Will;
 Who fifty Millions Sterling have disburs'd,
 To be with Peace and too much plenty curs'd;

Who

Who their Old Monarch eagerly undo;
 And yet uneasily obey the New.
 Search, *Satyr*, search; a deep Incision make;
 The Poison's strong, the Antidote's too weak.
 'Tis pointed Truth must manage this Dispute;
 And down-right English *Englishmen* confute.

What thy just Anger at the Nation's Pride;
 And with keen Phrase repel the Vicious Tide.
 To *Englishmen* their own beginnings show,
 And ask them why they slight their Neighbours so.
 Go back to elder Times, and Ages past,
 And Nations into long Oblivion cast;
 To old *Britannia's* Youthful Days retire,
 And there for *True-Born Englishmen* enquire.
Britannia freely will disown the Name,
 And hardly knows her self from whence they came:
 Wonders that They of all Men shou'd pretend,
 To *Birth* and *Blood*, and for a Name contend.
 Go back to Causes where our Follies dwell,
 And fetch the dark Original from Hell:
 Speak, *Satyr*, for ther's none like thee can tell.

The True-Born Englishman.

PART I.

WHere ever God erects a House of Prayer,
 The Devils always builds a Chappel there:
 And 'twill be found upon Examination,
 The latter has the largest Congregation:
 For ever since he first debauch'd the Mind,
 He made a perfect Conquest of Mankind,
 With Uniformity of Service, he
 Reigns with a general Aristocracy,
 No Nonconforming Sects disturb his Reign;
 For of his Yoke there's very few Complain.

He knows the Genius and the Inclination,
 And matches proper Sins for ev'ry Nation.
 He needs no Standing Army Government;
He always Rules us by own Consent :
 His Laws are easie, and his gentle Sway
 Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey.
 The List of his Vice-gerents and Commanders,
 Out-does your *Cæsars*, or your *Alexanders*.
 They never fail of his Infernal Aid,
 And he's as certain ne'er to be betray'd.
 Thro' all the World they spread his vast Command;
 And Death's Eternal Empire is maintain'd.
 They rule so politickly, and so well,
 As if they were L—————J————— of Hell.
 Duly divided to debauch Mankind,
 And plant Infernal Dictates in his Mind.
Pride, the first Peer, and President of Hell,
 To his share *Spain*, the largest Province fell
 The subtile Prince thought fittest to bestow
 On these the Golden Mines of *Mexico*;
 With all the Silver Mountains of *Peru*;
Wealth which would in wise hands the World undo
 Because he knew their Genius was such :
 Too Lazy, and too Haughty to be Rich.
 So proud a People, so above their Fate,
 That if reduc'd to beg, they'll beg in State,
 Lavish of Money, to be counted Brave,
 And proudly starve, because they scorn to save.
 Never was Nation in the World before,
 So very Rich, and yet so very Poor.
Lust chose the Torrid Zone of *Italy*,
 Where Blood ferments in Rapes and Sodomy:
 Where swelling Veins o'erflow with livid Streams,
 With Heat impregnate from *Vesuvian* Flames:
 Whose flowing Sulphur forms Infernal Lakes,
 And human Body of the Soil partakes.
 There Nature ever burns with hot Desires,
 Fann'd with Luxuriant Air from Subterranean Fires:
 Here undisturb'd in Floods of scalding Lust,
 Th' Infernal King reigns with Infernal Gust.

Drunk'nnels, the Darling Favorite of Hell;
 Chose *Germany* to Rule; and Rules so well,
 No Subjects more obsequiously obey,
 None please so well, or are so pleas'd, as they:
 The cunning Artist manages so well,
 He lets them bow to Heav'n, and drink to Hell.
 If but to Wine and him they Homage pay,
 He cares not to what Deity they pray,
 What God they worship most, or in what way:
 Whether by *Luther*, *Calvin*, or by *Rome*.
 They sail for Heav'n, by Wind he steers them home
 Ungover'd passion settled first in *France*,
 Where Mankind lives in Hast, and thrives by chance
 A *Dancing Nation*, Fickle and Untrue:
 Have oft undone themselves, and others too:
 Prompt the Infernal Dictates to obey,
 And in Hell's Favour none more great than they.
 The *Pagan* World he blindly leads away,
 And personally rules with Arbitrary Sway:
 The Mask thrown off, *Plain Devil* his Title stands:
 And what elsewhere he Tempts, be there Commands:
 There with full Gust th' Ambition of his Mind
 Governs, as he of old in Heav'n design'd.
 Worship'd as God, his *Painim Altar* smoak,
 Embru'd with Blood of those that him invoke.
 The rest by Deputies he rules as well,
 And plants the distant Colonies of Hell.
 By them his secret Power he maintains,
 And binds the World in his Infernal Chains.
 By Zeal the *Irish*; and the *Rush* by Folly
 Enry the *Dane*: The *Swede* by Melancholy
 By stupid Ignorance, the *Muscovite*:
 The *Chinese* by a Child of Hell, call'd Wit;
 Wealth makes the *Persian* too Effeminate:
 And Poverty the *Tartars* Desperate:
 The *Turks* and *Moors* by *Mab'met* he subdues;
 And God has giv'n him leave to rule the *Jews*:
 Rage rules the *Portuguse*, and Fraude the *Scotch*,
 Revenge the *Pole*, and Avarice the *Dutch*.

Satyr be kind, and draw a silent Veil,
 Thy Native England's Vices to conceal:
 Or if that Task's impossible to do,
 At least be just, and show her Vertues too;
Too Great the first, Alas! the last too Few.
 England unknown as yet, unpeopled lay;
 Happy had she remain'd so to this day,
 And not to every Nation been a Prey.
 Her open Harbours, and her Fertile Plains,
 The Merchants Glory these, and those the Swains,
 To ev'ry Barbarous Nation have betray'd her,
 Who Conquer her as oft as they Invade her.
So beauty guarded but by Innocence,
That ruins her which should be her Defence.
 Ingratitude, a Devil of Black Renown,
 Possess'd her very early for his own.
 An Ugly, Surly, Sullen, Selfish Spirit,
Who Satan's worst Perfections does Inherit:
 Second to him in Malice and in Force,
All Devil without, and all within him Worse.
 He made her First-born Race to be so rude,
 And suffer'd her to be so oft subdu'd:
 By sev'ral Crowds of wandring Thieves o'er-run,
 Often unpeopl'd, and as oft undone.
 While ev'ry Nation that her Powers reduc'd,
 Their Languages and Manners introduc'd;
 From whole mix'd Relicks our compounded Breed,
 By Spurious Generation does succeed;
 Making a Race uncertain and unev'n,
 Deriv'd from all the Nations under Heav'n.
 The Romans first with *Julius Cæsar* came,
 Including all the Nations of that Name,
Gauls, Greeks, and Lombards; and by Computation,
 Auxiliaries, or Slaves of every Nation.
 With *Hengish, Saxons; Danes,* with *Sueno* came,
 In search of Plunder, not in search of Fame.
Scots, Picts and Irish from the *Hibernian* Shore:
 And Conq'ring *William* brought the *Normans* o'er.
 All these their brabarous Off-spring left behind,
 The Dregs of Armies, they of all Mankind:

Blended with *Britons* who before were here,
Of whom the *Welsh* ha' blest the Character.

From this Amphibious Ill-born Mob began
That vain ill-natur'd thing, an Englishman.
The Customs, Sir-names, Languages, and Manners,
Of all these Nations are their own Explainers:
Whose Relicks are so lasting and so strong,
They've left a *Shibboleth* upon our Tongue;
By which with easy search you may distinguish
Your *Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman* English.

The great invading* *Norman* let us know * *Wm. the 1st.*
What Conquerors in after-Times might do. *Conq.*
To ev'ry * *Musqueteer* he brought to Town, * *Or Archer.*
He gave the Lands which never were his own.
When first the *English* Crown he did obtain,
He did not send his *Dutchmen* home again.
No Re-assumptions in his reign were known,
D' Avenant might there ha' let his Book alone.
No Parliament his Army cou'd disband:
He rais'd no Money, for he paid in Land.
He gave his Legions there Eternal Station,
And made them all Freeholders of the Nation.
He Canton'd out the Country to his Men,
And ev'ry Soldier was a Denizen.
The Rascals thus enrich'd he call'd them *Lords*,
To please their upstart Pride with new made words,
And *Doomsday Book* his Tyranny records.

And here begins our Antient Pedigree,
That so exalts our poor Nobility:
'Tis that from some *French* Trooper they derive,
Who with the *Norman* Bastard did arrive:
The Trophies of the Families appear;
Some show the Sword, the Bow, and some the Spear,
Which their Great Ancestor, *forsooth*, did wear.
These in the Heralds Register remain,
Their Noble mean Extraction to explain.
Yet who the Heroe was, no man can tell,
Whether a Drummer or a Colonel:
The silent Record blushes to reveal
Their Undescended Dark Original.

But grant the best, How came the Change to pass ;

A *True-born Englishman* of *Norman* Race ?

A *Turkish* Horse can show more History,

To prove his Well descended Family.

Conquest, as by the * *Moderns* 'tis express Dr. Sherl.

May give a Title to the Lands possess : de Facto.

But that the Longest Sword thou'd be so Civil,

To make a *Frenchman* *English*, that's the Divil.

These are the Heroes, that despise the *Dutch*,

And rail at new-come Foreigners so much ;

Forgetting that themselves are all deriv'd

From the most Scoundrel Race that ever liv'd :

A horrid Croud of Rambling Thieves and Drones,

Who ransack'd Kingdoms, and dispeopled Towns.

The *Pist* and Painted *Briton*, Treach'rus *Scot*,

By Hunger, Theft, and Rapine, hither brought :

Norwegian Pirates, Buccaneering *Danes*,

Whose Red-hair'd Off-spring ev'ry where remains :

Who join'd with *Norman-French*, compound the Breed,

From whence your *True-born Englishmen* proceed.

And lest by Length of Time it be pretended,

The Climate may this Modern Breed ha' mended :

Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,

Mixes us daily with exceeding Care :

We have been *Europe's* Sink, the *Jakes* where she

Voids all her Offal Out-cast Progeny.

From our Fifth *Henry's* time, the Strolling Bands

Of banish'd Fugitives from neighb'ring Lands,

Have here a certain Sanctuary found,

Th' Eternal refuge of the Vagabond :

Where in but half a common Age of Time,

Borr'wing new Blood, and Manners from the Clime,

Proudly they learn all Mankind to contemn,

And all their Race are *True-born-Englishmen*.

Dutch, Walloons, Flemings, Irishmen and Scots,

Vandois and Valvolins and Hugonots,

In good Queen *Be's* Charitable Reign,

Supply'd us with three hundred thousand Men.

Religion, God, we thank thee, sent them hither,

Priests, Protestants, the Devil, and all together :

Of all Professions, and of ev'ry Trade,
 All that were persecuted, or afraid;
 Whether for Debt, or other Crimes, they fled,
David at Hackelab was still their Head.

The Off-spring of this Miscellaneous Crowd
 Had not their new Plantations long enjoy'd,
 But they grew *Englishmen*, and rais'd their Votes,
 At Foreign Shoals for *Interloping Scots*.

The || Royal Branch from *Pictland* did succeed, || K. *Ja*
 With Troops of *Scots* and Scabs from *North-by-Tweed*.

The Seven first Years of his Pacifick Reign
 Made him, and half his Nation, *Englishmen*.

Scots from the *Northen* Frozen Banks of *Tay*,
 With Packs and Plods came *Whigging* all away:
 Thick as the Locusts which in *Egypt* swarm'd,
 With Pride and hungry Hopes compleatly arm'd;
 With native *Truth*, *Diseases*, and no *Money*,
 Plunder'd our *Canaan* of the Milk and Honey.
 Here they grew quickly Lords and Gentlemen,
 And all their Race are *True-Born Englishmen*.

The Civil Wars, the common Purgative,
 Which always use to make the Nation thrive,
 Made way for all that stroling Congregation,
 Which throng'd in Pious *Ch—s's* Restoration.
 The *Royal Refugee* our Breed restores,
 With *Foreign Courtiers*, and with *Foreign Whores*:
 And carefully repeopled us again,

Throughout the Lazy, Long, Lascivious Reign,
 With such a blest and True-born *English Fry*,
 As much Illustrates our Nobility,

A Gratitude which will so black appear,
 As future Ages must abhor to hear:

When they look back on all that Crimson Flood,
 Which stream'd in *Lindsey's* and *Carnarvan's* Blood:
 Bold *Strafford*, *Cambridge*, *Capel*, *Lucas*, *Lisle*,
 Who crown'd in Death his Father's Fun'ral Pile.
 The Loss of whom, in order to supply,
 With a *True-born English N———ty*.

ix Bastard Duke survive his Luscious Reign,
 The Labours of *Italian C——n*
French, P——b, Tabby S——t, and *Cambrian*:
 Besides the Num'rous Bright and Virgin Throng,
 Whose Female Glories shade them from my Song.

This Off-spring, if one Age they multiply,
 May half the House with *English* Peers supply:
 There with true *English* Pride they may contemn
——g and *P——d*, new-made Noblemen.

French Cooks, *Scotch* Pedlars, and *Italian* Whores,
 Were all made *L——ds*, or *L——ds* Progenitors,
 Beggars and Bastards by this new Creation,
 Much multiply'd the *L——ge* of the Nation;
 Who will be all, e're one short Age runs o'er,
 As *True-Born L——ds* as those we had before.

Then to recruit the Commons he prepares,
 And heals the Latent Breaches of the Wars;
 The pious Purpose better to advance,
 H' invites the banish'd Protestants of *France*:
 Hither for God's-sake and their own they fled,
 Some for Religion came, and some for Bread:
 Two hundred thousand Pair of wooden Shooes,
 Who, God be thank'd, had nothing left to lose,
 To Heav'n's great Praise did for Religion fly,
 To make us ~~like~~ our Poor in Charity,
 In ev'ry Port they plant their fruitful Train,
 To get a Race of *True-born* Englishmen:
 Whose Children will, when Riper Years they see,
 Be as Ill-natur'd, and as Proud as we:
 Call themselves *English*, Foreigners despise,
 Be Surly like us all, and just as Wise.

Thus from a Mixture of all Kinds began
 That Her'ogeneous Thing, *An Englishman*:
 In eager Rapes, and furious Lust begot,
 Betwixt a Painted Briton and a Scot:
 Whose gend'ring Off-spring quickly learn'd to Bow,
 And yoke their Hefers to the *Roman* Plough:
 From whence a Mongrel half-bred Race there came,
 With neither Name, nor Nation, Speech or Fame:
 In whose hot Veins new Mixtures quickly ran,

Infus'd betwixt a *Saxon* and a *Dane*.
 While their Rank Daughters, to their Parents just,
 Receiv'd all Nations with promiscuous Lust.
 This Naufous Brood directly did contain,
 The well extracted Blood of *Englishmen*.

Which Medly canon'd in a Hierarchy,
 A Rapsody of Nations to supply,
 Among themselves maintain'd eternal Wars,
 And still the Ladies lov'd the Conquerors.

The *Western* Angels all the rest subdu'd;
 A Bloody Nation, barbarous and rude:
 Who by the *Tenure* of the Sword possess
 One part of *Britain*, and subdu'd the rest.
 And as great things denominate the small,
 The Conqu'ring part gave *Title* to the Whole.
 The *Scot*, *Pict*, *Britain*, *Roman*, *Dane* submit,
 And with the *Englisch-Saxon* all Unite:
 And these the Mixture have so close pursu'd,
 The very Name and Memory's subdu'd:

No *Roman* now, no *Britain* does remain.
Wales strove to seperate, but strove in vain:
 The silent Nations undistinguish'd fall.

And *Englishman's* the common Name for all.
 Fate jumbld them together, *God knows how*;
 What e'er they were, they'er *True-born English now*;

The Wonder which remains is at our Bride,
 To value that which all wise Men deride.

For *Englishmen* to boast of Generation,
 Chancels their Knowledge, and lampoons the Nation.
 A *True-born Englishman's* a Contradiction,
 In Speech an Irony, in Fact a Fiction.

A Banter made to be a Test of Fools,
 Which those that use it justly ridicules:

A Metaphor invented to express
 A Man *a-kin* to all the Universe.

For as the *Scots*, as Learn'd Men ha' said,
 Throughout the World their wand'ring Seed have
 Spoon-handed *England* 'tis believ'd (spread;
 Has all the Gl'nings of the World receiv'd.
 Some think of *England*, 'twas our Saviour ment,

The Gospel should to all the World be sent:
 Since when the blessed Sound did hither reach,
 They to all Nations may be said to preach.

'Tis well this Vertue gives Nobility,
 How shall we else the want of Birth and Blood sup-
 Since scarce one Family is left alive (ply?
 Which does not from some Forigner derive.

Of sixty thousand English Gentleman,
 Whose Names and Arms in Registers remain,
 We challenge all our Heralds to declare

Ten Families which English-Saxons are,
 France justly boasts the Antient Noble Line,
 Of Bourboon, Montmorency, and Lorain.

The Germans too their House of Austria show,
 And Holland their Invincible Nassau.

Lines which in Heraldry were Antient grown.
 Before the Name of Englishman was known.

Even Scotland too her Elder Glories shows,
 Her Gourdots, Hamiltons, and her Monroes;
 Douglas, Mackays, and Grabhams, Names well known,
 Long before Antient England knew her own.

But England, Modern to the last degree,
 Borrows, or makes her own Nobility,
 And yet she boldly boasts of Pedigree.

Repines that Foreigners are put upon her,
 And talks of her Antiquity and Honour;

Her S——lls, S——ls, C——ls, De——M——rs,
 M——ns—— and M——nes, D——s and V——rs

Not one have English Names, yet all are English Peers.

Your H——ns, P——llons, and L——liers,

And make good Senate-Members, or Lord-Mayors.

Pass now for True-born-English Knights and Squires,
 Wealth, howsoever got, it England makes

Lords of Mechanicks, Gentlemen of Rakes:

Antiquity and Birth are needless here;

'Tis Impudence and Money makes a P——r.

Innumerable City Knights we know,
 From Blewcoat-Hospitals and Bridewell flow.

Draymen and Porters fill the City Chair,

And Foot-boys Magisterial Purple were.

Fate has but very small Distinction set
 Betwixt the *Counter*, and the *Coronet*.
Tarpaulin *L—ds*, Pages of high Renown,
 Rise up by Poor Mens Valour, not their own:
 Great Families of Yesterday we show,
 And Lords, whose Parents were *the Lord knows who*

The True-Born Englishman.

P A R T II.

THE Breed's describ'd: Now, *Satyr*, if you can,
 Their Temper show, for *Manners make the Man*.
 Fierce, as the *Britain*; as the *Roman*, Brave;
 And less inclin'd to Conquer, than to Save;
 Eager to Fight, and lavish of their Blood;
 And equally of *Fear and Forecast* void.
 The *Pict* has made 'em Sour, the *Dane* Morose:
 False from the *Scot*, and from the *Norman* worse.
 What Honesty they have, the *Saxon* gave them,
 And That, now they grow old, begins to leave them.
 The Climate makes them Terrible and Bold;
 And *English* Beef their Courage does uphold:
 No Danger can their Daring Spirit pall,
 Always provided that thir Belly's full.

In close Intrigues their Faculty's but weak,
 For gen'rally whate'er they know they speak:
 And often their own Councils undermine,
 By their Infirmary, and not Design;
 From whence the Learned say it can proceed:
 That *English* Treasons never can succeed,
 For they're so open-hearted, you may know
 Their own most secret Thoughts, and others too.

The Lab'ring Poor, in spite of Double Pay,
 Are Sawcy, Mutinous, and Beggarly;

lavish of their Money, and their Time,
 at want of Fore-cast is the Nation's Crime.
 A good drunken Company is their Delight ;
 and what they get by Day, they spend by Night.
 All thinking seldom does their Heads engage,
they drink their Youth away, and Hurry on old Age.
 Empty of all good Husbandry and Sense ;
 and void of Manners most, when void of Pence.
 Their strong aversion to Behaviour's such,
 they always talk too little, or too much.
 dull, they never take the pains to think :
 and seldom are good natur'd *but in Drink.*
 In *English* Ale their dear Enjoyment lies,
 for which they'll starve themselves and Families.
 An *Englishman* will fairly drink as much,
 as will maintain two Families of *Dutch* ;
 subjecting all their Labour to their Pots,
the greatest Artists are the greatest Sots.

The Country poor do by Example live.
 The Gentry lead them, and the Clergy drive ;
 What may we not from such Examples hope ?
The Landlord is their God, the Priest their Pope.
 A Drunken Clergy, and a Swearing Bench,
 has giv'n the Reformation such a Drench,
 as wise Men think there is a cause to doubt,
Will purge good Manners and Religion out.

Nor do the Poor alone their Liquor prize,
 The Sages joyn in this great Sacrifice,
 The Learned Men who study *Aristotle*,
 Correct him with an Explanation Bottle ;
 praise *Epicurus* rather than *Lisander*,
 And * *Aristippus* more than *Alexander*, * The Drunkards
 The Doctors too their *Galen* here resign, Name for *Canary*.
 And generally prescribe *Spicifick Wine*.
 The Graduates Study's grown an easier Task,
 While for the *Urinal* they tossthe *Flask*.
 The Surgeon's Art grows plainer ev'ry Hour,
 And Wine's the Balm, which into Wounds they pour.
 Poets long since *Parnassus* have forsaken,
 And say the Antient Bards were all mistaken.

Apollō's lately abdicate and fled,
 And good King *Bacchus* governs in his stead,
 He does the Chaos of the Head refine,
And Atom Thoughts jump into Words by Wine :
 The Inspiration's of a finer Nature ;
 As Wine must needs excel *Parnassus* Water.

Statesmen their weighty Politicks refine,
 And Soldiers raise their Courages by Wine :
Cæcilia gives her Choristers their Choice,
 And let them all drink Wine to clear their Voice.

Some think the Clergy first found out the way,
'And Wine's the only Spirit by which they Pray.
 But others, less profane than so, agree,
 It clears the Lungs, and helps the Memory ;
 And therefore all of them Divinely think,
 Instead of Study, 'tis as well to Drink.

And here I would be very glad to know,
 Whether our *Asgilities* may drink or no.
 Th' Enlightning Fumes of Wine would certainly
 Assist them much *when they begin to fly :*
 Or if a Fiery Chariot shou'd appear,
 Inflam'd by Wine they have the less to fear.

Even the Gods themselves as Mortals say,
 Were they on Earth, wou'd be as drunk as they :
Nectar would be no more Celestial Drink,
 They'd all take *Wine*, to teach them how to think.
 But *English* Drunkards, Gods and Men out-do,
 Drink their Estate away, and Senses too.
Colon's in Debt, and if his Friends should fail
 To help him out, must die at last in Goal ;
 His *Wealthy Uncle* sent a Hundred Nobles,
 To pay his trifles off, and rid him of his Troubles ;
 But *Colon* like a *True-Born Englishman*,
 Drank all the Money out in bright *Champain* ;
 And *Colon* does in Custody remain,
Drunk'ness has been the Darling of this Realm,
E'er since a Drunken Pilot had the Helm.

In their Religion they are so unev'n,
 That each Man goes his own *By-way to Heaven.*

acious of Mistakes to that degree,
 at ev'ry Man pursues it separately,
 and fancies none can find the way but he:
 shy of one another they are grown,
 if they strove to get to Heav'n alone,
 rid and Zealous, Positive and Grave,
 and ev'ry Grace, but Charity, they have:
 his makes them so ill-natur'd and Uncivil,
 at all men think an *Englishman* the Devil.
 Surly to Strangers, Froward to their Friend;
 submit to Love with a reluctant Mind,
 resolv'd to be Ungrateful and Unkind.
 by Necessity reduc'd to ask,
 he Giver has the difficultest Task:
 or what's bestow'd they awkwardly receive,
 and always take less freely than they give.
 he Obligation is their highest Grief,
 And never love, where they accept Relief.
 so Sullen in their Sorrows, that 'tis known,
 they'll rather die than their Afflictions own:
 And if reliev'd, it is too often true,
 That they'll abuse their Benefactors too.
 For in Distress their Haughty Stomach's such,
 They hate to see themselves oblig'd too much.
 Seldom contented, often in the Wrong;
 Hard to be Pleas'd at all, and never long.
 If your Mistakes their ill-Opinion gain,
 No Merit can their Favour re-obtain:
 And if they're not Vindictive in their Fury,
 'Tis their Unconstant Temper does secure ye;
 Their Brain's so cool, their Passion seldom burns;
 For all's condens'd before the Flame returns:
 The Fermentation's of so weak a Matter,
 The Humid damps the fume, and run's it all to Water.
 So tho' the Inclination may be strong,
 They're pleas'd by fits, and never angry long.
 Then if good Nature shows some slender Proof,
 They never think they have reward enough:
 But like our *Modern Quakers* of the Town,
 Expect your Manners and return you none,

Friendship, th' abstracted Union of the Mind,
Which all Men seek, but very few can find ;
Of all the Nations in the Universe,
None talk on't more, or understand it less :
For if it does their Property annoy,
Their Property their Friendship will destroy.

As you discourse them, you shall hear them tell
All thinks in which they think they do excel :
No Panegyrick needs their Praise record ;
An Englishman ne'er wants his own good Word.
His long Discourses gen'rally appear
Prolong'd with his own wond'rous Character,
But to illustrate first his own good Name,
He never fails his Neighbour to defame.
And yet he really designs no wrong ;
His Malice goes no further than his Tongue.
But pleas'd to Tattle, he delights to Rail,
To satisfy the Letch'ry of a Tale.
His own dear Praises close the ample Speech,
Tells you how Wise he is, *that is, how Rich* :
For Wealth is Wisdom ; he that's Rich is Wise ;
And all Men Learned Poverty despise.
His Generosity comes next, and then
Concludes that he's a *True Born Englishman* ;
And they 'tis known, are Generous and Free,
Forgetting, and forgiving Injury :
Which may be true, this rightly understood,
Forgiving Ill turns, and forgetting Good.

Chearful in Labour when they've undertook it,
But out of Humour when they're out of Pocket.
But if their Belly and their Pocket's full,
They may be Phlegmatick, but never Dull.
And if a Bottle does their Brains refine,
It makes their Wit as sparkling as the Wine.

As for the general Vices which we find
They're guilty of in common with Mankind.
Satyr, forbear, and silently endure ;
We must conceal the Crimes we cannot cure.
Nor shall my Verse the Brighter Sex defame :
For *English Beauty* will preserve her Name.

ond dispute, Agreeable and fair;
 d Modest than other Nations are:
 where the Vice prevails, the great Temptation
 want of Money more than Inclination.
general, this only is allow'd,
you're something Noisy, and a little Proud.
 An *Englishman* is gentlest in Command,
 obedience is a Stranger in the Land:
 rdly subjected to the Magistrate,
Englishmen do all Subjection hate.
 humblest when rich, but peevish when they're poor;
 and think whate'er they have, they merit more.
 The meanest *English* Plow-man studies Law,
 and keeps thereby the Magistrates in Awe;
 ill boldly tell them what they ought to do,
 and sometimes punish their Omissions too.
 Their Liberty and Property's so dear,
 they scorn their Laws or Governours to fear:
 bugbear'd with the Name of Slavery,
 they can't submit to their own Liberty.
Restraint from Ill, is Freedom to the Wise;
but Englishmen do all Restraint despise.
 aves to the Liquor, Drudges to the Pots,
the Mob are Statesmen, and their Statesmen Sots.
 Their Governors they count such dangerous things,
 that 'tis their Custom to affront their Kings:
 o jealous of the Power their Kings possess'd,
 they suffer neither Power nor Kings to rest.
 he Bad with Force they eagerly subdue;
 he Good with constant Clamours they pursue:
And did King Jesus reign, they'd murmur too.
 a discontented Nation, and by far
harder to rule in Times of Peace than War:
 easily set together by the Ears,
 and full of causeless Jealousies and Fears:
 pt to revolt, and willing to rebel,
And never are contented when they're well:
 No Government cou'd ever please them long,
 You'd tie their Hands, or rectify their Tongue.

*In this to Ancient Israel well compar'd,
Eternal Murmurs are among them heard.*

It was but lately that they were oppress'd,
Their Rights invaded, and their Laws suppress'd:
When nicely tender of their Liberty,
Lord, what a Noise they made of Slavery!
In daily Tumults show'd their Discontent;
Lampoon'd their King, and mock'd his Government
And if in Arms they did not first appear,
'Twas wont of Force, and not for want of Fear.
In humbler Tone then *English* us'd to do.
At Foreign Hands for Foreign Aid they sue.

William, the Great Successor of Nassau,
Their Prayers heard, and their Oppressions saw:
He saw and sav'd them: God and Him they praise
To this their Thanks, to that their Trophies rais'd.
But glutted with their own Felicities,
They soon their New Deliverer despise;
Say all their Prayers-back, their Joy disown,
Unsing their Thanks, and pull their Trophies down
Their Harps of Praise are on the Willows hung;
For Englishmen are ne'er contented long

The Rev'rend Clergy too! and who'd ha' thought
That they who had such Non resistance taught,
Should e're to Arms against their Prince be brought?
Who up to Heaven did Regal Pow'r advance;
Subjecting *English* Laws to Modes of *France*:
Twisting Religion so with Loyalty,
As one cou'd never live, and t'other die.
And yet no sooner did their Prince design
Their Glebes and Perquisites to undermine,
But all their Passive Doctrines laid aside;
The Clergy their own Principles deny'd:
Unpreach their Non-resisting Cant, and pray'd
To Heaven for Help, and to the *Dutch* for Aid.
The Church chim'd all her Doctrines back again,
And Pulpit Champions did the Cause maintain;
Flew in the Face of all their former Zeal,
And Non-resistance did at once repeal:

The *Rabbies* say it would be too prolix,
 tye Religion up to Politicks:
Churches Safety is Suprema Lex.
 And so by a new Figure of their own,
 their former Doctrines all at once disown.
 Laws *Post Facto* in the Parliament,
 urgent Cases have obtain'd Assent;
 are as dangerous Precedents laid by,
 made Lawful only by Necessity.
 The Rev'rend Fathers then in Arms appear,
 and *Men of God became the Men of War.*
 the Nation Fir'd by them, to Arms apply;
 assault their Antichristian Monarchy.
 To their due Channel all our Laws restore,
 And made things what they should ha' been before,
 but when they came to fill the Vacant Throne,
 and the *Pale Priests* look'd back on what they'd done;
 how *English* Liberty began to thrive,
 and Church of *England* Loyalty out-live:
 how all their Persecuting Days were done,
 and their Deliv'rer plac'd upon the Throne;
 the Priests, as *Priests* are wont to do, turn'd Tail;
 They're *Englishmen*, and Nature will prevail.
 Now they deplore the Ruins they ha' made,
 And murmur for the Master they betray'd:
 Excuse those Crimes they could not make him mend,
 And suffer for the Cause they can't defend.
 Pretend they'd not have carry'd things so high;
 And Proto-Martyrs make for Popery.
 Had the Prince done as they design'd the thing,
 Ha' set the Clergy up to Rule the King,
 Taken a *Donative* for coming hither,
 And so ha' left their King and them together,
 We had, say they, been now a happy Nation;
 No doubt we ad seen a *Blessed Reformation*:
 For Wise Men say 'tis as dangerous a thing,
 A ruling Priesthood, as a *Priestrid-King*,
 And of all Plagues with which Mankind are Curs'd,
 Ecclesiastick Tyranny's the Worst.

If all our former Grievances were feign'd,
 King *James* has been abus'd, and we Trepann'd;
 Bugbear'd with Popery and Power Despotick,
 Tyrannick Government, and Leagues Exotick;
 The Revolutions a Phanatick Plot,
W—— a Tyrant; *S*—— a Scot:

A Factious Army, and a poyson'd Nation,
 Unjustly forc'd King *James*'s Abdication.

But if he did the Subjects Rights Invade,
 Then he was Punish'd only, not Betray'd;
And punishing of Kings is no such Crime,
But Englishmen ha' done it many a Time.

When Kings the Sword of Justice first lay down:
 They are no Kings, though they possess the Crown
 Titles are Shadows, Crowns are empty things,
 The Good of Subjects is the End of Kings;
 To guide in War, and to protect in Peace;
 Where Tyrants once commence, the Kings do cease
 For Arbitrary Power's so strange a thing,
 It makes the *Tyrant*, and unmakes the King.

If Kings by Foreign Priests and Armies Reign,
 And Lawless Power against their Oaths maintain,
 Then Subjects must ha' Reason to Complain.

If Oaths must bind us when our Kings do Ill;
To call in Foreign Aid is to Rebel.

By Force to Circumscribe our Lawful Prince,
 Is wilful Treason in the largest Sense:
 And they who once Rebel, most certainly
 Their God, and King, and former Oaths defy.
 If we allow no Male Administration,
 Could cancel the Allegiance of the Nation;
 Let all our Learned Sons of *Levi* try,
This Ecclesiastick Riddle to Unty:

How they could make a step to call the Prince,
 And yet pretend to Oaths and Innocence.

By th' first Address they made beyond the Seas,
 They're Perjur'd in the most intense Degrees;
 And without scruple for the time to come,
 May Swear to all the Kings in *Christendom*.

And truly did our Kings consider all,
 They'd never let the Clergy Swear at all;
 Their Politick Allegiance they'd refuse;
 For Whores and Priests do never want Excuse.
 But if the *Mutual Contract* was dissolv'd,
 The Doubts Explain'd, the Difficulty Solv'd:
 That Kings when they descend to Tyranny,
 Dissolve the Bond, and leave the Subject free.
 The Governments ungirt when Justice dies,
 And Constitutions are Non-Entities.
 The Nation's all a Mob, there's no such thing
 As Lords or Commons, Parliament or King.
 A great promiscuous Croud the *Hydra* lies,
 Till Laws revive, and Mutual Contract ties:
 A Chaos free to chuse for their own share,
 What Case of Government they please to wear:
 If to a King they do the Reins commit,
 All Men are bound in Conscience to submit:
 But then that King must by his Oath assent
 To *Postulata's* of the Government;
 Which if he breaks, he cuts off the Entail,
 And Power Retreats to its Original.

This Doctrine has the Sanction of Assent,
 From Nature's Universal Parliament.
 The Voice of Nature, and the Course of Things,
 Allow that Laws Superiour are to Kings.
 None but Delinquents would have Justice cease,
 Knaves rail at Law, as Soldiers rail at Peace:
 For Justice is the End of Government,
 As Reason is the Test of Argument.

No Man was ever yet so void of Sense,
 As to debate the Right of Self-Defence;
 A Principle so grafted in the Mind,
 With Nature born, and does like Nature bind:
 Twisted with Reason and with Nature too;
 As neither one nor t'other can undo.

Nor can this Right be less when National;
 Reason which governs one, shall govern all.
 Whate'er the Dialect of Courts may tell,
 He that his Right demands, can ne'er Rebel.

Which Right, if 'tis by Governours deny'd,
May be procur'd by Force, or Foreign Aid.
For Tyranny's a Nation's Term of Grief,
As Folks Cry *Fire*, to hasten in Relief.

And when the hated Word is heard about,
All Men shou'd come to help the People out.

Thus *England* groan'd, *Britannia's* Voice was heard,
And Great *Nassau* to rescue her appear'd:

Call'd by the Universal Voice of Fate;
God, and the People's Legal Magistrate.

Ye Heav'ns regard! Almighty *Jove*, look down,
And view thy Injur'd Monarch on the Throne.
On their ungrateful Heads due Vengeance take,
Who sought his Aid, and then his part forsake.

Witness, ye Powers! It was our Call alone,
Which now our Pride makes us asham'd to own.

Britannia's Troubles fetch'd him from afar,
To court the dreadful Casualties of War:

*But where Requital never can be made,
Acknowledgment's a Tribute seldom paid.*

He dwelt in bright *Maria's* Circling Arms,
Defended by the Magick of her Charms;
From foreign Fears, and from Domestick Harms.

Ambition found no Fuel from her Fire,
He had what God could give, or Man desire.

Till *Pity* rous'd him from his soft Repose,
His Life to unseen Hazards to expose:

Till *Pity* mov'd him in our Cause t'appear;
Pity! that Word which now we hate to bear.

But *English* Gratitude is always such,
To hate the Hand which does oblige too much.

Britannia's Cries gave Birth to his Intent,
And hardly gain'd his unforeseen Assent:

His boding Thoughts foretold him he should find
The People Fickle, Selfish and Unkind.

Which Thought did to his Royal Heart appear
More dreadful than the Dangers of the War:

For nothing grates a generous Mind so soon,
As base Returns for hearty Service done.

*Satyr be silent, awfully prepare;
 Britannia's Song, and William's Praise to hear.
 Stand by, and let her cheerfully rehearse,
 Her Grateful Vows in her Immortal Verse.
 Loud Fame's Eternal Trumpet let her sound;
 Listen ye distant Poles, and endless Round.
 May the strong Blast the welcome News convey,
 As far as Sound can reach, or Spirit can fly.
 To Neighb'ring Worlds, if such their be, relate
 Our Hero's Fame, for theirs to imitate.
 To distant Worlds of Spirits let her rehearse:
 For Spirits without the helps of Voice converse.
 May Angels hear the gladsome News on high,
 Mix'd with their everlasting Sympathy.
 And Hell it self stand in suspense to know,
 Whether it be the Fatal Blast, or no.*

BRITANNIA.

*The Fame of Vertue 'tis for which I sound,
 And Heroes with Immortal Triumphs crown'd.
 Fame built on solid Vertue swifter flies,
 Than Morning-Light can spread my Eastern Skies.
 The gath'ring Air returns the doubling Sound,
 And loud repeating Thunders force it round:
 Ecchoes return from Caverns of the Deep:
 Old Chaos dreams on't in Eternal Sleep:
 Time bands it forward to its latest Urn,
 From whence it never, never shall return;
 Nothing is heard so far, or lasts so long;
 'Tis heard by ev'ry Ear, and spoke by ev'ry Tongue.
 My Hero with the Sails of Honour furl'd,
 Rises like the Great Genius of the World.
 By Fate and Fame wisely prepar'd to be
 The Soul of War, and Life of Victory.
 He spreads the wings of Vertue on the Throne,
 And ev'ry Wind of Glory fans them on.
 Immortal Trophies dwell upon his Brow,
 Fresh as the Garlands he has won but now.
 By different Steps the high Assent he gains,
 And differently that high Assent maintains.
 Princes for Pride, and Lust of Rule make War;
 And struggle for the Name of Conqueror.*

*Some fight for Fame, and some for Victory;
He Fights to save, and Conquers to set Free.*

*Then seek a Phrase his Titles to conceal,
And hide with words what Actions must reveal,
No Parallel from Hebrew Stories take,
Of God-like Kings my Similies to make:
No borrow'd Names conceal my living Theam:
But Names and Things directly I proclaim.
'Tis honest Merit does his Glory raise;
Whom that Exalts, let no Man fear to Praise;
Of such a Subject no Man need be shy;
Vertue's above the Reach of Flattery,
He needs no Character, but his own Fame,
Nor any flattering Titles, but his Name.
William's the Name that's spoke by every Tongue;
William's the Darling Subject to my Song;
Listen ye Virgins to the Charming Sound,
And in Eternal Dances band it round:
Your early Offerings to this Altar bring;
Make him at once a Lover, and a King.
May he submit to none but to your Arms;
Nor ever be subdu'd, but by your Charms.
May your soft Thoughts for him be all Sublime;
And every tender Vow be made for him.
May he be first in every Morning Thought,
And Heav'n ne'er bear a Prayer when he's left out,
May ev'ry Omen, ev'ry boding Dream,
Be fortunate by mentioning his Name;
May this one Charm Infernal Powers affright,
And guard you from the Terrors of the Night.
May ev'ry chearful Glass as it goes down,
To Willima's Health be cordial to your own.
Let ev'ry Song be Chorust with his Name,
And Musick pay her Tribute to his Fame.
Let ev'ry Poet tune his Artful Verse,
And in immortal Strains his Deeds rehearse.
And may Apollo never more inspire
The Disobedient Bard with his Seraphick Fire.
May all my Sons their grateful Homage pay,
His Praises sing, and for his Safety pray.*

Satyr, return to our unthankful Isle,
 Secur'd by Heaven's Regard, and *William's* Toil.
 To both Ungrateful, and to both Untrue ;
 Rebels to God, and to Good Nature too.

If e're this Nation be Distress'd again,
 To whomsoe'er they cry, they'll cry in vain.
To Heav'n they cannot have the Face to look :
 Or if they should, it would but Heaven provoke.
 To hope for Help from Man would be too much ;
Mankind would always tell 'em of the Dutch :
 How they came here our Freedoms to maintain ;
 Were Pay'd and Curs'd, and Hurry'd home again.
 How by their Aid we first dissolv'd our Fears,
 And then our Helpers damn'd for Foreigners.
 'Tis not our *English* Temper to do better ;
 For Englishmen think ev'ry Man their Debtor.

Tis worth observing, that we ne'er complain'd
 Of Foreigners, nor of the Wealth they gain'd,
 Till all their Services were at an end. }
 Wise Men affirm it is the *English* way,
Never to Grumble till they come to Pay ;
 And then they always think, their Tempers such,
The Work too little, and the Pay too much.

As frightened Patients when they want a Cure,
 Bid any Price, and any Pain endure :
 But when the Doctor's Remedies appear,
 The Cure's too Easy, and the Price too Dear,

Great *Portland* ne'er was banter'd when he strove
 For us his Mast'rs kindest Thoughts to move.
 We ne'er lampoon'd his Conduct, when employ'd
 King *James's* Secret Councils to divide ?
 Then we carest'd him as the only Man,
 Which could the doubtful Oracle explain :
 The only *Hushai* able to repel
 The dark Designs of our *Achitophel*.
 Compar'd his Master's Courage to his Sense ;
The Ablest Statesman, and the Bravest Prince.
 On his wise Conduct we depended much,
And lik'd him ne'er the worse for being Dutch.

Nor was he valu'd more than he deserv'd;
 Freely he ventur'd, faithfully he serv'd.
 In all King *William's* Dangers he has shar'd,
 In *England's* Quarrels always he appear'd:
 The *Revolution* first, and then the *Boyne*;
 In both his Councils, and his Conduct shine.
 His Martial Valour *Flanders* will confess,
 And *France* regrets his Managing the Peace.
 Faithful to *England's* Interest, and her King,
 The greatest Reason of our Murmuring.
 Ten Years in *English* Service he appear'd,
 And gain'd his Master's, and the World's regard:
 But 'tis not *England's* Custom to Reward.
 The Wars are over, *England* needs him not;
 Now he's a *Dutchman*, and the Lord knows what.

Scomberg, the Ablest Soldier of his Age,
 With *Great Nassau* did in our Cause engage:
 Both join'd for *England's* Rescue and Defence,
The Greatest Captain, and the Greatest Prince.
 With what Applause his Stories did we tell?
 Stories which *Europe's* Volumes largely swell.
 We counted him an Army in our Aid:
Where he Commanded no Man was afraid.
 His Actions with a constant Conquest shine,
 From *Villa-Vitiosa* to the *Rhine*.
France, Flanders, Germany, his Fame confess;
 And all the World was fond of him, but Us.
 Our Turn first serv'd, we grudg'd him the Command,
Witness the Grateful Temper of the Land!

We blame the King that he relies too much
 On Strangers, *Germans, Hugonots* and *Dutch*;
 And seldom does his great Affairs of State,
 To *English* Counsellors Communicate.
 The Fact might very well be answer'd thus;
 He has so often been betray'd by us,
 He must have been a Madman to rely
 On *English* G———ns Fidelity,
 For laying other Arguments aside,
 This Thought might mortifie our *English* Pride,
 That Foreigners have faithfully obey'd him,
 And none but *Englishmen* have e'er betray'd him.

They

They have our Ships and Merchants bought and sold,
And barter'd *English* Blood for Foreign Gold.
First to the *French* they sold our *Turky* Fleet,
And Injur'd *Talmarsh* next at *Chameret*.
The King himself is shelter'd from their Snares,
Not by his Merit, but the Crown he wears.
Experience tell us 'tis the *English* way,
Their Benefactors always to betray.

And lest Example should be too remote,
A Modern Magistrate of Famous Note,
Shall give you his own History by Rote:
I'll make it out, deny it he that can,
His Worship is a *True-born-Englishman*;
In all the Latitude that empty Word
By Modern Acceptation's understood.
The Parish-Books his Great Descent Retord,
And now he hopes e'er long to be a Lord,
And truly as things go, it would be pity
But such as he *should Represent* the City:
While Robbery for Burnt-Offering he brings,
And gives to God what he has stole from Kings:
Great Monuments of Charity he raises,
And good St. Magnus whistles out his Praises.
To City-Goals he grants a Jubilee,
And hires Huzza's from his own Mobilee.
Lately he wore the Golden Chain and Gown,
With which Equipp'd he thus harangu'd the Town.

His Fine Speech, &c.

With Clouted Iron Shoes, and Sheepskin Breeches,
More Rags than Manners, and more Dirt than Riches:
From driving Cows and Calves to *Laton-Market*,
While of my Greatness there appear'd no spark yet,
Behold I come, to let you see the Pride,
With which Exalted-Beggars always Ride.
Born to the needful Labours of the Plow,
The Cart-whip, grac'd me as the Chain does now.
Nature and Fate in doubt what Course to take,
Whether I should a Lord, or Plough-boy make;

Kindly at last resolv'd they would promote me,
 And first a *Knave*, and then a *Knight* they vote me.
 What Fate appointed Nature did prepare,
 And furnish'd me with an Exceeding Care,
 To fit me for what they design'd to have me.
 And ev'ry Gift *but Honesty* they gave me.

And thus Equipp'd to this proud Town I came,
 In quest of Bread, and not in quest of Fame.
 Blind to my future Fate, an humble Boy,
 Free from the *Guilt and Glory* I enjoy.

The Hopes which my Ambition entertain'd,
 Were in the Name of *Foot-boy* all contain'd.
The Greatest Heights from small Beginnings rise ;
The Gods were Great on Earth before they reach'd the Skies.

B——well, the Generous Temper of whose Mind,
 Was always to be bountiful inclin'd;
 Whether by his ill Fate, or Fancy led,
 First took me up, and furnish'd me with Bread.
 The little Services he put me to,
 Seem'd Labours, rather than were truly so;
 But always my Advancement he design'd ;
 For 'twas his very Nature to be kind.
 Large was his Soul, his Temper ever free;
 The best of Masters, and of Men to me.
 And I who was before decreed by Fate,
 To be made Infamous as well as Great,
 With an Obsequious Diligence obey'd him,
Till trusted with his All, and then betray'd him.

All his past Kindnesses I trampled on,
 Ruin'd his Fortunes, to Erect my own.
So Vipers in the Bosom bred, begin
To hiss at that Hand first which took them in.
 With eager Treachery I his Fall pursu'd,
 And my first Trophies were *Ingratitude*.

Ingratitude, the worst of Humane Guilt,
 The basest Action Mankind can commit;
 Which like the Sin against the Holy-Ghost,
 Has left of Honour, and of Guilt the most ;
 Distinguish'd from all other Crimes by this,
 That 'tis a Crime which no Man will confess.

That

at Sin alone, which should not be forgiven
 on Earth, altho' perhaps it may in Heav'n.
 Thus my first Benefactor I o'rethrew;
 And how should I be to a second true?
 The Publick Trust came next into my Care,
 And I to use them Scurvily prepare:
 My needy Sov'reign Lord I play'd upon,
 And lent him many a Thousand of his own;
 For which great Interest I took care to Charge,
 And so my ill-got Wealth became so large.

My Predecessor *Judas* was a Fool,
 Wiser to have been whip'd, and sent to School,
 Than Sell a Saviour: Had I been at hand,
 His Master had not been so cheap Trapann'd;
 I wou'd ha' made the Eager *Jews* ha' found,
 For Thirty Peices, Thirty Thousand Pound.

My Cousin *Ziba* of Immortal Fame,
Ziba, and I, shall never want a Name:)
 First-born of Treason, Nobly did advance
 His Master's fall for his Inheritance.
 By whose keen Arts old *David* first began,
 To break his Sacred Oath to *Jonathan*:
 The Good Old King, 'tis thought, was very loth
 To break his Word, and therefore brake his Oath:
Ziba's a Traytor of some Quality,
 Yet *Ziba* might ha' been inform'd by me:
 Had I been there he ne'er had been content
 With half the Estate, nor half the Government.

In our late Revolution 'twas thought strange,
 That I of all Mankind shou'd like the Change:
 But they who wonder'd at it, never knew,
 That in it I did my old Game pursue:
 Nor had they heard of twenty Thousand Pound,
 Which never yet was lost, nor ne'er was found.

Thus all things in their Turn to Sale I bring,
 God and my Master first, and then the King:
 Till by successful Villanies made Bold,
 I thought to turn the Nation into Gold;

And

And so to Forg —y my Hand I bent,
 Not doubting I could Gull the Govement ;
 But there was ruffled by the Parliament.
 And if I scap'd the Unhappy Tree to Climb,
 'Twas want of Law, and not for want of Crime.
 But my * Old *Friend*, who printed in my Face
 A needful Competence of *English* Bräfs,
 Having more Business yet for me to do,
 And loth to lose his trusty Servant so,
 Manag'd the Matter with such Art and Skill
 As sav'd his Hero, and threw out the B——ll.

And now I'm grac'd with unexpected Honour
 For which I'll certainly abuse the Donors:
 Knighted, and made a Tribune of the People,
 Whose Laws and Properties I'm like to keep well
 The *Custos Rotulorum* of the City,
 And Captain of the Guards of their *Banditti*.
 Surrounded by my Catchpoles, I declare
 Against the needy Debtor open War.
 I Hang poor Thieves for stealing of your pelf,
 And suffer none to Rob you but my self.

The King Commanded me to help reform ye,
 And how, and when I'll do't, Mifs shall inform ye.
 I keep the best Seraglio in the Nation,
 And hope in time to bring it into Fashion.
 No *Brimstone Whore* need fear the Lash from me,
 That part I'll leave to Brother *Jeffery*.
 Our Gallants need not go abroad to *Rome*,
 I'll keep a Whoring Jubilee at Home.
 Whoring's the Darling of my Inclination ;
 A'n't I a *Magistrate* for Reformation?
 For this my praise is Sung by ev'ry Bard,
 For which *Bridewell* would be a just Reward.
 In Print my *Panegyricks* fill the Street,
 And hir'd Goal-Birds their Huzza's repeat.
 Some Charities contriv'd to make a Show,
 Have taught the Needy Rabble to do so ;
 Whose Empty Noise is a Machanick Fame.
 Since for Sir *Belzebub* they'd do the same.

The Conclusion.

When let us boast of Ancestors no more,
Or Deeds of Heroes done in Days of Yore,
Latent Records of the Ages past,
Behind the Rear of Time, in long Oblivion plac'd.
For if our Virtues must in Lines descend,
The Merit with the Families would end:
And Intermixtures would most fatal grow;
For Vice would be Hereditary too;
The Painted Blood wou'd of Necessity,
In voluntary Wickedness convey.

Vice, like Ill-nature, for an Age or two,
May seem a Generation to pursue:
But Virtue seldom does regard the Breed;
Fools do the Wise, and Wise Men Fools succeed.
What is't to us what Ancestors we had?
If Good, what better; Or what worse, if Bad?
Examples are for Imitation set,
Yet all Men follow Virtue with Regret.

Cou'd but our Ancestors retrieve their Fate,
And see their Off-spring thus Degenerate;
How we contend for Birth and Names Unknown,
And build on their past Actions, not our own;
They'd cancel Records, and their Tombs Deface,
And openly disown the Vile Degenerate Race;
For Fame of Families is all a Cheat,
'Tis Personal Virtue only makes us Great.

Æsop at Tunbridge.

F A B. I.

Fair Warning.

IN *Æsop's* new-made World of Wit,
 Where Beasts could talk, and read, and write,
 And say, and do, as he saw fit ;
 A certain Fellow thought himself abus'd,
 And represented by an *Ass* ;
 And *Æsop* to the Judge accus'd
 That he defamed was.

Friend, quoth the Judge, how do you know
 Whether you are defam'd, or no ?

How can you prove that he must mean,
 You, rather than another Man ?

Sir, quoth the Man, it needs must be,
 All Circumstances so agree,

And all the Neighbours say 'tis Me.

That's somewhat quoth the Judge indeed ;
 But let this Matter pass.

Since 'twas not *Æsop*, 'tis agreed,
 But *Application* made the *Ass*.

F A B. II.

The Cock and Pearl.

A Dunghil Cock was raking in the Ground,
 And flirtd up a Pearl ;
 I would, quoth he, thou hadst been found
 By some great Lord or Earl.

Felf a fingle Barley-corn
 Would, furely, rather find:
 Creatures that are dull, Earth-born,
 Things only *uſeful* mind:
 Fiſt they who are divinely Wiſe,
 And do from *Jove* proceed,
 y lovely orient *Luſtre* prize,
 And for thy *Beauty* trade,

F A B. III.

Of the *Horſe* and the *Aſs*.

A *Horſe* and *Aſs* were journeying on their way,
 The *Horſe* was only harneſs'd, light and gay;
 The *Aſs* was heavy loaden, and lag'd behind,
 And thus, at length beſpoke his Friend.
 Companion, take ſome pity on my State;
 And eaſe me but of half my Weight,
 Half will to you no Burden be,
 And yet a mighty help to me.
 The *Horſe* laugh'd loud, and ſhook his Head,
 And wantonly curvetting ſaid,
Ignior, we *Horſes* never chooſe
 The Burdens that we can reſuſe;
 And ſhould ſuch Jeſt upon me paſs,
 Methinks I ſhould be but an *Aſs*.
 The *Aſs* quite ſpent, and vext to be deny'd,
 Sunk down beneath his Weight, and dy'd.
 The Maſter coming up took off the Sack,
 And threw it on the *Horſe*'s Back:
 And having ſlaid his *Aſs*, he threw
 The filthy Hide upon him too.
 At which the *Horſe*, thus ſadly humbled, cry'd;
 (Letting ſome tears for grief and anger fall)
 Whether 'twere cruelty, or pride.
 That I ſo fair Requeſt deny'd,
 I'm juſtly ſerv'd, and made to carry *All*.

*The Asses of the South and East
Desire the Horses of the North and West,
That as to Parliament they trot,
This Fable may not be forgot.*

F A B. IV.

Of the Judgment of the Ape.

A *Wolf* complain'd that he had lost a *Lamb*,
And strait impleads a *Fox* of no good Fame,
(Who had a *Lamb*) that he had stoln the same
An *Ape* was to decide the Cause,
Having some Knowledge in the Laws,
No Councel was by either feed,
Each would his Cause, in Person, plead:
And so they did, with mighty heat,
The Judge himself did almost sweat,
To hear the force of their Debate,
How they accuse, and how defend,
How they reply'd, join'd and rejoin'd.
At length in pity to the Court,
The Judge was fain to cut them short:
And thus determin'd ———— Sirs, in troth,
The *Lamb* belongs to neither of you both.
You, Mr. *Wolf*, have doubtless lost no *Lamb*;
And, *Reynard*, you as surely stole that same,
But not from him. If Justice might prevail,
You should be both condemn'd to Fine and Jail.
So two great Lords for an Estate may fight,
Which does to neither appertain by Right.

F A B. V.

Of the Horse and Man.

A Fierce wild *Boar*, of monstrous size and force,
Did once, in early days, affront a *Horse*;
Who meditating Vengeance found his Will
To hurt, much greater than his Power and Skill?

And

therefore, chaf'd and resolute he ran
 to the next House, and thus apply'd to *Man*.
 O, Superior Power, whom *Jove* has made
 Substitute on Earth, to seek thy Aid,
 'gainst a sordid Brute who injures me,
 Likewise speaks contemptibly of thee.
 Whom thou nam'st (said *Man*) was to thee kind,
 I sent thee where thou shalt assistance find.
 This injurious *Boar* will never meet
 Arms upon the Plain, but trust his Feet.
 Shall his Feet then his Protection be,
 The Swiftneſs is the Gift of *Jove* to thee?
 Mark it, my Friend, this Insolence
 Deprives us of our Common-sense.)
 Is doubtless he forgot? so will not we.
 For Convenience, will a while submit
 To be directed with a Bridle and Bit;
 I take me on your Back, till we shall see
 This your outrageous Enemy.
 Said the Horse then, let us never rest,
 Till we have found this cursed Beast.
 Away then to the Woods they flew,
 The Horse his Haunts and Coverts knew,
 And there his Foe, the dextrous Warrior flew. }
 This done, they jocond homewards make,
 And thus the Horse the Man bespake :
 Now, Sir, accept my Thanks for what is past,
 My wonted Fields, and Friends must hast,
 Hold, quoth the Man, we part not quite so soon;
 Your Business is, but *Mine* is not yet done.
 Some Service there remains, due to the Aid
 I lent you, which must be repaid.
 He said, he light, and ty'd him to a Rack;
 Here the poor Creature, thus with sorrow spake:
 Slight was the Injury of the Boar,
 And might, perhaps, have been no more:
 But now I'm utterly undone.
 My Ease and Liberty are gone.

*Sweet is Revenge, just in the Taste,
But surely Bitterness at last.*

*Let other Creatures warning take,
What Bargains they in Passion make.*

*Let Nations also take good care,
That they with many Hardships bear,
Rather than seek Redress abroad,
Which is but adding to their Load.*

F A B. VI.

The Bargain.

TWO *Welchmen* Partners in a Cow,
Resolv'd to sell her dear,
And laid their Heads together, how
To do't at *Ludlow Fair*.

It was a sultry Summers-day,
When out they drove the Beast;
And having got about half way
They sat them down to rest.

The Cow a Creature of no Breeding,
(The place with Grass being stor'd)
Fed by; and while she was a feeding,
Let fall a mighty T——.

Roger, quoth *Hugh*, I tell the what,
Two Words, and I have done:
If thou wilt fairly eat up *that*,
The Cow is all thy own.

'Tis done, quoth *Roger*, 'tis agreed,
And to't he went apace;

He seem'd so eager set, 'tis said,
That he forgot his Grace.

He labour'd with his wooden Spoon,
And up he slopt the Stuff;
Till, by the time that half was done,
He felt he had enough.

He felt: but scorning to look back,
Would look as if he wanted more;
And seem'd to make a fresh Attack,
With as much Vigor as before.

at stopping short a while he cry'd,
 How fares it, Neighbour *Hugh*?
 hope by this, you're satisfied,
 Who's Master of the Cow.
 y, ay, quoth *Hugh* (the Devil choke thee,
 For nothing else can do't)
 m satisfied that thou hast broke me,
 Unless thou wilt give out.
 Give out? quoth *Roger*, that were fine,
 Why, what have I been doing?
 ut yet I tell thee, Friend of mine,
 I shall not seek thy Rain.
 My Heart now turns against such Gain;
 I know th'art piteous poor,
 at thou the half that still remains,
 And 'tis as 'twas before.
 God's Blessing on thy Heart, quoth *Hugh*,
 That proffer none can gainsay;
 With that he readily fell to,
 And eat his share o' th' *Tansie*.
 Well now, quoth *Hodge*, w' are ev'n no doubt,
 And neither side much Winner:
 o have we been, quoth *Hugh*, without
 This damn'd confounded Dinner.

Let this, both to our Wars and Peace,
 Be honestly apply'd;
 France, and th' Allies, have done no less,
 Than what these Welch-men did.

F A B. VII.

The Frogs Concern.

TWO fierce young Bulls within the Marshes strove,
 For the Reward of Empire, and of Love;
 Which should the Fairest Heifer gain,
 And which should govern all the Plain.

Y

This

This, when a Frog hard-by perceiv'd,
 He sigh'd, and sob'd, and sorely griev'd,
 He hung his Head, and made great moan,
 As though he'd lost his Wife or Son.
 At which a Neighbouring Frog admir'd,
 And kindly of the Cause enquir'd;
 Which when he knew, he said in haste,
 And Gossip, is this all at last?
 If this, and that great Loggerhead Bull,
 Will try the thickness of each other Skull,
 E'en let them do, as fit they see:
 But what is that to You and me?
 If that, reply'd the other, were all indeed,
 We should about this Matter be agreed,
 I should not care a single Groat,
 To see'em tear each others Throat;
 But, Friend the Creatures of such Might
 Can never meet in Field to fight,
 But in the Fury of their Full Career,
 Both you and I endanger'd are;
 And all our kindred Tribes below,
 In hazard of their Lives must go.
 When Bulls rush on, or when retreat for Breath,
 They'll tread a hundred of us little Folks to death.

*If Kings would fight themselves alone,
 Their People still secure,
 No mortal Man would part 'em sure,
 But let them e'en fight on.
 But when the Subjects Blood is spilt,
 And their Estates are drain'd;
 To justify a Prince's Guilt,
 Or have his Vanity maintain'd;
 When they must pay for all at last,
 Their Lust, Ambition, or Revenge lay wast:
 The poorest Man alive may fear,
 And pray against the Miseries of War.*

F A B. VIII.

Of a ~~man~~ and his ~~ass~~.

A Wretched Churl was trav'ling with his *Ass*,
 Beneath two Panniers Load oppress'd;
 And hearing noise behind, cry'd to the Beast,
 Fly, my Friend *Roger*, fly apace;
 Else I'm undone, and all my Market's naught,
 And thou thy self wilt by the Rogues be caught;
 Caught? quoth the Beast, what if I be?
 What will it signify to me?
 My Panniers are so full, they'll hold no more;
 I carry *two* and cannot carry *four*.
 'Twixt Rogues and You I can no difference make,
 They are all Rogues to me, who break my Back.

*Fly, fly from France, our Statesmen cry,
 And Slavery's curst Yoke;
 Whilst with our Antient Liberty
 Our very Backs are broke.
 France is a Thief; but France can do no more,
 Than keep the Panniers on we had before.*

F A B. IX.

Of a ~~wolf~~.

A *Wolf* retiring from *Whitehall*,
 Where he had Statesman been,
 Built for himself a Box so small,
 That few could be receiv'd within.
 The Country all admir'd at this,
 And could not at the Reason guess,
 Why one so Wealthy, and so great,
 Should cage himself at such a rate.
 Till at the last a *Fox* came by,
 A Courtier also, sleek and sly;

And thus in earnest and in jest,
His Reason gave among the rest.

Perhaps my Lord Commissioner intends,
Here to receive only *his honest Friends*.

F A B. X.

The Plaintiff and Defendant.

TWO Travellers an Oyster found,
Dropt from some Pannier down;
Each stoopt, and took it from the Ground,
And claim'd it as his own.
Since both can't have it all, said one,
E'en let it parted be.
No, says the other, all, or none,
But all belongs to me.
One *Serjeant Law* by chance came by,
And he must end the Strife:
Which thing he did immediately,
With his deciding Knife.
He took the Fish, and cut it up,
(This cause he opened well)
And fairly did the Oyster sup,
And gave to each a Shell.
And if hereafter Causes rise,
Where People can't agree,
I know, quoth he, you'll be so wise
To refer them still to me.
My name is *Law*, my Chambers are
At some of *th' Inns of Court*,
Or *Serjeants Inn*, or *Westminster*
Where all for help resort.
Sir, quo' the Men, trust us for that,
We shall not fail to tell,
'Twas *Law* that did the Oyster eat,
And left to Us the Shell.

F A B. XI

Of the Pigeons.

[He *Hawks* were once at mortal Jars,
Which came at length to Civil Wars,
The *Pigeons* they stood looking on,
And, full of Pity made great moan,
To see how bloodily they fought,
And each the others Ruin sought.
And never would these Creatures cease,
Till they had mediated a Peace.

The *Hawks* did easily consent,
And Peace was made, and home they went;
Where when they came and wanted Prey,
And how to pass their time away,
They fairly made one general Swoop,
And eat their Meditators up.

Two lucky *Pigeons* were not there,
And so escap'd the Massacre.
Of which the one to th'other said,
How came our Kindred all so mad?
Parting of *Hawks*! *Hawks* ever shou'd
Be gorg'd with one another's Blood.
The Wicked have a natural Rage,
A thirst of Violence to assuage)
Which if not on the *Wicked* spent,
Will fall upon the *Innocent*.

So the poor Hugonots of France,
And Vaudois full as poor,
Pray'd loudly, in their Innocence,
That God would Peace restore.
Peace was restor'd; but Peace to them
No Safety did restore:
Their *Hawks* employ'd their Power and Time
Much worse than e're before.
And thou, O Church of England Dove,
Dost not upon thy Peace.

*That may, than War, more fatal prove,
Both to thy Wealth and Ease.*

F A B. XII.

The Farmer and the Hare.

A Hare did once into a Garden get
Belonging to a Farm ;
Where she began to throw up Earth, and eat,
And do some little Harm.
The Farmer cours'd her round and round,
But got her not away ;
Puss took a liking to the Ground,
And there resolv'd to stay.
Well, quoth the Fellow, in a Fret,
Since you are grown so bold,
I shall some more Assistance get,
And drive you from your Hold.
And strait he sends to a young Squire,
That he, by break of day,
Would with his pack of Hounds repair,
And sport himself that way.
The Squire, as ask'd, attended came,
With Folks, and Horse, and Hounds,
And in pursuance of the Game,
Rode over all the Grounds.
They leapt the Ditches, broke the Hedges down,
And made most fearful Wast ;
They traml'd all the Garden round,
And kill'd poor Puss at last.
At this the Farmer tore his Hair,
And swore most bloodily,
Z——ds ! What confounded work was here ?
And what a Fool am I ?
Not fifty Hares, in fifty Days,
Had so much mischief done,
As this good Squire, (whom I must praise.
And thank) hath wrought in One.

*our Deliverance from the Frights,
 Of standing Army near,
 And silly superstitious Rites,
 Worth Forty Millions were;
 When have we wisely broke our Mounds,
 That our Defences were,
 And call'd in our Neighbours Hounds,
 And kill'd the desperate Hare.
 But if, with all this vast Expence,
 Besides a Sea of Blood
 Spilt in the Church and States Defence,
 Our Matters stand much as they stood;
 When have we done a World of Ill,
 With endless Cost and Pains,
 A little hurtful Hare to kill,
 And well deserves the Brains.*

F A B. XIII.

Poetry its Cure.

A Youth of pregnant Parts and Wit,
 And thirsty after Fame,
 Was musing long which way to get,
 An everlasting Name.
 And having heard of Poetry,
 And its immortal Praise;
 He thought the way to Fame must ly
 By courting of the Bays.
 He heard how many a noble Town
 Laid claim to Homer's Birth,
 To purchase from it a Renown
 Above the rest of th' Earth.
 This kindl'd in his generous Mind,
 A strong and noble Fire:
 He seem'd for nothing else design'd,
 Could nothing else desire.
 The Father finding this Intent
 Ill with his State agreed,

That, living, wanted *Six per Cent.*

Much more than *Fame*, when dead;

6. Resolv'd to try to cure his Mind,

And change his vain Designs,

And could no fitter Method find,

Then sending him these Lines:

*Seven wealthy Towns contend for Homer Dead,
Through which the Living Homer begg'd his Bread.*

A Panegyrick upon Oates.

OF all the Grain our Nation yields
In Orchard, Gardens, or in Fields,
There is a Grain which, tho' 'tis common,
Its Worth till now was known to no Man.
Not *Ceres* Sickle e're did crop,
A Grain with Ears of greater hope;
And yet this Grain (as all must own)
To Grooms, and Hostlers well is known;
And often has without disdain
In musty Barn and Manger lain:
As if it had been only good
To be for Birds, and Beasts the Food.
But now by new inspired Force,
It keeps alive both Man, and Horse.

Then speak, my Muse, for now I guess
E'en what it is thou wouldst express;
It is not Barley, Rye, nor Wheat,
That can pretend to do the Feat:
'Tis Oates, bare Oates, that is become
The Health of *England*, Bane of *Rome*,
And Wonder of all Christendom.
And therefore Oates has well deserv'd
To be from musty Barn prefer'd,
And now in Royal Court preserv'd.
That like *Hesperian* Fruit Oates may,
Be watch'd and guarded Night and Day.

Which

Which is but just retaliation,
 Or having guarded a whole Nation.
 Hence e'ry lofty Plant that stands,
 Twixt *Berwick* Walls, and *Dover* Sands,
 The Oak it self (which well we stile
 The Pride, and Glory of our Isle)
 Must strike and wave its lofty Head,
 And now salute an Oaten Reed.
 For surely *Oates* deserves to be
 Exalted far 'bove any Tree.
 The *Egyptians* once (tho' it seems odd)
 Did worship Onions for their God :
 And poor Peelgarlick was with them
 Esteem'd beyond the richest Gem.
 What would they then have done, think ye,
 Had they but had such *Oates* as we,
Oates of such known Divinity?
 Since then such good by *Oates* we find,
 Let *Oates* at least be now enshrin'd;
 Or in some Sacred Press'd inclos'd,
 Be only kept to be expos'd;
 And all fond Relicks else shall be
 Deem'd Objects of Idolatry.
 Popelings may tell us how they saw
 Their *Garnet* pictur'd on a Straw.
 'Twas a great Miracle we know,
 To see him drawn in little so :
 But on an *Oaten* Stalk there is
 A greater Miracle than this ;
 A Visage which, with comly Grace,
 Did twenty *Garnets* now outface :
 Nay, to the Wonder to add more,
 Declare unheard of things before ;
 And thousand Myst'ries does unfold,
 As plain as Oracles of old :
 By which we steer Affairs of State,
 And stave off *Britain's* fullen Fate.
 Let's then in Honour of the Name
 Of *OATES*, enact some Solemn Game,

Where

Where Oaten Pipe shall us inspire
 Beyond the Charms of *Orpheus* Lyre.
 Stone, Stocks, and e'ery senseless thing
 To *Oates* shall dance, to *Oates* shall sing,
 Whilst Woods amaz'd to t'Ecchoes ring.
 And that this Hero's Name may not
 When they are rotten, be forgot,
 We'll hang Atchievements o'er their Dust,
 A Debt we owe to Merits just.
 So if Deserts of *Oates* we prize,
 Let *Oates* still hang before our Eyes,
 Thereby to raise our Contemplation;
Oates being to this happy Nation,
 A Mystick Emblem of Salvation.

*The Last Will and Testament of Anthony, King
of Poland.*

MY Tap is run ; then *Baxter*, tell me why
 Shou'd not the good, the great *Potapsby* dy?
 Grim Death, who lays us all upon our Backs,
 Instead of Scythe doth now advance his Ax;
 And I who all my Life in Broils have spent,
 Intend at last to make a Settlement.

Imprimis: For my Soul (though I had thought,
 To 've left that thing I never minded, out)
 Some do advise for fear of doing wrong,
 To give it him to whom it doth belong.
 But I, who all Mankind have cheated, now
 Intend likewise to cheat the Devil too:
 Therefore leave my Soul unto my Son,
 For he, as wise Men think, as yet has none.

Then for my *Polish* Crown, that pretty thing,
 Let *M——mouth* take't, who longs to be a King;
 His empty Head soft Nature did design,
 For such a Light and Airy Crown as mine,
 With my Estate I'll tell you how it stands,
Jack Catch must have my Cloathes, the King my Lands.

Item:

Item : I leave the damn'd Association,
 To all the wise Disturbers of the Nation;
 Not that I think they'll gain their ends thereby,
 But that they may be hang'd as well as I.

A——ng, in Murthers, and in Whorings skill'd,
 Who twenty Bastards gets for one Man kill'd,
 To thee I do bequeath my Brace of Whores,
 Long kept to draw the Humors from my Sores;
 For you they'll serve as well as Silver Tap,
 For Women give, and sometimes cure a Clap.

H——rd. My Partner in Captivity,
 False to thy God and King, but true to me;
 To the some heinous Legacy I'd give,
 But that I think thou hast not long to live:
 Besides, thou'st wickedness enough in store
 To serve thy self, and twenty thousand more.

To thee young *C——y*, I'll some small Toy present,
 For you with any thing can be content?

Then take the Knife with which I cut my Corns,
 'Twill serve to pare, and sharp your Lordship's Horns,
 That you may rampant *M——mouth* push and gore,
 'Till he shall leave your House, and change his Whore,

On top of Monument let my Head stand,
 It self a Monument, where first began
 The Flame that has endanger'd all the Land.

But first to *Titus* let my Ears be thrown,
 For he 'tis thought will shortly lose his own.
 I leave old *Baxter* my invenom'd Teeth,
 To bite and poyson all the Bishops with.

Item : I leave my Tongue to wise Lord *N----th*,
 To help him bring his What-de-call ums forth;
 'Twill make his Lordship utter Treason clear,
 And he in time may speak like Noble Peer,

My Squinting Eyes let *Ignoramus* wear,
 That they may this way look, and that way swear?

Let the Cits take' my Nose, because 'tis said,
 That by the Nose I them have always led;
 But for their Wives I nothing now can spare,
 For all my Life-time they have had their share,

Let

Let not my Quarters stand on City Gate,
 Lest they new Sects and Factions do create;
 For certainly the Presbyterian Wenches,
 In Dirt will fall to idolize my Haunches:
 But that I may to my old Friend be civil;
 Let some Witch make them Mummy for the Devil

To Good King *Charles* I leave (tho faith 'tis pity)
 A poyson'd Nation, and deluded City;
 Seditions, Clamours, Murmurs, Jeloosies,
 False Oaths, Sham Stories, and Religious Lies.
 There's one thing still which I had quite forgot,
 To him I leave the Carcase of my Plot;
 In a Consumption the poor thing doth lie,
 And when I'm gone 'twill pine away and die.

Let *Jenkins* in a Tub my Worth declare,
 And let my Life be writ by *Harry Care*.

And if my Bowels in the Earth find room,
 Then let these Lines be writ upon their Tomb.

Epitaph upon his Bowels.

Ye Mortal Whigs, for Death prepare,
 For Mighty *Tapskies* Guts lie here,
 Will his Great Name keep sweet d'ye think?
 For certainly his Entrails stink?
 Alas! 'tis but a foolish Pride
 To outsin all Mankind beside,
 When such Illustrious Garbage must
 Be mingled with the common Dust.
 False Nature! that could thus delude
 The Cheater of the Multitude,
 That put his Thoughts upon the wing,
 And egg'd him on to be a King;
 See now to what an use she Puts
 His Noble Great and Little Guts.
Tapskie, who was a Man of Wit,
 Had Guts for other uses fit;
 Tho Fiddle-strings they might not be,
 (Because he hated Harmony)

t for Black Puddings they were good,
 eir Master did delight in Blood;
 F this they should have drank their fill,
 King *Cyrus* did not fare so ill)
 or Guts, could this have been your hap
 . *Bethel* might have got a Snap:
 ut now at *York* his Guts must rumble,
 nce you into a hole did tumble.

The Combat.

The Argument.

N A N and Frank, two quondam Friends,
 In which they'd both their private ends;
 Fell from Love to sudden Wrath,
 Much ado is 'twixt 'em both:
 Many a Rogue and Whore is call'd;
 But, O brave Frank! the Whore is maul'd.

Canto.

Of Civil Dudgeon many a Bard
 Has sung, and Tales have oft been heard,
 Much in Verse and much in Prose,
 Of antient Friends grown arrant Foes.
 From this Occasion I'm about
 To tell you how two Friends fell out,
 The dearest Two, the kindest Pair,
 That e'er each other Heart did share,
 Damsel and Hero Fat and Fair. }
 The Noble Hero, who not knows,
 Order attends where e'er he goes;
 And in his even-dealing Hand,
 He always bears a powerful Wand,
 The Badg of Office and Command.
 Frequent at Lady W——'s Door,
 That stood upon a well-known Score;

Which

Which the poor *Jew* Sir *John* has seen
 Full oft, and curs'd the *Turk* within.
 Who not admires the Damsel bright,
 That ever traps'd the Mall by Night ;
 Who that ever had occasion
 For any Filthiness in Fashion,
 Many a Bed, and Basket full,
 Has she put off of Trash and Trull.
 In short, their Virtues are well known,
 Where e'er her Trumpet Fame has blown ;
 For long has mighty Clamour ran,
 Of honest *Frank* and modest *Nan*.
 But how these two from harmless Prattle
 Came at last to direful Battle:
Butler, couldst thou live agen,
 With thy inimitable Pen,
 'Twould puzzle e'en thy mighty Verse,
 The wondrous Actions to rehearse
 Of Knight and Damsel, that surpass
 Thy *Trulla*, and thy *Hudibras*.

There is a time (as th' Author has it,
 That writes the Treatise call'd the Gazette,
 In many things by him related)
 When *Whitehall* is evacuated:
 That is, when the Court and Prince are
 Catching Agues all at *Windsor*.
 For in *Greenland*, as they write,
 The whole Year's but one Day and Night ;
 So of late it has been here,
 Only Sun-shine half the Year.
 And as evil Spirits venture,
 Often in the dark to enter
 Hallow'd Roofs, when those that keep
 The Place, are absent or asleep.
 So factious Vermin, that are driven
 From Court for Faults too oft forgiven ;
 When they have watch'd the King from's House,
 Come there to keep their Rendezvous.
 Then *Crofts* and *Sun——land* Cabal,
 Then *Ce——l* lords it in the Mall,

With all his train of unfledg'd Fools,
 Flow as they came from Schools;
 —y, Mord—, Bran—, K—t, and Th—,
 All at worst Follies deepest in.
 And Hunting — with his long Tool,
 Not as his mark of Man, but Fool:
 Whose Tail and Follies makes his Life
 Useful only to his Wife.
 All these with full Infection tainted,
 Long ago had been transplanted
 From the Court, that so the rest,
 That yet were found, might scape the test:
 As that vile Disease, the Itch,
 Does some lewd Natures so bewitch,
 That it they'll always choose to catch,
 For the meer Lechery to scratch.
 A Faction does with some prevail,
 For a bare Colour but to rail.
 Honest Frank was one of these,
 Whose heart lov'd them, and their Disease.
 Honest Frank, who's but a Noddy,
 Yet rails as well as any Body.
 And as sacred Libels shew,
 Publish'd not many days ago,
 A certain Lord was but a Cur,
 To which Opinion few demur;
 O honest Frank, shou'd I speak mine,
 Something nat'rally canine:
 Or as some Cur his Master owns,
 To love, and give him Crusts and Bones,
 Who kindly fed, will yet be running
 Broad, where Carrion lies a sunning;
 O Frank, tho' he no feeding need,
 A rotten Faction loves to feed:
 With which when he does back resort,
 He stinks intolerably at Court;
 And for Occasions of this nature,
 Has been of late no lazy Creature.
 Who better, had he minded Duty,
 And so escap'd this War with Beauty:

Beauty, which shines in *Nancy's* Face,
 As much as he does in his Place.
 Majestick Wrinkles deck her Brow,
 And goodly glaring Eyes below,
 That still with Maudlin kindness shine,
 The soft effects of Brandy wine.
 Rich Carbuncles adorn her Nose,
 The envy of her sober Toes:
 And from her Lips Discourses fall,
 That make her welcome to *White-ball*.
 Where one day she enter'd shining,
 Just as *Frank* was come from dining.
 But who the Devil could have guest,
 To see how they at first caress'd,
 How cheek by jowl they kindly walk'd,
 And with what tenderness they talk'd?

My dearest *Nan*, said he, what Whores
 Are freshest now? Quoth *Nan*, My Doores,
 Heav'n knows, ne'er open'd to receive
 A Lover since you last took leave;
 Whom still to serve, my Love remains,
 Tho your ne'er pay me for my pains.
 Pay thee, quoth he! *Nan*, pay for Wenching!
 When e'en our Tables are retrenching.
 Says *Nancy*, O thou falsely Fairest!
 'Tis Love I want, not Coin, my Dearest.
 'Tis thee I love, 'tis thee I dote on,
 More than a Child that puts new Coat on;
 To see thee walk, I love thy Trip,
 I love the Drops upon thy Lip.
 Thy Just Crevat, thy regular Wig,
 My little Pug, my little Pig.
 When with desire of thee I stretch,
 I've no Sciatica nor Stich. }
 Quoth *Frank* in rage, Avant, you Bitch! }
 Have I for this, through all my Life,
 Kept civil distance with my Wife;
 Studied new Speeches from Romances,
 And in my age led Country-dances?

O I for this e'en at this Hour,
 neat e'ery Creature in my pow'r;
 ripe from the Poor the utmost Farthing,
 O keep my credit up at Carding?
 O I for this affect 'a Grace,
 and paint my old John-Apple Face,
 only to have a Bawd adore me?
 No, I'll have Virgins fall before me.
 Virgins! quoth *Nan*; and then she hung
 Tongue out full two handfuls long,
 and with desire of Malice stung,
 lick'd o'er the thickest painted place,
 and spoil'd intirely that days Face.
 But who can speak the Noise and Din,
 The Fury that did then begin;
 The Oaths, the Outcries, and the Blows,
 When *Francis* catching *Nancy's* Nose,
 With furious gripe expressing hate,
 Squeez'd nine large Insects out of that;
 Then with a shock upon her Chest,
 So stir'd the Brandy in her Breast,
 That an eructive Sigh she sent,
 Which as it through the Rigeon went,
 Such wondrous influence did bear,
 A soaring Owl dropt headlong there,
 Drunk with sophistacated Air.
 Which Omen much ill luck bespoke,
 For the next Tilt the *Hero* broke
 The famous Wand describ'd above,
 The Ensign of his Pow'r, and Love:
 But at the same time Conquest got,
 And doom'd the vanquish'd Bawd to Pot;
 To Portor's Lodge he sent her jogging,
 To purchase Liberty by Flogging.

*Thus ended was the Fray that lately rose,
 Betwixt the Whitestaff Knight and Lady o'th' red Nose.*

To Julian.

DE A R *Julian*, twice or thrice a Year,
 I write to help thee to some Gear;
 For thou by Nonsense liv'st, not Wit,
 As Carps thrive best where Cattel shit.
 But now that Province I resign,
 And for my Successor design
Ell——d, whose Pen as nimbly glides,
 As his good Father changes Sides;
 His Head's with Thought as little vex'd,
 Or taking care what shou'd come next.
 But he a Path much safer treads,
 Poets live when Statesmen lose their Heads.
 Tho Truth in Prose might be a Crime,
 'Twas never known in any time }
 That one was hang'd for writing Rhyme. }
 But shou'd some Poets be accus'd
 That have the Government abus'd,
 They'd scarce be by their Neck-verse freed,
 Some Whigs will write that cannot read.

But Charity bids us suppose,
 That *M——t* is not one of those;
 Besides, that he can write is known,
 By's making *Suckling's* Songs his own:
 He to the *Bays* in time may rise,
 If *Etherege* will but supervise,
 To make his Verse more soft, and tame,
 Which yet is without Life or Flame;
 Like the Epilogue they jointly writ,
 To ridicule the well-horn'd Pit:
 A Jest that *Mor——t* well might spare,
 Unless he sat to hear it there.

Jack H—— thy Patron's left the Town,
 But first writ something he dare own;
 A Prologue lawfully begotten,
 And full nine Months naturally thought on:
 Born,

Worn with hard Labour and much Pain,
Museley was Doctor *Chamberlain*.
 At length from Stuff and Rubbish pick'd,
 As Bears-Cubs into shape are lick'd;
 When *Wh—ton*, *Etherege*, and *Soam*,
 To give it the last strokes were come,
 Whose Criticks differ'd in their Doom.
 Some were for *Embers quench'd with Pages*,
 And some for *mending Servants Wages*:
 Both ways were try'd, and neither took,
 But the Faults laid on *Mrs. Cook*;
 Yet *Swan* says he admir'd it scap'd,
 Since 'twas *Jack H—*'s without being clap'd.

Our old Friend *C—ts* has left the Trade,
 His Muse is grown a very Jade;
Phillis did take him at his word,
 And h' has his Destiny so spurr'd,
 Of Love and Verse he's weary grown,
 His Pen and Passion both laid down;
 And to his praise it may be said,
 No Love nor Songs of late h' has made.

But *M—ve* will not leave off so,
 For to his industry we owe,
 That we the Fate in *English* see
 Of *Orpheus*, and *Euridice*.
 And 'tis an Honour to the State,
 When a Blue Garter will translate:
 Who bears the Bell without dispute,
 From *Durfey*, *Settle*, *Creech*, or *Dake*.
 I thought 'twould puzzle all the Nine,
 To spoil a Poem so Divine:
 But he with Pains and Care doth show,
 It may be render'd mean, and low;
 So much can one great Blockhead do.
 Some say his Lordship had done better
 To answer *Roger Martin's* Letter,
 Or give *Jack H—* his belly full,
 Who justly calls him a dull Owl,
 For quoting Books he never read,
 And basely railing at the Dead.

Of Ladies there's no need to tell,
 Since they their own Intrigues reveal.
 As *Nor——* with her Prince Outlandish,
 And *Isham* with the Beau Lord *C——dish*;
 And *Grov'ner* with Lord *Middleton*,
 (Not *Cholm'ley*, who 'tis said has none)
 How *Walcop* meets with *Cartwright's* Spouse
 At *Sadlers* the Painter's House;
 Or how the modest Maid complain'd
 That *Talbot* had her Casement sham'd,
 For what he had before obtain'd;
 How *M——ant* *Grafton's* Virtues tries,
 More than King *John* does *Offeries*.

But yet a Line or two we'll spare,
 In gratitude to Lord *Kildare*;
 Whose marrying Lady *Betty Jones*,
 For's killing his first Wife atones:
 A Wife she'll be for him alone,
 But a Help-meet to all the Town.

O that kind Fate wou'd order't so,
 That *Bellingham* might do so too,
 And with his Folly, and Estate,
 Oblige the World, and marry *Kate*.
 How many then full sail would enter,
 That in that Port now dare not venture?
 But tho he's Fop enough to Woo,
 Present, and treat, and keep ado,
 When he shou'd Wed he won't come to.

But these Affairs are known to all
 That haunt the *Park*, *Plays* and *Whitehall*;
 Besides, my Labour I may save,
 For an account you'll timely have,
 Who are made cuckolds, or make Love,
 From some o' th' Authors nam'd above.

*A Satyr upon the Poets, being a Translation out of
the Seventh Satyr of Juvenal.*

Et spes, & ratio studiorum, &c.

By Mr. P R I O R.

S I R,

ALL my Endeavours, all my Hopes depend
On you the Orphans, and the Muses Friend ;
The only great good Man, who will declare
Virtue and Verse the object of his Care ;
And prove a Patron in the worst of Times,
When hungry *Bays* forsakes his Empty Rhymes,
Beseeching all true Catholicks Charity,
For a poor Prostitute which long did lie,
Under the Mortal Sins of Verse and Heresy.

Shadewell, and starving *T*— I cease to name,
Poets of all Religions are the same:
Recanting *Settle* brings the tuneful Ware,
Which wiser *Smithfield* damn'd to *Sturbridge* Fair ;
Protests his Tragedies and Libels fail,
To yield him Paper, Penny-loaves and Ale,
And bids our Youth by his Example fly
The Love of Politicks and Poetry.

And all Retreats except *New Hall* refuse
To shelter *Durfey*, and his Jocky Muse ;
There to the Butler, and his Grace's Maid,
He turns, like *Homer*, Sonneteer for Bread ;
Knows his just bounds, nor ever durst aspire
Beyond the swearing Groom and Kitchen fire.

Is there a Man to these Examples blind,
To clinking Numbers fatally design'd,
Who by his Parts would purchase Meat, and Fame,
And in next Miscellanies plant his Name ;
Were my Beard grown the Wretch I'd thus advise ;
Repent, fond Mortal, and be timely wise ;

Take heed, nor be by gild d Hopes betray'd,
Clio's a Jilt, and *Pegasus* a Jade;
 By Verse you'll starve: *John Saul* cou'd never live,
 Unless the Bellman made the Poet thrive;
 Go rather in some little Shed by *Pauls*,
 Sell *Chevy-chase*, or *Baxter's* Saive for Souls,
 Cry Raree-Shows, or Ballads, transcribe Votes,
 Be *Care*, or *Ketch*, or any thing but Oates.

Hold, Sir, some Bully of the Muses cries,
 Methinks you're more Satyrical than Wise;
 You rail at Verse indeed, but rail in Rhyme,
 At once encourage, and condemn the Crime.

True, Sir, I write and have a Patron too,
 To whom my Tributary Songs are due;
 Yet with your leave I'd honestly disavow
 Those wretched Men from *Pindus* barren shade:
 Who tho they fire their Muse, and rack their Brains
 With blustering *Heroes*, and with piping Swains,
 Can no great patient giving Man engage
 To fill their Pockets, and their Title-Page.
 Were I, like these, unhappily decreed
 By Penny Elegies to get my Bread,
 Or want a Meal, unless *George Croom* and I
 Could strike a Bargain for my Poetry,
 I'd damn my Works to wrap up Soap and Cheese,
 Or furnish Squibs for City Prentices
 To burn the Pope, and celebrate *Queen Bess*.

But on your Ruin stubbornly pursue,
 Herd with the hungry little chiming Crew,
 Obtain the empty Title of a Wit,
 And be a free-cost Noisy in the Pit;
 Print your dull Poems, and before 'em place
 A Crown of Laurel, and a meager Face.
 And may just Heav'n thy hated Life prolong,
 Till thou, blest Author, seest thy deathless Song
 The dusty Lumber of a *Smithfield* Stall,
 And findst thy Picture starch'd 'gainst Suburb Wall,
 With *Johnny Armstrong*, and the Prodigal,
 And to complete the Curse,

When Age and Poverty comes faster on,
 And sad Experience tells thou art undone.
 May no kind Country Grammar-School afford
 Ten pound a Year to pay for Bed and Board;
 Till void of any fix'd Employ, and now
 Grown useless to the Army and the Plow,
 You've no Friend left, but trusting Landlady,
 Who stows you on hard Truckle Garret-high,
 To dream of Dinner, and curse Poetry.

Sir, I've a Patron, you reply. 'Tis true,
 Fortune and Parts you say may get one too:
 Why faith e'n try, Write, Flatter, Dedicate,
 My Lord's, and his Forefathers Deeds relate:
 Yet know he'll wisely strive ten thousand ways,
 To shun a needy Poet's fulsom Praise;
 Nay, to avoid thy Importunity,
 Neglect his State, and condescend to be
 A Poet, tho perhaps a worse than thee.

Thus from a Patron he becomes a Friend;
 Forgetting to reward, learns to commend;
 Receives your twelve long Months successful Toil,
 And talks of Authors, Energy, and Stile;
 Damns the dull Poems of the scribbling Town,
 Applauds your Writings, and repeats his own,
 Whilst thou in Complaisance oblig'd, must sit
 T' extol his Judgment, and admire his Wit;
 And wrapt with his *Essay on Poetry*
 Swear *Horace* writ not half so strong as He,
 But that we're partial to Antiquity.
 Yet this Authentick Peer perhaps scarce knows
 With jingling sounds to tag insipid Prose,
 And shou'd be by some honest *Manly* told,
 H'ad had lost his Credit to secure his Gold.

But if thou'rt blest enough to write a Play,
 Without the hungry hopes of kind third day,
 And he believes that in thy Dedication
 Thou'lt fix his Name, not bargain for the Station,
 My Lord his useless Kindness then assures,
 And to the utmost of his pow'r he's yours.

How fine your Plot, how exquisite each Scene!
 And play'd at Court, would strangely please the
 [Queen]

And you may take his Judgment sure, for he
 Knows the true Spirit of good Poetry;
 And might with equal Judgment have put in
 For poet *Laureat* as Lord *Ch——in*.
 All this you see and know, yet cease to shun;
 And seeing knowing, strive to be undone.
 So kidnapt Dutchess once beyond *Gravesend*;
 Rejects the Council of recalling Friend;
 Is told the dreadful Bondage she must bear,
 And sees unable to avoid the snare.

So practis'd Thief oft taken ne'er afraid,
 Forgets the Sentence, and pursues the Trade.
 Tho yet he almost feels the Smoking Brand,
 And sad *T. R.* stands fresh upon his Hand.
 The Author then, whose daring hopes would strive
 With well-built Verse to keep his Fame alive,
 And something to Posterity present,
 That's very new and very excellent;
 Something beyond the uncall'd drudging Tribe,
 Beyond what *Bays* can write, or I describe;
 Shou'd in substantial Happiness abound,
 His Mind with Peace, his Board with Plenty Crown'd.
 No early Duns should break his Learned Rest,
 No sawcy Cares his Nobler Thoughts molest,
 Only the God within should shake his labouring
 [Brest.]

In vain we from our Soneteeres require,
 The Height of *Cowley's*, and *Anacreon's* Lyre.

In vain we bid 'em fill the Bowl,
 Large as their capacious Soul,
 Since the King was crown'd ne'er tasted Wine,
 write at sight, and know not where to dine.
 In vain we bid dejected *Settle* hit
 The Tragick Flights of *Shakespear's* towering Wit;
 needs must miss the Mark, who's kept so low,
 has not strength enough to draw the Bow.

y, indeed, and *Rocheſter* might write
 their own Credit, and their Friends Delight,
 wing how far they cou'd the reſt outdo,
 in their Fortunes, ſo their Writings too.
 ſhould Drudge *Dryden* this Example take
 d *Absoloms* for empty Glory make,
 d ſoon perceive his Income ſcarce enough,
 feed his noſtril with Inſpiring Snuff;
 rying for Meat, not ſurfeiting on Praise,
 d find his Brains as barren as his *Bays*.
 There was a Time when *Otway* charm'd the Stage,
 way the Hope, the Sorrow of our Age;
 hen the full Pit with pleas'd attention hung,
 rapt with each accent from *Caſtlio's* Tongue.
 ith what a Laughter was his Soldier read!
 ow mourn'd they when his *Faffier* ſtruck, and bled!
 et this beſt Poet, tho with ſo much eaſe,
 e never drew his Pen but ſure to pleaſe;
 ho Lightning were leſs lively than his Wit,
 nd Thunder-claps leſs loud than thoſe o'th' Pit,
 e had of's many Wants much earlier dy'd,
 ad not kind Banker *Betterton* ſupply'd,
 and took for Pawn the Embryo of a Play,
 ill he could pay himſelf the next third Day.
 Vere *Shakeſpear's* ſelf to live again, he' ne'er
 Deg'nerate to a Poet from a Player.
 arlile i'th' new-raiſ'd Troop we ſee,
 And chattering *Mountfort* in the the Chancery;
 Mountfort how fit for Politicks and Law,
 That play'd ſo well Sir Courtly and *Jack Daw*.
 Dance then attendance in ſlow M——ves Hall,
 Read Maps, or court the Sconces till he call;
 One Actor's Commendation ſhall do more
 Than Patron now, or Merit heretofore.
 ſome Poets I confeſs, the Stage has fed,
 Who for Half Crowns are ſhown, for two Pence read;
 But theſe not envy thou, but imitate,
 Much rather ſtarve in *Shadwels's* ſilent Fate,
 Then new vamp Farces, and be damn'd with Fate. }

For now no *Sidneys* will three hundred give,
 That needy *Spencer*, and his Fame may live;
 None of our new Nobility will send
 To the *King's Bench*, or to his *Bedlam* Friend.
Chymists and Whores by *Buckingham* were fed,
 Those by their honest Labours gain'd their Bread;
 But he was never so expensive yet,
 To keep a Creature merely for his Wit;
 And *Cowley* from all *Clifden* scarce could have
 One grateful Stone, to shew the World his Grave
Pemb——lov'd Tragedy, and did provide
 For Butcher's Dogs, and for the whole Bankside,
 The Bear was fed, but Dedicating *Lee*,
 Was thought to have a larger Paunch than he.
 More I could say, but care not much to meet
 A Crabtree Cudgel in a narrow Street.
 Besides, your Yawning prompts me to give o'er:
 Your humble Servant, Sir, not one word more.

Advice to the Painter,

Upon the defeat of the Rebels in the *West*, at
 the Execution of the late Duke of *Monmouth*.

———*Pictoribus atque Poetis.*
Quidlibet———

SInce by just Flames the * guilty Piece is lost,
 The noblest Work thy fruitless Art could boast
 Renew thy faithful Pains a second time,
 From the Duke's Ashes raise the Prince of *Lime*,
 And make thy Fame eternal as his Crime.

The || Land (if such it may be counted) draw,
 Whose Interest is Religion, Treason Law;

* The Duke's Picture burnt at *Cambridge*. || *Holland*.

ingrateful Land, whose Treacherous Sons are Foes
 the kind Monarchy by which they rose,
 by instinctive Hatred dread that Pow'r,
 and in our King, and in their Conqueror.
 midst the Councils of this black Divan,
 w the misled, aspiring, wretched Man,
 Sword maintaining what his Fraud began. }
 w Treason, Sacrilege, and Prefidy, }
 e curst *Achitophel's* kind Legacy;
 ee direful Engins of a Rebel's hate,
 to Perform the blackest work of Fare.
 But lest their horrid Force too weak shou'd prove,
 d ' tempting Woman's more destructive Love:
 ve the Ambitious Fair——
 Nature's Gifts refin'd by subtlest Art,
 o able to betray that easy Heart,
 and with more charms than *Helen's* to destroy
 hat other Hope of our mistaken *Troy*.
 The Scene from Dulness, and *Dutch* Plots bring o'er,
 and set the hopeful Partacide ashore,
 caught with the Blessings of each boorish Friend,
 and the kind helps their Pray'rs and Brandy lend,
 With those few Crowns——
 ome *English Jews*, and some *French Christians* send.
 Next in thy darkest Colours paint the ⁴ Town,
 or old Hereditary Treason known,
 Whose Infant Sons in early mischiefs bred,
 wear to the Cov'nant they can hardly read;
 Brought up with too much Charity to hate
 ought, but their Bible and their Magistrate.
 Here let the gawdy Banner be display'd,
 While the kind Folls invoke their Neighbours Aid, }
 t' adore that Idol they themselves have made, }
 And Peasants from neglected Fields resort,
 To fill his Army, and adorn his Court.
 Near this, erected on a Drum unbrac'd,
 Let Heaven's and *James's* ⁵ Enemy be plac'd,

³ *Lady Harr. Wentworth.* ⁴ *Taunton.* ⁵ *Ferguson.*

The Wretch that hates, like false *Argyle*, the C
The Wretch that, like vile *Oates*, defames the

(G
And through the Speaking-Trumpet of his No
Heav'ns sacred Word profanely does expose,
Bidding the large-ear'd Rout with one accord
Stand up, and fight the Battle of the Lord.

Then nigh the Pageant Prince (alas to nigh!)
Paint G: with a Romantick Constancy,
Resolv'd to Conquer, or resolv'd to Fly ;
And let there in his Guilty Face appear
The Rebel's Malice, and the Coward's Fear,
That future Ages in thy Face may see
Not his Wife falser to his Bed, than to all Parties

Now let the curst triumvirate prepare
For all the baneful Ills of horrid War ;
Let Zealous Rage the dreadful Work begin,
Back'd with the sad variety of Sin ;
Let Vice in all its numerous shapes be shown,
Crimes which, to milder *Brennus* were unknown
And Innocent *Cromwel* wou'd have blush'd to own
Their Arms from pillag'd Temples let 'em bring
And rob the Deity to wound the King.

Excited then by their Camp-Priest's long Pray'r
Their Conutry's Curses, and their own Despair,
While Hell combines with its vile Offspring Nigh
To hide their Treachery, or secure their Flight,
The watchful Troops with cruel hast come on,
Then shout, look terrible, discharge, and run.

Fal'n from his short liv'd Pow'r and flatter'd Hope
His Friends destroy'd by Hunger, Swords and Ropes
To some near Grove the Western Monarch flies,
In vain the innocent Grove her shade denies.

The Juster Trees—————

Who when for refuge *Charles* and Virtue fled,
By grateful Instinct their glad Branches spread,
And round the Sacred Charge cast their enlarged

(Hea
Straight when the outcast *Absalom* comes nigh,
Dropt off their fading Leaves, and blasted dy.

Earth her self* will hide her guilty Son,
 he for refuge to her Bowels run.
 rebellious *Corah* to her Arm she took
 when Heav'n, and *Israel* his old Cause forsook;
 now provok'd by a more just disdain,
 shrinks her frightened Head, and gives our Rebel
 (back again,

Now Artist, let thy juster Pencil draw
 the sad Effects of necessary Law.
 painted Words, and speaking Colours, tell
 the dismal Exit this sham Prince beset;
 in the sad Scene the glorious Rebel place,
 with Pride, and Sorrow struggling in his Face;
 describe the Pangs of his distracted breast
 (by thy Labours Thought can be express'd)
 how with what difference two vast Passions move,
 and how the Hero with the Christian strove.
 Then place the Sacred Prelate by his side,
 to raise his Sorrow, and confound his pride,
 with the dear dreadful Thoughts of a God crucify'd.
 hint, if thou canst, the Heavenly Words that hung
 upon the Holy Mens persuasive Tongue,
 words sweet as *Moses* writ, or *Asaph* sung;
 words whose prevailing Influence might have won,
 all but the haughty harden'd *Absolon*.
 At distance round their weeping Mother, place
 the too unmindful Fathers beauteous Race;
 but like the Grecian Artist, spread a Veil
 o'er the sad Beauties of fair *Annabel*.

No Art, no Muse those Sorrows can express,
 which would be render'd by Description less.
 Here close the dismal Scene, conceal the rest
 that the sad Orphans Eyes will teach us best;
 thy guilty Art might raise our ill-tim'd Grief too high,
 and make us, while we pity him, forget our Loyalty.

* Taken in a Ditch.

Madam

Madam Le Croy.

OF all the Plagues Mankind possess,
 Defend me from the Sorcerers,
 Who draws from Lines her Calculations,
 Instead of Squares for Demonstrations;
 Such as *Le Croy* imposes on
 The credulous deluded Town;
 Who tho they know themselves but fool'd,
 Bring double Fees for being gull'd.
 So Client jilted of his Suit,
 Loses his Cause, and pays to boot.

In comes a Duke from mighty Place
 And Merit, fall'n into Disgrace;
 She views his Hand, and bids him Joy,
 Calls him his Excellence Vice-Roy.
 With this high Character the Bubble
 Is well content, and pays her double:
 Nor dreams he's banish't with his Fleet
 A Slave to *Pathmos*, or to *Creet*.

As *Richm*——to the Northern Frost,
 And *Charen* —— to th' *Irish* Coast,
 Blinded with Pride, senseless of Ruin,
 So Fools embrace their own undoing.

Graft—— with Jealousy oppress'd,
 She adds a Crescent to his Crest;
 No Plannet-mount his Brow adorns,
Saturn, and *Venus* turn to Horns:
 His Grace is but an Independant,
 Whilst *Mord*—— rules in the Ascendant:
Northum—— does next implore,
 The Stars which *Lucy* curst before.
 And 'twas his Fate, altho he made
 A Cloister of the Nuptial Bed,
 Whence she's return'd with double Charms,
 A Vestal to his faithless Arms.

Alb.—— Duke, who never fought her,
 hi' bargain gets *N—castels* Daughter:
says *Le Croy*, but juster Fate
 mis him a Match at *Billingsgate* ;
 will *N—castels* his hopes place
 a base Bastard Pippin Race.
or So——*set*, she takes upon her
 looth him up with Maids of Honour:
 rage, tho Youth and Beauty fail,
 or Grace has Charms that will prevail ;
 Virgin but must yield a Martyr,
 an Idol of the Star and Garter.
 These *M—ve*, were the pow'eful Charms
 ought *Conway* Captive to thy Arms ;
 was not thy Figure, Wit, nor Wealth,
 was the Star that made the Stealth :
 ortly she will repent the Action,
 ay Hopper-arse will cause the Fraction.
Northamp——, happier in his choice,
 Virgin-Wedlock plac'd his Joys ;
 ifely be shun'd that dire Intrigue,
 oom'd to be thy eternal Plague :
 f all for better or for worse,
 missing her he escap'd the Curse.
Gray's little Hand she next doe's prove,
 grimful of Luck and Heart of Love.
 he Fates you need no more importune,
 his is the very line of Fortune ;
 y Lord, you are most sure of *Nancy*,
 there be truth it *Necromancy*.
 With *Elland* how shall we demean us ?
 less me ! what's here ? the Mount of *Venus* !
 he Table thwarted too ! this shows.
 ou'll die a Martyr in the Cause ;
 if you wou'd shun this dismal Fate,
 go home, my Lord, and Salivate,
 beware of *Mercury* and such Foes,
 Compound with *Venus* for your Nose.
 With Love and Indignation warm,
b——ly begins to huff and storm ;

I dress and keep an Equipage,
 With any Coxcomb of the Age.
 Pray tell me then a reason why
 Each Tinker has his Trull but I?
 Your hand, you need not be so stout,
 My Lord your Line of Love is out.
 Learn then, if you would have Success,
 More Wit, and less Affectèdness.

With Shoulder Belt and gaudy Feather,
 Ten Yards of Crevat ty'd together,
 Comes *New-gb*; by these Lines exprest,
 As you'd a narrow Scape i'th' *West*,
 This Demicircle here declares,
 You'll meet worse Wounds in *Venus Wars*.
 But have a care how you ingage
 For a new Coach and Equipage,
 Lavish and Love's a double Dart,
 That breaks your Back, and this your Heart.
 So Hounds and Huntsmen Hare o'er power,
 And what those worry, these devour.

But these are not the only Fools,
Le Croy has choice of female Gulls,
 Who puff'd with Pride do flock in vain,
 Blown up e'er they discern the Train.

Thus *Lucy* into Bondage run
 For a great Name to be undone:
 Deluded with the Name of Dutchess,
 She fell into the Lion's Clutches:
 This was *Le Croy's* bewitching Cheat,
 Her Sacred Thirst of being great.

Whilst *Graf*—— in her Duke less blest,
 Is of her Bucannier possess;
 With *Sbir*——ry whose Love's intent,
 And all the Rout that nose the Scent.

With wither'd Hand and wrinkled Brow
Cleveland in Rage comes next, to know
 What desperate Tatterdemallion
 Should next vouchsafe to be her Stallion.
 But by the Wrinkles on her Brow,
 She's told her Charms quite fail her now;

And since she coupled with a Strowler,
 Her next Admirer must be Fowler.
Arran with counterfeited Grace,
 And muffled Veil about her Face,
 Shows to *Le Croy* her snowy Fist,
 Who cries, six Husbands at the least;
 Yet yet there's none to that lewd Damp;
 Second Love dares light a Lamp:
Kildare a Beauty in her Bloom,
 Her vizor steals to know her Doom.
 O Gods! a double Line of Life,
 A double Adam; you'll make a thund'ring Wife;
 Great *Jove* himself, and all the Land,
 Beside our Lord, at your command:
 Evon——, *Mul*——, *Scars*——, all
 Shall Captives to your Empire fall;
 Till for a virtuous Wife renown'd,
 Your *Wittall* Lord at last is crown'd.
 Next comes young *Fox's* barren Bliss,
 He reads her Fortune in her Phys!
 Beside; I find it in your Hand,
 A double Adam, you must be better man'd;
 Your brawny Spouse's gross Infusion,
 Beats not your airy Constitution:
 For an Heir you would not want,
 Make meagre *Darcy* your Gallant.
 Fine Lady *Cartwright* in her Chair
 To know her Doom does next repair,
 Pursu'd by *Fenwick*, *Frank*, and *Gray*,
 Who sigh all night, and dodg' all day:
 As Beggars dream of golden Heaps,
 Each longs, but none the Treasure reaps.
 The next fine Widow *Whitmore*, she
 Is told of gentle *Cornb*——;
 But the sly Wight secur'd the Prey,
 And flying bore the Nymph away.
 Miss *Nancy* shall bring up the Reer,
 Whose Fortune is to have a Peer;
 If't ben't her harder Fate to be
 Confounded with Variety.

So tir'd with Change, some Courtly Nice
She makes the last, and the worst choice.

Why should I tire your Patience! out
With *Warwick*, and the wrinkled Rout,
Hinton or *Howard*? I could tell ye
Of thousands besides *Hughes* and *Nelly*.
Who daily croud upon the Plains,
To find out choice of youthful Swains.

But all those Charms that did kind Warmth infuse
Worn out of date have chil'd my tired Muse.

The Tribe of Levi.

Since Plagues were order'd for a Scourge to Men
And *Egypt* fore was chastn'd with her Ten;
No greater Plague did any State molest,
Than the severe, the lasting Plague, a Priest.
Some Savage Beasts, by Laws of Nature bound,
Only in Woods, and desert Lands are found;
No Land, no Climate can this Monster bind,
But like some *Hydra* multiply's his Kind.
Through th' Extended Orb directs his Course,
And is at best a Universal Curse.

Ah happy *Albion*, to the Gods most dear!
How bright thy Rocks, and fertile Lands appear?
The Ocean's glory, and its Nymphs delight,
The Nation's Terror by thy Men of Might.
Thrice happy *Albion*, had there ne'er possess'd
Thy spacious Kingdoms, the consuming Priest!
Who Locust-like the Nations overspread,
In every place a Priest erects his Head.
These, as the Fishes in the Water breed,
And on the Fat of all the Pastures feed.
Nor are they satisfy'd to have a Pow'r
To drain the Nations, and its Fat devour!
But like the Devil, always bent on Ill,
They plot new Mischiefs and Devices still:
Their unknown Virtues do the Crowd deceive:
What Priestly Knaves report, dull Fools believe,
Nor is a Prince (how great so e'er he be)
From their Deceit and studied Malice free,

Like Fiends ascending from the House of Smoak,
 They all around the gilded Palace flock,
 And in the Ears of Monarchy they sing,
 That had they not been Priests he'd ne'er been King.
 Set off with Titles, and a Specious Name,
 They quickly set the wondering World on flame.
 Methinks I hear its burden'd Axels break,
 And of the Priests dead Weight distinctly speak,
 The senseless Elements together moan,
 And all around the vast Creation groan.
 Ye juster Deities, true Friends to Men,
 Assist my Muse, and guide my fainting pen;
 A gen'rous Passion raise within my Breast,
 That may affect the vilest Monster, *Priest*;
 Let my Muse lash, the strokes be bold and good,
 As if my Pen were Steel, my Ink were Blood.

Close by those Banks, the Banks were Silver *Thames*
 Still glides along with unpolluted Streams
 A Fabrick stands, no Storm of Fate molests,
 From its Foundation was possess'd by Priests;
 Here *Levi* lives, o'er grown with Sin and Years,
 Good God, what Lewdness lurks in hoary Hairs!
 As chief of Priests, Imperial Sway does bear,
 For he alone is God's Vicegerent here;
 His lesser Villains of the Church are Slaves,
 For he that's chief of Priests is chief of Knaves.
 'Twas this same *Levi* did our *James* enthrone
 And when h' had done, as basely pull'd him down:
 The *Levites* first his Soverign Will declar'd,
 The *Levites* first his Soverign Will debarr'd,
 And thus old *Levi*, through mistaken fame,
 Had got a Patriot's and a Martyr's Name;
 Him th' unstable Mob with Praises grac'd,
 And thus his Humor for his Conscience past:
 Morose and Peevish, insolently Proud;
Levi would stoop to none but to the Crowd,
 Who, e'er the Rabbel could his Blessings crave,
 His Apostilick Benedictions gave.

Unhappy *James* Prepostrous was the Fate,
 That brought on thee the Clergy's Frown and Hate.

Hadst thou our Civil Rights and Charters took,
 Not half a word the Clergy than had spoke;
 But to molest the Church, was to depose
 God's holy Blockheads, and set up his Foes.
 Now Foreign Troops invited o'er the Main,
 Come to disturb the Scenes of thy short Reign.
 Grown mad with Fear when thou hadst lost the Day
 And in inglorious haste didst run away,
 Our Pious *Levi* loyally came down
 T' invite our future Monarch to the Town.
 How beggarly's the Crown, how mean the State,
 That does depend on Bishops Love or Hate;
 Nor can Conventions now make him a King,
 Till *Levi* does the Regal Vestments bring;
 In vain's your Reasoning, in vain your Toil,
 If *Levi* but keep back th' anointing Oil.
 'Twas not for this the Hero was brought o'er;
 No, but to settle Church as 'twas before,
 To beat his Dad, and call his Mother Whore.
 Shou'd he be crown'd, *Levi's* Designs are crost,
 The juggle too of the Succession lost.
 If *James* be reinthron'd, we must ascribe
 His Restoration unto *Levi's* Tribe:
 And thus the Hierachy of course bears Rule,
 And the weak Monarch is the Bishop's Tool;
 None but the Church should keep their Civil Rights,
 And all Dissenters be but *Gibeonites*.
 So much these Arguments with *Levi* sway'd,
 That he aside his Faith and Conscience laid;
 At once the Sanhedrim and God forsook,
 And all his own pernicious Councils took.
 Rather than have his Priests left in the lurch,
 Would damn himself only to save the Church.
 Thus in a Fret he to his Cell retires,
 To plot new Mischiefs, and blow up new Fires.
 Had this Retirement been well design'd,
 Only to ease the Plague of Human Kind,
Levi, thy Absence then we ne'er could mourn,
 Nor been ambitious of thy loath'd Return.

ut since thy Den's become the Lyon's Court,
Whither in Black the Beasts of Prey resort,
lay'st thou from thence thy final Journey take,
and on some Gibbet thy just Exit make.

Nor shalt thou *Corab*, now my Hand is in,
scape the justest Censure of my Pen;
Corab, in the lewd List must next take place,
to Man, and to Religion, a disgrace.

on him, when Young, the Priestly Sign appears
Did promise Mischief in his tender Years,
No cost was wanting to provide him Tools,
To pass the learned Drudgery of the Schools,
Where Youth is with the Laws Corruption fed,
Where Priests are form'd, and holy Cheats are bred.

Their slavish Tenen's much our *Corab* lov'd,
And in the Tricks of Priesthood soon improv'd.
He from the Pulpit did his Doctrine breath,
And shed his Venom on the Crow'd beneath:
He taught that Kings might govern by their Will,
And like the Gods themselves could ne'er do ill;
That Princes had an arbitrary Power,
And might their Subjects, when they pleas'd, devour;
That God all Reason gave to Kings and Priests,
And that all Men besides were only Beasts.

But when his Lion from the Throne was driven,
Disown'd by all good Men, and juster Heaven,
A King set up the Nations all approv'd,
A King that God and all the People lov'd;
Our treacherous *Corab* had his Faith forgot,
And turn'd his fam'd Obedience to a Plot;
His scrupulous Conscience would not let him swear,
Whilst Father liv'd, Obedience to the Heir;
But in the Head of a Rebellious Race,
As void of moral Vertues as of Grace,
Corab the new-made Monarch did disown,
And since the other went, each Action done;
Until King *William's* Fate resounds from far,
His great Success and Enterprize in War,
And Fame aloud does of his Fortunes tell,
How by his Hand the Sons of *Corab* fell.

Now *Corab* is become a milder Priest,
 And swears as well as any of the rest,
 Priests are like Spaniel's, and inclin'd to good,
 No longer than they see or feel the Rod.
 Ah *William*, had I but thy Scepter Royal!
 By Heaven I'd beat the Dogs till they were Loyal!

Ungrateful *Corab*! I'll bid thee adieu;
 Since God hath left thee, I will leave thee too:
 Nor shall my Satyr e'er disturb my Life,
 Since thou hast got a Satyr in a Wife.

Dathan must next be from Oblivion freed,
 Who in the Field obtain'd the Bishop's Meed;
 Was bred a Soldier, now by Trade a Priest,
 Tho not so wise or learn'd as are the rest.
 He seldom does to Preaching make pretence,
 But does excuse it by his want of Sense.
 Yet *Dathan* never like his Tribe was mad,
 Nor were his Crimes so great or half so bad;
Dathan did never question his Belief,
 But pinn'd his Faith upon his Father's Sleeve;
 Sometimes was in the right, but vary'd soon,
 And chang'd his loose Opinion with the Moon.
Dathan did with King *William's* Interest close,
 Yet like a Sot encourag'd all his Foes.
 Who but wise *Dathan* would his Sense prefer,
 And take the part of a Petitioner?
 Favour the City Mob, so lately fam'd,
 For Murderers and Evidences nam'd?
 Yet *Dathan*, though thy Crimes too far exceed,
 I'll pardon all thy Faults for one good Deed.

But damn'd *Abiram* must my Anger feel,
 Whose Lewdness is as deep, as black as Hell,
 Such as a Muse, scarce an *Old Nick*, can tell.
Abiram did late *Femmy's* Will controul,
 And made a Seventh in the famous Roll;
Abiram with 'em enter'd his Protest,
 And grew as faucy as did all the rest;
 But now his Conscience does by *Levi's* square,
 And his leud Thoughts with *Levi's* Notes compare.

Levi

Levi to God nor to the Kingdom true,
 The Elder Brother of the factious Crew;
 He chose *Abiram* out of all the Tribe,
 To be his Secretary and his Scribe,
 Who best to Mr. *Redding* might present
 The Strength and Weakness of the Government;
 How stiff the *Levites* to his Interest stood,
 As true as Steel, and firm as Oaken Wood.
 But poor *Abiram* does the Toil endure,
 Whilst *Levi* in his Cell does sit secure:
Levi of Freedom knew the worth and price,
 And therefore sent the Fools to break the Ice.
 Tho some in forming Plots may well agree,
 Yet few think good to hang for Company.
 But poor *Abiram*! it would vex a Stone,
 To plot in Numbers, and to hang alone.
 Yet never at thy Destiny repine,
 Hanging's the fittest Death for a D——ne.
 For who does ever at the Gallows swing,
 But e'er he's turned off a Psalm doth sing?
 And though thou art a dire Example made,
 Thoul't leave the World in thy own way of Trade.

Nor must *Abiathar* be here forgot,
 For he that well can write can make a Plot:
 Of any Faith he never maketh doubt,
 But like the Wind his Conscience veers about.
 In lofty Strains he Tyrant *Noll* did praise,
 And to his Fame a lasting Statue raise;
 Who in Usurpers praise employ their Pens,
 Have no Affection to their lawful Prince.
 Whate'er pretence to Priesthood may belong,
 Gold is their God, and Glory guides their Tongue.
 These even *Beelzebub* have quite undone,
 In Priest thy *Athens* Plagues are cram'd in one.

But now my Muse another Story tells;
 Pray hear the Sound of pious *Aaron's* Bells,
 Whose Strength of Zeal suppresses that of Sense,
 Where flesh doth fail, Devotion does commence,
 For tir'd with Age, of youthful Vigor free,
 He is devout of meer Necessity;

His great Austerity his Tribe does sute,
 He sometimes rides, but oftner walks on foot:
 Such pageant Zeal attendeth Bishopricks,
 He well may walk, where follows Coach and Six.
 Nor can he pray, but where his Pictures stand,
 To fix his Zeal, and wandring Thoughts command.
 These Images do pious Heats confer,
 And raise Devotion up the Lord knows where;
 He soars so high, and to the Clouds does grow,
 He quite forgets all Loyalty below,
 Can take no Oath, nor swallow any Test,
 But must be stubborn as are all the rest.

Let lasting Infamy curst *Zadoc* damn,
 Who maketh all Religion but a Sham:
Zadoc, who boasts of Fighting, Drinking, Roaring,
 And above all his mighty Strength in Whoring;
 Yet to debauch his Conscience now is loth;
 And swears by God he cannot take the Oath:
 Let *Zadoc* to his Sins stand firm and stiff,
 'Till Triple Tree shall take the Triple F——

Next in the List must *Eleazer* come,
 A Foe to *England*, and a Friend to *Rome*.
 Priests in Divinity take little Pains,
 And with Religion seldom crack their Brains.
 This want of Sense made *Eleazer* run
 The first to worship the arising Sun.
 When Brother Priests arrived here from *Rome*,
 Good *Eleazer* did invite them home:
 He took his Coach, and mighty Stir he made
 To be assistant at the Cavalcade;
 But yet thy Coachmen, as the Act exprest,
 By most was thought the better sort of Priest;
 He would not drive, nor *Rome's* black Fiends adore,
 When thou wer't but Postillion to the Whore;
 Whilst honest *Slash* did for his Freedom strive,
 Thou like the Devil unto *Rome* didst drive:
 Thy Brethren banish'd by the present Reign,
 Thou long'st to view and welcome here again.
 Not the lew'd *Levites* which arrive from *Rome*,
 Are greater Villains than our Priests at home:

e Church's Warriors of thy py-bald Band,
 at plague the Natives of this wretched Land,
 at blow the Coals and warmer Blood ferment,
 cause a Fever in the Government.
 I'll mention but one more, and then have done,
 is fighting *Joshua* the Son of *Nun*:
 so he to Men of Sense is a Buffoon,
 serves to make a Spiritual Dragoon.
 That tho he cannot preach, or pray, or write,
 e 'gainst his Country and his King can fight.
 e's strongly armed with a double Sword,
 o fight God's Battles, and to preach his Word.
 That Wonders in the Field were lately done,
 y fighting *Joshua* the Son of *Nun*?
 le, bravely *Monmouth* and his Force withstood,
 nd made the *Western* Land a Field of Blood;
 here *Joshua* did his reaking Heat assuage,
 n every Sign-post gibbet up his Rage;
 blutted with Blood like some most Christian Turk,
 nd scarce outdone by *Jefferies* or *Kirk*;
 et now the Priest is grown a Rebel too,
 nd what *Monmouthians* did, himself can do.
 ince thou like them art equally too blame,
 Their Fate was to be hang'd, be thine the same.

Shou'd I of all the lesser Villains tell,
 t would a great, a bulky Volume fill,
 fit for the Devil's Library in Hell.
 Should I their Lewdness, and their Crimes relate,
 Their Lusts, their Perjuries, their Envy, Hate,
 Their filthy Drunkenness, their height of Pride,
 Their Avarice, yet Luxury beside,
 Their want of Goodness, and their want of Sense,
 And their Repentance in the future Tense,
 Their new-coin'd Tenets with the Pulpits fill,
 Would tire *Pelling's* Passive Lungs to tell.
Hopbnie of old laid down his rampant Whore,
 And thump'd her Carcase at the Temple-door:
 But who can tell what tricks our Priests do use
 Behind the Altar, and within the Pews?

The antient *Levites* (as the times then stood)
Were Men of Cruelty, and Men of Blood;
The far more harmless Bulls they did surprize,
And near the Altar shew the Sacrifice.
Altho the Butcher now does not take place,
The Cruelty's entail'd upon the Race;
Our Priests are all descended from that Stem,
Nero and *Aretine* are Saints to them;
They oft the Blood of War in Peace have spill'd,
How many Prisons has their Malice fill'd;
How many Widows have they made a Prey?
What Goods the holy Guzmans stole away!
Well may they grieve now, having lost the Power
By which they Widows Houses did devour:
That Land's accurst, hath reason to lament,
Where Priests are made a Piece of Government;
They damn our Souls, and lead us weary Lives,
Mislead our Daughters, and debauch our Wives;
Whatever shew of Zeal the Priesthood paints,
They are at best but cuckoldizing Saints;
The pious Vermin that molest a State,
The Source of all Disorder and Debate;
The Bane of Princes, a tumultuous Crew,
Not satisfy'd with what is old or new.
For *James* they underwent a wondrous Toil,
And greas'd his Head with their Anointing Oil;
But when he to the Jesuits tack'd about,
They as the Devil with pray'r cast them out.
Nor are they with their New-made Monarch glad,
(The Priests have still a Priv'lege to be mad)
Tho easy, gentle, and averse to Blood,
His only Crime, he's to his Foes too good;
Well may he have the Priests to be his Foes,
That even God Almighty will depose.

Verses sent to a Friend to one who twice ventur'd his Carcase in Marriage.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

THE Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean
 He always in danger, she always in motion;
 And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his Carcase,
 Twice ventures the Drowning, and Faith that's a hard
 [case.

Even at our own Weapons the Females defeat us,
 And Death, only Death can sign our *Quietas*.
 Not to tell you sad Stories of Liberty lost,
 Our Mirth is all pall'd, and our Measures all crost;
 That Pagan Confinement, that damnable Station,
 Creates no other States or Degrees in the Nation.
 The *Levite* it keeps from Parochial Duty,
 Or who can at once mind Religion and Beauty?
 The Rich it alarms with Expences and Trouble,
 And a poor Beast, you know, can scarce carry double.
 'Twas invented, they tell you, to keep us from falling,
 The Virtues and Graces of shrill Caterwaling!

[Sir,
 How it palls in your Gain; but pray how do you know
 How often your Neighbour breaks in your Inclosure?
 Or this is the principal Comforts of Marriage,
 You must eat tho a hundred have spit in your Porridg.
 For at night you're unactive, or fail in performing,
 Enter Thunder and Lightning, and Blood-shed next

[Morning;
 'Tis the Bone of your Shanks, O dear Mr. *Horner*.
 This comes of your sinning with Crape in a Corner.

Then

Then to make up the Breach all your Strength you must
 And labour and sweat like a Slave in a Gally ;
 And still you must charge, O blessed Condition !
 Tho' you know, to your cost, you have no more Arms
 Till at last the poor Tool of a mortified Man, [munition]
 Is unable to make a poor Flash in the Pan.
 Fire, Flood, and Female, begin with a Letter,
 But for all the World's not a Farthing the better.

[humour]
 Your Flood is soon gone, and your Fire you must
 If into Flames store of Water you tumble ;
 But to cure the damn'd Lust of your Wife's Titillation,
 You may use all the Engines and Pumps in the Nation
 As well you may piss out the last Conflagration.
 And thus I have sent you my Thoughts of the matter,
 You may judg as you please, I scorn for to flatter,
 I could say much more, but here ends the Chapter.

The CAMPAIGN.

1692.

WHEN People find their Money spent,
 They *recollect* which *way* it went,
 The like in order to *prevent*

for th' Future

That *Money's* spent I need not tell,
 For what I know not very well,
 Unless to make Folks to Rebel

or Turn

But lest you think it spent in vain,
 And of our Hero's Acts Complain,
 I will describe this last Campaign

in Flanders

With *Treasure*, *Ships*, and *Arms* good store,
 To make the *French* (as we be) poor,
 He did embark with many more

Commanders
 While

file Cares were fighting in his Breast,
 A nothing left (but *Wife*) unprest,
 took, not staying to be blest'd,

his Ark, Sir.

Planning to make some work for Verse,
 for dull Dutchmen to rehearse,
 here *Wit* and *Courage* are so scarce;

d'ye mark, Sir.

It was no sooner set on shore,
 when News came *Post* that *Luxembur*
 had actually besieg'd *Namur*,

nigh *Liege*, Sir.

his *Action* put him in a maze,
 fearing if he should make *delays*,
 would be difficult to raise

the Siege, Sir.

With that he muster'd all his Force,
 full forescore thousand Foot and Horse,
 that never flinch'd, or hung an Arse,

when fighting.

And march'd away with Noble Train;
 But all Endeavours prov'd in vain,
 There were such Storms of Thunder, Rain,

And Lightning.

The *filthy Season* made him fret;
 Not that he fear'd the *French* a bit,
 But that it was such *plaguy wet*

raw Weather.

We boldly view'd their *dirty Passes*,
 And *Retrenchments* where no *Grass* is,
 And so retir'd like *driven Asses*,

together.

For not attempting once to fight,
Namur was taken in our fight,
 Though from the Town we lay not quite

a Mile, Sir.

The *strength* of *Flanders* so was won,
 And *W*———bravely saw it done,
 And unconcernedly look'd on

the while, Sir,

The

The *Dutch*, who better knew the Land,
Found it too *slippery* to stand,
And therefore would not be *treppan'd*,

as we w

For so to *Fight* at any rate,
Without *Assurance* of their Fate,
Or a respect to *Future State*,

is not l

Low Country Courage thus express'd,
His Highness thought it time to *rest*,
And full *three Months* he took at least

to do

When so *refreshed*, in *hast* he rose,
And *swore* (for 'twas his turn t' oppose)
He'd be *reveng'd*, and make his Foes

to rue

To carry on this great *Design*,
Early one Morning very fine,
He did *resolve* to force their *Line*

and Trenches

With Swords, and Guns, and Hand-Granadoes,
He made his way through *Ambuscadoes*,
And beat down some o'th *Pallisadoes*

of the Frenches

So there began a *warm Dispute*,
The *French* were strong, and held him to't;
For *Æsop* order'd all his Foot

to draw forth

When *Two* Fight one must always beat,
'Tis said; but that's a meér *deceit*;
For *W* ——— only did *retreat*,

and so forth

He left indeed Six thousand Dead,
At least they were dispirited,
Twelve hundred, some say, were Pris'ners made,

but I won't

The *French* did soon decamp we find,
As if to Fight no more inclin'd,
Leaving the Lord knows what behind,

for I don't
What

at if this great Attempt did fail?
 had another to prevail,
 Monsieur might his Stars bewail

with sorrow.

in hopes was made to fly,
 Conquests left to W—— to buy;
 with Commonwealth his Tyranny

to borrow.

was a Descent, you understand,
 the French Coasts some Men to land,
 rescue Traitors from the hand

of Lewis.

Laws of France there to restore,
 England's he had done before;
 some will ha't to break 'em more,

most true is.

ppose all Kings alike for ease,
 and the Name only not to please,
 Old Things with us are a Disease)

'twere madness;

While Lewis's Glory does commence,
 exchange him for a creeping Prince,
 would be a vile Affront to Sense

in sadness.

the Ladies would forbid those Arts,
 to give away their King of Hearts,
 or one of less performing parts

than le Grand.

or One that ha'nt to show, God knows,
 so much to please 'em, as a Nose;
 who it may serve to spight his Foes,

how ere't stand.

but while our Champion was abroad,
 Mind how he kept the very Road
 to his Cabinet had show'd,

and went in.

to drag our Landmen out to Sea,
 to use them ill, and keep their Pay,
 strict Orders coming ev'ry Day,

from B——ting.
 With

With fifteen thousand Men, and more,
 Five hundred Ships to waft them o'er,
 With sixty Cannons that would roar

like Thunder

Some fifty Mortars great and small,
 Bombs, Carcasses, the Devil and all,
 And bloody *Threats* sent from *Whitehall*,

you'd wonder

Spades, Shovels, Pioneers they got,
 Guns, Swords, sav'd all since *Oate's* Plot,
 At *Bilboa* made, if I am not

mistaken

Bridles and Saddles not a few,
 With Harnesses for Mankind too,
 To shew the *French* what they must do,

if taken

The forty thousand Bills from *Spain*,
 Which ne're till then saw Sun or Rain,
 But have in Hugger Mugger lain

fourteen years

The Pilgrims too, fly Volunteers,
 Expected just so many Years,
 If you'll believe't, to increase *French* Fears,

were seen there

But above all they were supplied
 With six Months Powder'd Beef beside,
 For fear the *French* should not provide

enough, Sir

And armed with a pious Zeal
 For holy Kirk, and Commonwealth,
 And Courage true as any Steel,

or Buff, Sir

This grand design was deeply laid,
 If it be true that People said,
 That *Rockel* was to be betray'd,

or *Dunkirk*

Tho others said they were to go
 In dusk of Night to *St. Malo*,
 To burn the Ships, and maul the Foe

with *Dungfort*

But

Some a wiser thing did say,
Was farther off into a Bay,
Far from *Bayonne*, call'd *Biscay*,

nigh *Spaniard*.

Stop our Search an Order came,
That none the destin'd Place should name,
He should strait be hang'd for th' same

at Main-yard.

Thus equipt, Wind sitting right,
They hoisted Sail with all their Might,
And safely past the Isle of *Wight*,

as can be.

Change Hopes and Fears did us possess,
To know what would be the Success,
Then suddenly came an Express

to *Danby*,

Which brought Advice that *Russel*, he
With *L——ster's* Duke could not agree;
Was our Project utterly

defeated.

To get in order this Descent
Our hundred thousand Pounds were spent;
To you, and not the Government,

were cheated.

Thus between *French* that us do beat,
And *Dutch* that daily do us cheat,
Our Grief and Ruins must be great,

I fear it.

Jachar's Arms may ours be made,
An Afs between two Burdens laid,
To both for being *Jews* betray'd,

you'll swear it.

Namur we saw to *France* submit,
At *Steinkirk* flush'd into a Net,
And the Descent proved beshit

all over.

His Conquests thus at once you view,
And how he did his Foes subdue;
His Triumphs next I will to you

discover.

But

But first observe how he return'd!
Some Paltry Ships that you thought burn'd,
And *Bart*, with whom to fight he scorn'd,

no word

Met him: But Kings, whose Honour lies
As his, be not to fight a Prize
With Folks concern'd in Robberies,

and Plunder

So to escape a Bloody Bout,
He did take down his Royal Clout,
Or Flag, on which it did fall out,

Gaff Man

Our King of Bees then did not fail,
Altho he wears no Sting in's Tail,
And without shifting Hive to fail,

safe Home to

The Tower Guns were all prepar'd,
And Fireworks on Lighters rear'd;
But what came on 'em I ne'er heard

a Verb

In Windows most Folks set up Lights,
Excepting saucy *Jacobites*,
That had their Glazing broke to rights,

to curb 'em

First came some Guards to clear the way;
And next a Squire with Boots of Hay,
And on a Nag most miserably

Bejaded

Two Men came next who cring'd and bow'd,
And humbly did beseech the Crowd,
To make a noise, and bawl aloud,

as they did

Then came Coach, in which there sat
Four Lords, who went, as People prate,
His Highness to congratulate

and flatter

Next twenty Mob, the Chief o' th Town,
In left Hand Club in right Hand Stone,
Those Windows which had Candles none

to batter

Four

Our Horses next a Chariot drew,
 In which of *Dutch*-men there sat two,
 Whose very looks would make one spew,
 as I did.

At last the fierce *Life-guards* appear'd,
 Who at the Candles gap'd and star'd:
 And thus his Triumphs you have heard
 described.

Now judge if he's so fit a Pin
 For th' wounded Hole that he is in;
 Or have we cause to chuse again,
 or no, Sir?

If we to Slavery are born;
 Yet 'tis a Case that's too forlorn,
 To serve them that our Servants scorn,
 I trow, Sir.

But after all it must be said,
 His Conquests were not quite so bad,
 But he those Triumphs merited,
 and more, Sir.

For sure no Emperor of *Rome*,
 Nor *Brittish* King was, I presume,
 With Farthing Candles lighted home
 before, Sir.

The Nine WORTHIES.

*A Satyr written when the K—— went to Flanders, and
 left nine Lords Justices.*

A Thin ill-natur'd Ghost that haunts the King,
 Till him and us he does to Ruin bring,
 Impeach'd and pardon'd, impudently rides
 The Council, and the Parliament bestrides;
 Where some bought Members, like his serving Men,
 To all his lies devoutly say *Amen*.
 This brazen'd Liar, this known cursed K——
 Is now the Man that Church and State must save.

Room for the Pink of starch'd Civility,
The Emptiness of Old Nobility:

This Fop without distinction does apply
His Bows and Smiles to all promiscuously ;
With an affected Careless waves his Wand,
And tottering on does neither go nor stand.
So humbly proud, and so genteely dull,
Too weak for Counsel, and too old for Trull ;
That to conclude with this bilk'd stately thing,
He's a meer costly piece of Garnishing.

A drowsy *Wittal* drawn down to the last,
Dead before's time by having liv'd too fast,
Lives now upon the Wit that's long since gone,
Nothing but Bulk remains, the Soul is flown ;
The little good that's sometimes of him said,
Is because Men will speak well of the Dead :
For when all's done, this honest worthy Man
Has no Remorse for taking all he can.

A Grave Eye, and an Overthinking Face,
Seem to distinguish him from all his Race ;
But Nature's proud, and scorning all Restraint,
By sudden Stars shews there's a mortal Taint ;
Which to a good Observer makes it plain,
The Frenzy will e'er long return again :
But after all, to do him right ; 'tis sad
The best of all the Nine should be stark mad.

A good Attorney spoil'd, when his ill Fate
And ours did make him Secretary of State ;
For if his part had been to give a Charge
At Country Sessions where he might enlarge,
H'as a rare Method to display a thing
With mighty Sense, not worth the mentioning :
But the fine gilded Bead is much too weak
To bear the wieght he's under, so much break,

Next, Painter, draw a Jackanapes of State,
A Monkey turn'd into a Magistrate,
A swacy Wight born up with Heat and Noise,
Fit only for a Ring-leader of Boys ;
To untile Neighbour Houses, and to play
Such uncouth Gambols on a Holy-day.

Strange!

ange ! that so young a Government should dote,
as to let a Whirl-wind rule the Boat.
Ungrateful Toad-stool, despicable thing !
us to desert thy Master, and thy King ;
was thy Maker too, and from the Dust
is'd thee, tho 'twas to all Mankind's Disgust.
William, with all his Courage, must be afraid
to trust the Villain who has *James* betray'd ;
or sure no thing can e'er redeem thy Crime,
at the same brutal Trick a second time.
As rich in Words as he is poor in Sense,
an empty piece of misplac'd Eloquence :
With a soft Voice, and a Moss Trooper's Smile,
he Widgeon fain the Commons would beguile ;
but he is known, and 'tis hard to express
how they deride his *Northern* Gentleness,
While he lets loose the dull insipid Stream
of his set Speeches made up of whipt Cream.
'Tis here alone you'll find, wher'ere you seek,
a profound Statesman with a cherry Cheek :
He has a quick Eye, and a sprightful Glance,
his Face a Map of jolly Ignorance.
The Lillies and the Roses so dispos'd,
should not by Care or Thought be discompos'd :
That fat, round, pretty, blushing thing,
should e'er be thus condemn'd to Counselling.

To the Lords assembled in Council ; The Petition of
Tho. Brown, by *Sir Fleetwood Shepherd*.

Humbly sheweth,

Should you order *Tom Brown*
To be Wipt thro the Town
For Scurvy Lampoon,
Tate, *Southern*, and *Crown*,
Their Pens will lay down.

E'en *Durfy* himself, and such merry Fellows,
 That put their whole trust in Tunes and Trangdills
 May hang up themselves, and their Harps on the
 Willow

For if Poets are punish'd for Libelling Tra sh,
Jo. Dryden, at sixty may yet fear the Lash.

No Pension nor Praise,
 All Birch and no Bays;
 These are not right ways
 Our Fancies to raise
 To the writing of Plays,
 And so Prologues so witty,
 That jerk at the City;
 And now and then hit
 Some Friend in the Pit,
 So hard, and so par,
 Till he hides with his Hat
 His monstrous Crevar.

The Pulpits alone
 Can never preach down
 The Fops of the Town:
 Then pardon *Tom Brown*,
 And let him write on.

But if you had rather convert the poor Sinner,
 His foul railing Mouth may be stopt with a Dinner,
 Give him Cloaths to his Back, some Meat and much
 (Drink

Then clap him close Prisoner without Pen and Ink.

And your Petitioner shall ever Pray, &c.

A Description of Mr. Dryden's Funeral.

OF Kings Renown'd and Mighty Bards I write,
 Some slain by Whores, and others kill'd in Fight;
 Some starving liv'd, whilst others were prefer'd;
 But all, when dead, are in one place inter'd.

A brick stands by ancient Heroes built,
 Sign'd for holy Use t'atone their Guilt;
 The sacred Urns of Majesty they keep,
 The Kings and Poets most profoundly sleep;
 The Choristers in Hymns their Voices raise,
 And charm'd the dreadful Goblin from the Place.
 No throng'd with Tombs, no Specter here is found,
 They sing the very Devil off the ground:
 No Night-mare dances 'mongst the ancient Tombs,
 No sulphurous *Incubus* dispences Fumes;
 Nor let no subterranean Hag afright
 My Muse, whilst of the FUNERAL I write.

A bard there was, who whilome did command,
 And held the Laurel in his potent Hand;
 He 'o'er *Panassus* bore Imperial Sway,
 Him all the little Tribes of Bards obey:
 But Bards and Kings, howe'er approv'd and great,
 Must stoop at last to the Decrees of Fate.
 Fate bid him for the stroke of Death prepare,
 And then remov'd him to the Lords know where.
 If to the Living we such Tribute owe,
 We on the Dead must pious Rites bestow;
 To our Assistance all the Wits must call,
 To grace the Glory of the Funeral.

Who is the first appears unto our View,
 But haughty, proud, imperious *M——ue*?
 Who cocks his Chin, and scarce affords a Word,
 But looks as big as any *Belgick* Lord;
 In the best Dairies fed, grown sleek and fat,
 The creeping *Mouse* is turn'd into a *Rat*:
 Of other Brows he licks the toilsom Sweat,
 And by our Sins grows impudently great:
 As chiefs of Wits he does himself prefer,
 And with our Gold bribes every Flatterer;
 But Men of Sense and Honour does despise,
 And crushes such as would by Virtue rise,
 While each lewd Rakehell of the nauseous Town
 He fills with Coin, and does with Honours crown.
 The Nation's Wealth he most profusely spends,
 But not on such as are the Nation's Friends;

But such as wrote our Country to inflave,
 His Kindness follows even to the Grave.
 He the great Bard at his own charge inters,
 And dying Vice to living Worth prefers.
 Some others too in the Affair are join'd,
 Alike in Morals, and alike in Mind.
 But these my Muse must here forbear to name,
 Scarce worthy Honour or deserving Fame.
 The Day is come, and all the Wits must meet,
 From *Covent-Garden* down to *Watling-street*;
 They all repair to the Physician's Dome
 There lies the Corps, and there the Eagles come :
 No Corps an Entrance has within this Gate,
 None are admitted here to lie in State,
 But such as Fate a noted Death has carv'd,
 A Cutpurse hang'd, or a poor Poet starv'd;
 One is anatamiz'd when he is dead,
 The other in his Life for want of Bread.

A Troop of Stationers at first appear'd,
 And *Jacob T——n* Captain of the Guard;
Jacob the Muses Midwife, who well knows
 To ease a lab'ring Muse of Pangs and Throws;
 He oft has kept the Infant Poet-warm,
 Oft lick'd th' unweildy Monster into Form;
 Oft do they in high Flights and Raptures swell,
 Drunk, with the Waters of our *Jacob's Well*.

Next these the Play-house Sparks do take their turn,
 With such as under *Mercury* are born,
 As Poets, Fiddlers, Cutpurfes, and Whores,
 Drabs of the Play-house, and of Common-shores,
 Pimps, Panders, Bullies, and Eternal Beaux,
 Fam'd for short Wits, long Wigs, and gaudy Clothes:
 All Sons of Meter tune the Voice in praise,
 From Loffy Strains, to humble Ekes and Ayes:
 The Singing Men and Clerks who charm the Soul,
 And all the Traders in *Fa la fa sol*;
 All these the Funeral Obsequies do aid,
 As younger Brothers of the Rhyming Trade.

The tuneful Rabble now together come,
 They fill with doleful Sighs the fable Rome:

me groan'd, some sob'd, and some I think there wept
 and some got drunk, loll'd down, and snor'd and slept.
 round the Corps in state they wildly press;
 Notes unequal, like Pindarick Verse,
 which one does his sad Sentiments express.
 The Player say, My Friends we are undone,
 here, the Muses best and darling Son
 from us to the blest *Elyzium* gone:
 What other Poet for us will engage
 to be the Prop of the declining Stage?
 All other Poets are not worth a Loufe;
 here fell the Prop of our once glorious House:
 but now from us by Fate untimely torn,
 leave the dull Stage a Desert, and forlorn.
 A dismal Sadness in each Face appears;
 and such as could not speak, burst out in Tears:
 His Death, alas! affected ev'ry body,
 And fetch'd deep sighs and Tears from ev'ry Noddy:
 Not much affected every tuneful Ringer,
 But most of all the jolly Ballad-finger,
 Who now at a Streets Corner must no more
 A Play-house Song in equal Numbers roar.
 Nay, I am told, when he his last Gasp groan'd,
 The Bell-rope trembl'd, and the Organ ton'd:
 And as great things affect a little thing,
 This was the Death of many a Fiddle string.
 No Chronicles I read of do relate
 Such a sad Hurricane in Church and State.
 The charming Songsters at our great *St. Paul's*,
 Could scarce sing Prayers to save their very Souls:
 The Boys were dumb, the Singingmen were wounded,
 All the whole Choir disabled and confounded!
 And when the Prayers were ended, alas, then
 The Clerk could hardly sob out an *Amen*.
 Not a *Crowdero* at a Bawdy-house,
 Who use in racy Liquour to carouse,
 But with sad haste unto the burial ran,
 Forgets his Tipple, and neglects his Can.
 With Tag-rag, Bob-tail was the Room full fill'd,
 You'd think another *Babel* to be built;

Not more Confusion at St. *Bar*'s fam'd Fair,
Or at *Guild-hall* for choice of a Lord Mayor.

But stay, my Muse, the Learned G——*th* appear
He sighing comes, and is half drown'd in Tears :
The Famous G——*th*, whom Learned Poets call
Knight of the Order of the Urinal.

He, of *Apollo* learn't his wondrous Skill.
He taught him how to sing, and how to kill ;
For all he sends unto a darksome Grave,
He honours also with an Epitaph.
He entertain'd the Audience with Oration,
Tho very new, yet something out of fashion :
But 'cause the Hearers were with Learning blest,
He did it in the Language of the Beast :
But so pronounc'd, the Sound and Sense agrees,
A Country Mouse talks better in a Cheese,
Or *Jack* at-apinch, when reeling he repairs
To neighb'ring Church to mumble o'er his Prayers.
The Sense and Wit, they say, was very good,
Tho neither seen, felt, heard, nor understood.
Thus we must all, as common Rumour saith,
Believe the Doctor by implicit Faith.

Next him the Sons of Musick pass along,
And murder *Horace* in confounded Song ;
Whose Monument more durable than Brass,
Is now defac'd by every chanting Ass.
No Man at *Tyburn* doom'd to take a swinging,
Would stay to hear such miserable singing,
Where all the Beast of Musick try their Throats,
And different species use their different Notes :
Here the Ox bellows, there the Satyr howls ;
The Puppies whine, and the bold Mastiff growls ;
The Magpys chatter, and the Night-Owls screek ;
The old Pigs grunt, and all the young ones squeek :
Yet altogether make melodious Songs,
As Bumpkin tools to rusty pair of Tongs.

Now, now, the time is come, the Parson says,
And for their *Exeunt* to the Grave he prays :
The way is long, and Folk the Streets are clogging
Therefore, my Friends away, come let's be jogging

A sist me thou, who, clad in Sun-beam Weeds,
 riv' st round the Orb each day with fiery Steeds;
 Tho neither art with Heat nor Cold oppress'd,
 rt never weary, tho thou tak' st no rest:

sist me to describe the Cavalcade,
 That mighty Figure thro the Streets they made.

Before the Herse the mourning Hautboys go,
 and screech a dismal sound of Grief and Woe ;
 More dismal Notes from Bogtrotters may fall,
 More dismal Plaints at *Irish* Funeral.

But no such Flood of Tears e'er stopt our Tide,
 Since *Charles* the Martyr, and the Monarch dy'd.

The Decency and Order first describe,
 Without regard to either Sex or Tribe.

The sable Coaches lead the dismal Van,
 But by their sides I think few Footmen ran ;

Nor needed these, the Rabble fill the Streets,
 And Mob with Mob in great Disorder meets.

See the next Coaches how they are accouter'd
 Both in the Inside, eke, and on the Outward.

One pocky Spark, one found as any Roach,

One Poet and two Fiddlers in a Coach;

The Play-house Drab, that beats the Beggars-Bush,

And Bawdy talks would make an old Whore blush,

But every Bully kiss'd good Truth, but such is

Now her good Fate to ride with Mrs. Dutchess.

VVas e'er Immortal Poet thus buffoon'd ?

In a long Line of Coaches thus Lampoon'd ?

A Man with Gout and Stone quite wearied,

Would rather live than thus be buried.

What greater Plague can Heaven on Man bestow,

Who must with Knaves on Life's dull Journey go ?

And when on t'other Shoar he's landed safe,

A Crowd of Fools attend him to the Grave,

A Crowd so nauseous, so profusely leud,

With all the Vices of the Times endu'd,

What *Cowley's* Marble wept to see the Throng,

Old *Chaucer* laugh'd at their unpolish'd Song,

And *Spencer* thought he once again had seen

The Imps attending on his *Fairy Queen*;

Her

Her little *Tibb*, and *Tom*, and *Mib*, and *Mab*,
Come to lament the Death of Poet *Squab*.

But Burying is not all the Rites we owe,
Some other Obsequies we must bestow :
Must so Religious, so profound a Wit,
Be toss'd like common Dust into the Pit ?
The Fates forbid ! We'll surely fill the Plains
And Neighb'ring Woods with Elegiack Strains:
E'en *Newgate's* Chaplain, who in's Office fell,
Instructing Villains in the way to Hell ;
He had the Muses Pass-port on his Herse,
His Praises sung in everlasting Verse.
Nay, a *Dutch* Mastiff late in state did lie ;
My *Lady's* Lap-Dog had an Elegy ;
And shall not *Dryden* have one, O *Fy, Fy* !
Yes, say the *Oxford* and the *Cambridge* Sparks,
We'll sing his Death as sweet as any Larks ;
Oxford and *Cambridge*, the renowned Schools,
Fam'd for a Breed of Wise Men and of Fools,
Where Infant-Wits with Water-gruel fed,
And little puny sucking Priests are bred ,
Where Conjurers imploy their Time in Vision,
Whence many a Learned *Saffold* has his Mission ?
These always march in Verse in rank and file,
In Company pursue Poetick Toil ;
Here a Batalion does in *Englsh* lead,
While one in *Latin* does the Troopers head :
But such the Wit and Sense, you'd think the Elves
Did only write but just to please themselves :
Playford laments that he their Lines bespoke,
And swears the Bookseller is almost broke.

An Epitaph on the late King of Spain,

Here lies the last King *Charles* of *Spain*,
Who all his Life ne'er made Campaign ;
He made no Children, Girl nor Boy,
Nor gave two Wives one Nuptial Nuptial Joy.
What has this valiant Prince then done,
Who long possess'd so vast a Throne ?

en nothing neither Good nor Ill,
ay, not so much as made his Will.

A Fable.

IN *Aesop's* Tales an honest Wretch we find,
Whose Years and Comforts equally declin'd;
In two Wives had two domestick Ills,
Of different Age they had, and different Wills;
One pluckt his Black Hairs out, and one his Grey,
The Man for quietness did both obey,
Till all his Parish saw his Head quite bare,
And thought he wanted Brains as well as Hair.

The Moral.

The Parties hen-peckt *W——m*, are thy Wives,
The Hairs they pluck are thy Prerogatives;
Tories thy Person hate, the Whigs thy Power,
Tho much thou yieldest, till they tug for more,
Till this poor Man, and thou, alike are shown,
He without Hair, and thou without a Crown.

The Patriots, Writ about the Year 1700.

1.

YE worthy Patriots go on
To heal the Nation's Sores,
Find all Men's Faults out but your own,
Begin good Laws, but finish none,
And then shut up your Doors.

2.

Fail not our Freedom to secure,
And all our Friends disband,
And send those Men to t'other Shore
Who were such Fools as to come o'er
To help this grateful Land.

And

3.

And may the next that hears us pray,
And in Distress relieve us,
Go home like those without their Pay,
And with Contempt be sent away
For having once believ'd us.

4.

And if the *French* should e'er attempt
This Nation to invade,
May they be damn'd that list again,
But lead the fam'd Militia on,
To be like us betray'd.

5.

As for the Crown you have bestow'd,
With all its Limitations,
The meanest Prince in *Christendom*,
Would never stir a Mile from home,
To govern three such Nations.

6.

The King himself whom once you call'd
Your Saviour in Distress,
You in his first Request deny'd,
And then his Royal Patience try'd,
With a canting sham Address.

7.

Ye are the Men that to be chose
Would be at no Expences,
Who love no Friends, nor fear no Foes,
Have ways and means that no Man knows,
To mortify your Senses.

8.

Ye are the Men that can condemn
By Laws made *ex post facto*,
Who can make Knaves of honest Men,
And married Women turn again
To be *Virgo* and *Intacta*.

9.

Go on to purify the Court,
And damn the Men of Places,

And decently you send them home,
And get your selves put in their room,
And then you'll change your Faces.

10.

And on for to establish Trade,
And mend our Navigation,
And *India India* invade,
And borrow on Funds will ne'er be paid,
And Bankrupt all the Nation.

11.

'Tis you that calculate our Gold,
And with a senseless Tone,
Note that you never understood,
That we might take them if we wou'd,
Or let them all alone.

12.

Our Missives you send round about
With Mr. *Speaker's* Letter,
To fetch Folks in, and find Folks out,
Which Fools believe without dispute,
Because they know no better.

13.

With borrow'd Ships, and hir'd Men,
The *Irish* to reduce,
Who will be paid the Lord knows when
'Tis hop'd when e'er you want again,
You'll think of that Abuse.

14.

We laid sham Taxes on our Malt,
On Salt, on Glass, on Leather,
To wheedle Coxcombs in to lend;
And like true Cheats you dropt that Fund,
And sunk them all altogether.

15.

And now y' are piously inclin'd
The Needy to employ,
You'd better much your time bestow
To pay neglected Debts you owe,
Which makes them multiply.

Against

16.

Against Prophaneness you declar'd,
 And then the Bill rejected;
 And when the Arguments appear'd,
 There were the worst that e'er were heard,
 And best that we expected.

17.

'Twas voted once, that for the Sin
 Of Whoring Men should die all;
 But then it was wisely thought again,
 The House would quickly grow so thin,
 They durst not stand the Tryal.

18.

King *Charles* the Second knew your aim,
 And Places gave and Pensions;
 And had King *William's* Mony flown,
 His Majesty would soon have known,
 Your Consciences Dimensions.

19.

But he has wisely given you up
 To work your own Desires,
 And laying Arguments aside,
 As thing that have in vain been try'd,
 To Fasting, Calls and Prayers.

Chorus.

*Your Hours are choicely employ'd,
 Your Petitions lie all on the Table.
 With Funds Insufficient,
 And Taxes Deficient,
 And Deponents innumerable.
 For shame leave this wicked Employment,
 Reform both your Manners and Lives,
 You were never sent out
 To make such a Rout,
 Go home, and look after your W——s*

POEMS

ON

State-Affairs.

*Satyr upon Romish Confessors. By
Mr. Dryden.*

OUR Church, alas! as *Rome* objects, does
(want
These Ghostly Comforts for the falling
(Saint;

This gains them their Whore-Converts, and may be
One Reason of the Growth of Popery.

So *Mahomet's* Religion came in Fashion,
By the large Leave it gave to Fornication.

Fear not the Guilt if you can pay for't well;
There is no *Dives* in the *Roman* Hell.

Gold opens the strait Gate, and lets him in,
But Want of Money is a Mortal Sin.

For all besides you may discount to Heav'n,
And drop a Bead to keep the Tallies ev'n.

Cc

How

How are Men Cozen'd still with Shews of Good!
 The Bawd's best Mask is the Grave Friar's Hood.
 The Vice no more a Clergy-man displeases,
 Than Doctors can be thought to hate Diseases.
 'Tis by your living Ill that they live Well;
 By your Debauches their Fat Paunches Swell.
 'Tis a Mock-War between the Priest and Devil,
 When they think fit they can be very Civil.
 As some who did *French* Counsels most Advance,
 To blind the World have rail'd in Print at *France*.
 Thus do the Clergy at our Vices bawl,
 That with more Ease they may engross them all.
 By Damning ours they do their own Maintain;
 A Church-man's Godliness is always Gain.
 Hence to their Prince they will superior be,
 And Civil-Treason grows Church-Loyalty.
 They boast the Gift of Heav'n is in their Power;
 Well may they give the God they can devour.
 Still to the Sick and Dead their Claims they lay,
 For 'tis on Carrion that the Vermin prey.
 Nor have they less Dominion on our Life,
 They Trot the Husband, and they Pace the Wife.
 Rouze up ye Cuckolds of the *Northern* Climes,
 And learn from *Sweden* to prevent such Crimes.
 Unman the Friar, leave the Holy Drone
 To hum in his forsaken Hive alone;
 He'll work no Honey when his Sting is gone.
 Your Wives and Daughters soon will leave the Cells,
 When they have lost the Sound of *Aaron's* Bells.

The Ghost.

A Papist dy'd, as 'twas Jehovah's Will,
 And his poor Soul went trudging down to Hell;
 And when it there arriv'd, just at the Entry
 He found a Mastiff Devil standing Centry,

With

With Flaming Eyes, and Face as black as Soot,
 A Musqueteer with a great Cloven Foot.
 And who goes there? ——— I, a poor Papist Ghost,
 Am come to dwell upon the Stygian Coast.
 Stay where you are, and do not press so hard,
 For I must call the Captain of the Guard,
 He gave me Orders to let none come in,
 But only such as should have Leave from him.
 The Captain call'd, accordingly came forth
 A Devil of Integrity and Worth:
 He ask'd the Ghost with a great Voice, as loud
 As mighty Thunder breaking from a Cloud,
 What was the Business? Sir, I'm come to dwell,
 If you will please to give me Leave, in Hell.
 Damn you for a Whoreson Dog, said he to him,
 I love my Master, and you shan't come in:
 For if above you eat your God, I fear,
 Should you come in, you'd eat the Devil here.

The Robber Robb'd.

A Certain Priest had hoarded up
 A Mass of secret Gold,
 And where he might bestow it safe
 He knew not to be bold.

At last it came into his Thought
 To lock it in a Chest
 Within the Chancel; and he wrote
 Thereon, *Hic Deus est.*

A merry Grig, whose greedy Mind
 Did long for such a Prey,
 Respecting not the Sacred Words
 That on the Casket lay,

Took out the Gold, and blotting out
 The Priest's Inscript thereon,
 Wrote, *Resurrexit, non est hic* :
 Your God is rose and gone.

O D E.

Written soon after O. Cromwel's Death.
By Mr. Cowley.

Curst be the Man! (What do I wish? As tho'
 The Wretch already were not so).
 But curst on let him be who thinks it Brave
 And Great his Country to enslave;
 Who seeks to overpoize alone
 The Ballance of a Nation,
 Against the Whole, but Naked, State;
 Who in his own light Scale makes up with Arms the
 (Weight.

2.
 Who of his Nation loves to be the First,
 Tho' at the Rate of being Worst.
 Who would be rather a great Monster, than
 A well-proportion'd Man:
 The Son of Earth with Hundred Hands
 Upon his Three-pil'd Mountain stands;
 Till Thunder strikes him from the Sky;
 The Son of Earth again in his Earth's Womb does lye.

3.
 What Blood, Confusion, Ruin, to obtain
 A Short and Miserable Reign?
 In what oblique and humble creeping wise
 Does the mischievous Serpent rise?
 But ev'n his Forked Tongue strikes dead;
 When he's rear'd up his Wicked Head:

He Murders with his Mortal Frown;
A Basilisk he grows if once he gets a Crown.

4.
But no Guards can oppose assaulting Ears,
Or undermining Tears:
No more than Doors or close-drawn Curtains keep
The Swarming Dreams out when we sleep.
That Bloody Conscience too of his,
(For O! a Rebel-Redcoat 'tis)
Does here his early Hell begin:
He sees his Slaves without, his Tyrant feels within.

5.
Let, Gracious God, let never more thy Hand
Lift up this Rod against our Land.
A Tyrant is a Rod and Serpent too,
And brings worse Plagues than *Egypt* knew.
What Rivers stain'd with Blood have been?
What Storm and Hail-shot have we seen?
What Sores deform'd the Ulcerous State?
What Darkness to be felt has bury'd us of late?

6.
How has it snatch'd our Flocks and Herds away?
And even made our Sons a Prey?
What croaking Sects and Vermin has it sent
The Restless Nation to torment?
What greedy Troops, what armed Pow'r,
Of Flies and Locusts, to devour
The Land, which e'erywhere they fill?
Nor fly they, Lord, away: No, they devour it still.

7.
Come th' Eleventh Plague rather than this should be;
Come sink us rather in the Sea.
Come rather Pestilence, and reap us down:
Come God's Sword rather than our own.
Let rather *Roman* come again,
Or *Saxon*, *Norman*, or the *Dane*:
In all the Bonds we ever bore,
We griev'd, we figh'd, we wept; we never blush'd
(before.

If by our Sins the Divine Justice be
 Call'd to this last Extremity,
 Let some denouncing *Jonas* first be sent,
 To try if *England* can repent.
 Methinks, at least, some Prodigy,
 Some Dreadful Comet from on high,
 Should terribly forewarn the Earth,
 As of Good Princes Deaths, so of a Tyrant's Birth.

Smeectymnuus: Or, *The Club-Divines.*
By Mr. Cleveland.

S*meectymnuus*! The Goblin makes me start:
 I th' Name of *Rabbi Abraham* what art?
 Some Conjurer translate, and let me know it,
 Till then 'tis fit for a *West-Saxon* Poet.
 But do the Brotherhood thus play their Prizes,
 Like Mummers in Religion, with Disguises?
 Out-brave us with a Name in Rank and File?
 A Name, which if 'twere train'd, would spread a Mile.
 The Saint's Monopoly, the Zealot's Cluster,
 Which like a Porcupine presents a Muster,
 And shoots his Quills at Bishops and their Sees;
 A Devout Litter of Young *Macchabees*.
 Thus *Jack* of all Trades has distinctly shown
 The Twelve Apostles in a Cherry-Stone.

Next *Sturbridge-Fair* is *Smeec's*: For lo! his Side
 Into a Fivefold *Lazar's* multiply'd.
 Under each Arm there's tack'd a double Gizard,
 Five Faces lurk under one single Vizard.
 The Whore of *Babylon* left these Brats behind,
 Heirs of Confusion by Gavelkind.

Like a *Scot's Mark*, where the more modest Sense
 Checks the loud Praise, and shrinks to 13 Pence;
 Like to an *Ignis Fatuus*, whose Flame,
 Tho' sometimes tripartite, joins in the same:

Like

Like to Nine Taylors, who, if rightly spelled,
 Into One Man are monosyllabled :
 Short-handed Seal in One hath cramped Many,
 Like to the Decalogue in a single Penny.

The *Sadducees* would raise a Question
 Who shall be *Smec* at the Resurrection?
 Who coop'd them up together were to blame ;
 Had they but wire-drawn and spun out the Name,
 'Twould make another Prentices Petition
 Against the Bishops and their Superstition.
 Some *Welchman* was his Godfather, for he
 Wears in his Name his Genealogy.
 The Banes are ask'd, would but the Times give way,
 Between *Smellynnus* and *Et-cetera*.
 The Guests invited by a Friendly Summons,
 Should be the Convocation and the Commons.
 The Priest to tie the Foxes Tails together,
Mosely, or *Sancta Clara*, chuse you whether.
 Thus might Religious Caterwaul, and Spight,
 Which uses to divorce, might once unite.
 But their Cross Fortunes interdict their Trade ;
 The Groom is rampant, but the Bride is spay'd.
 I could by Letters now untwist the Rabble,
 Whip *Smec* from Constable to Constable ;
 But there I leave you to another Dressing ;
 Only kneel down, and take your Father's Blessing.
 May the Queen Mother justifie your Fears,
 And stretch her Patent to your Leathern Ears.

Satyr on the Scots. By Mr. Cleveland.

Come, keen *Iambicks*, with your Badgers Feet,
 And Badger-like bite till your Teeth do meet ;
 Help, ye Tart Satyrists, to imp my Rage,
 With all the Scorpions that should whip this Age.
 But that there's Charm in Verse, I would not quote
 The Name of *Scot* without an Antidote ;

Unless my Head were red, that I might brew
Invention there that might be Poison too.

Were I a drowzy Judge, whose dismal Note
Disgorges Halts, as a Juggler's Throat
Does Ribbons: Could I in Sir *Empyrick's* Tone
Speak Pills in Phrase, and quack Destruction;
Or roar like *Marshal*, that *Geneva* Bull,
Hell and Damnation a Pulpit full:

Yet to express a *Scot*, to play that Prize,
Not all those Mouth-Granadoes can suffice:

Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
I must, like *Hocus*, swallow Daggers first.

Scots are like Witches; do but whet you Pen,
Scratch till the Blood comes, they'll not hurt you
(then.

Now as the Martyrs were compell'd to take
The Shapes of Beasts, like Hypocrites at Stake,
I'll bait my *Scot* so, yet not cheat your Eyes,
A *Scot* within a Beast is no Disguise.

No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmless Nation
Fosters no Venom since that *Scot's* Plantation;
Nor can our Feign'd Antiquity obtain,
Since they came in, *England* has Wolves again.
Nature her self does *Scotch-men* Beasts confess,
Making their Country such a Wilderness;
A Land that brings in Question and Suspence
God's Omnipresence, but that *Charles* came thence;
But that *Montrose* and *Crawford's* Royal Band
Aton'd their Sin, and Christen'd half the Land.
Nor is it all the Nation has these Spots,
There is a Church as well as Kirk of *Scots*;
As in a Picture, where the Squinting Paint
Shews Fiend on this Side, and on that Side Saint;
He that saw Hell in's Melancholy Dream,
And in the Twilight of his Fancy's Theme,
Scar'd from his Sins, repented in a Fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland* had turn'd Profelyte.
A Land where one may pray with curst Intent;
O may they never suffer Banishment!

Had *Cain* been *Scot* God would have chang'd his
 (Doom,
 Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.
 Like *Jews* they spread, and as Infection fly,
 As if the Devil had Ubiquity.
 Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and defie
 This or that Place ; Rags of Geography.
 They're Citizens o'th' World; they're all in all;
Scotland's a Nation Epidemical.
 And yet they ramble not to learn the Mode,
 How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad;
 To return knowing in the *Spanish* Shrug,
 Or which of the *Dutch* States a double Jug
 Resembles most in Belly or in Beard;
 (The Card by which the Mariners are steer'd)
 No! The *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat,
 Their Ostrich Stomachs make their Swords their Meat.
 Nature with *Scots* as Tooth-drawers has dealt,
 Who use to string their Teeth upon their Belt.
 Not Gold, nor Acts of Grace, 'tis Steel must tame
 The Stubborn *Scot* : A Prince that would reclaim
 Rebels by yielding, does like him, or worse,
 Who saddled his own Back to shame his Horse.
 Was it for this you left your leaner Soil,
 Thus to lard *Israel* with *Egypt's* Spoil?
 Lord! what a Goodly Thing is want of Shirts?
 How a *Scotch* Stomach and no Meat converts!
 They wanted Food and Raiment, so they took
 Religion for their Seamstresses and their Cook.
 Unmask them well, their Honours and Estate,
 As well as Conscience, are Sophistitate.
 Shrive but their Titles, and their Moneys poise;
 A Laird and Twenty Pence, pronouns'd with Noise,
 When constru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
 And a good sober Two-pence, and well so.
 Hence then, you Proud Impostors, get you gone,
 You *Piſts* in Gentry and Devotion;
 You Scandal to the Stock of Verse, a Race
 Able to bring the Gibbet in Disgrace.

Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
 The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of Use.
 The *Indian*, that Heaven did forswear,
 Because he heard some *Spaniards* were there,
 Had he but known what *Scots* in Hell had been,
 He would, *Erasmus*-like, have hung between.

My Muse has done. A Volder for the Nonce ;
 I wrong the Devil should I pick the Bones.
 That Dish is his; for when the *Scots* decease,
 Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
 A *Scot*, when from the Gallows-Tree got loose,
 Drops into *Stix*, and turns a *Soland* Goose.

*Satyr upon the Dutch. Written by
 Mr. Dryden in the Year 1662.*

A S Needy Gallants in the Scrivener's Hands
 Court the Rich Knaves that gripe their Mort-
 (gag'd Lands,

The First Fat Buck of all the Season's sent,
 And Keeper takes no Fee in Compliment :
 The Dotage of some *English*-men is such,
 To fawn on those who ruin them, the *Dutch*.
 They shall have all, rather than make a War
 With those who of the same Religion are.

The *Straits*, the *Guiney*-Trade, the Herrings too,
 Nay, to keep Friendship they shall pickle you.

Some are resolv'd not to find out the Cheat,
 But, Cuckold-like, love them that do the Feat.

What Injuries so'er upon us fall,
 Yet still the same Religion answers all.

Religion wheedled us to Civil War,
 Drew *English* Blood, and *Dutch*-mens now would
 (spare.

Be gull'd no longer, for you'll find it true,
 They have no more Religion, Faith, — than you.

It's rest's the God they worship in their State,
 And we, I take it, have not much of that.
 Well Monarchies may own Religion's Name,
 But States are Atheists in their very Frame.
 They share a Sin ; and such Proportions fall,
 That, like a Stink, 'tis nothing to them all.
 Think on their Rapine, Falshood, Cruelty,
 And that what once they were they still would be.
 To one well-born th' Affront is worse and more,
 When he's abus'd and baffled by a Boar.
 With an ill Grace the *Dutch* their Mischiefs do ;
 They've both ill Nature and ill Manners too.
 Well may they boast themselves an Ancient Nation ;
 For they were bred e'er Manners were in Fashion ;
 And their new Commonwealth has set 'em free
 Only from Honour and Civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
 Than did their Lubber State Mankind bestride.
 Their Sway became 'em with as ill a Mien,
 As their own Paunches swell above their Chin.
 Yet is their Empire no true Growth but Humour,
 And only Two Kings Touch can cure the Tumour.
 As *Cato* did his *Africk* Fruits display,
 Let us before our Eyes their *Indies* lay.
 All Loyal *English* will like him conclude ;
 Let *Cesar* live, and *Carthage* be subdu'd.

A New Ballad, call'd, The Chequer-Inn.

I.

I'LL tell thee, *Dick*, where I have been,
 Where I the Parliament have seen,
 The Choice of Ale and Beer :
 But such a Choice as ne'er was found
 In any Age on *English* Ground,
 In Burrough or in Shire.

2.

At *Charing-Cross*, hard by the Way,
 Where all the *Berties* make their Hay,
 There stands a House new painted:
 Where I could see 'em crowding in;
 But sure they often there had been,
 They seem'd so well acquainted.

3.

The Host that dwells in that same House,
 Is now a Man, that was a Mouse,
 Till he was *Burgefs* chosen:
 And for his Country first began,
 But quickly turned Cat in Pan:
 The Way they all have rosen,

4.

And ever since he did so vex,
 That now he Money tells by Pecks,
 And heaps up all our Treasure.
 Thou'lt ken him out by his White Wand
 He dandles always in his Hand,
 With which he strikes the Measure,

5.

And tho' he now does look so big,
 And bear himself on such a Twig,
 'Twill fail him in a Year.
 Then O! how I could claw him off,
 For all his slender Quarter-staff,
 And have him here and there.

6.

He is as stiff as any Stake,
 And leaner, *Dick*, than any Rake;
 Envy is not so pale.
 And though by felling of us all,
 He's wrought himself into *Whitchhall*,
 He looks like Bird of Jail.

7.

And where he might e'er now have laid,
 Had not the Members most been made,

+

For some had been Indicted.
For whosoe'er that peach him durst,
To clear him would have been the First,
Had they too been requited.

8.

But he had Men enough to spare,
Besides a good Friend in the Chair,
Tho' all Men blush'd that heard it.
Therefore I needs must speak my Mind,
They all deserv'd to have been kind
For such a Shameful Verdict.

9.

And now they march'd all Tag and Rag,
Each of his Handy-work to brag,
Over a Gallant Supper.
On Backside of their Letter some
For Sureness cited were to come;
The rest were bid by *Cooper*.

They stood, when enter'd in the Hall,
Mannerly rear'd against the Wall,
Till to sit down desir'd.
And simper'd, justly to compare
Like Maidens at a Statute-Fair,
None went away unhir'd.

11.

The Lady dress'd like any Bride,
Her Forehead-Cloth had laid aside,
And smiling through did fail;
Tho' they had dirted so the Room,
That she was forc'd to call for Groom
To carry up her Tail.

12.

Wheeler at Board then next her set,
And if it had been nearer yet,
She might it well afford.
For ev'n at Bed the Time has been,
When no one could see Sun between
His Lady and her Lord.

13.

This Knight was sent t' *America*,
 And was as soon sent for away,
 Tho' not for his good Deeds.
 But 'twas, it seems, with this Intent,
 To plant with us that Government,
 From thence he brought the Seeds.

14.

And next him fate *George Mountague*,
 The Foreman of the *British Crew*,
 His Cup he never fails.
Mansel and *Morgan*, and the rest,
 All of them of the Grand Inquest,
 A Jury right of *Wales*.

15.

Wild with his Tongue did all out-run,
 And popping like an Elder-Gun,
 Both Words and Meat did utter.
 The Pellets which his Chops did dart,
 Fed all his Neighbours overthwart,
 That gap'd to hear him sputter.

16.

But *King*, God save him, tho' so cramm'd,
 The Cheer into his Breeches ramm'd,
 Which Butt'ry were and Larder.
 And of more Prov'nder to dispose,
 Had sew'd on too his double Hose,
 For Times, thou know'st, grew harder.

17.

H—It, out of Linen, as of Land,
 Had mortgag'd of his Two One Band,
 To have the other wash'd.
 And tho' the Sweat the while he eat,
 With his own Gravey fill'd the Plate,
 That Band with Sawce too dash'd.

18.

His Brain and Face *Tredenham* wrung,
 For Words not to be said but sung;

His Neck it turn'd on Wier.
And *Berkenhead* of all the Rout,
There was but One could be found out,
To be a greater Liar.

19.

Old *Hobbes's* Brother *Cheyney* there,
Throgmorton, *Neville*, *Doleman*, were,
And *Lawley*, Knight of *Shropshire*.
Nay, *Portman*, tho' all Men cry'd Shame,
And *Cholm'ley* of *Vale Royal* came
For something more than Chop-cheer.

20.

The *Western* Glory, *Harry Ford*,
The Landlord *Bailes* out-eat, out-roar'd,
And did his Trencher lick.
What Pity 'tis a Wit so great
Should live to sell himself for Meat:
But who can help it, *Dick*?

21.

Yet, worst thou, he was none of those,
But would as well as Meat have Cloaths,
Before he'd sell the Nation.
And wisely lodging at next Door,
Was serv'd more often than the Poor,
With his whole Generation.

22.

Sir *Courtney Poole* and he contend,
Which should the other most commend,
For what that Day they spoke.
The Man that gave that woful Tax,
And sweeping all our Chimney-Stacks,
Excises us for Smoke.

23.

The *Hammers*, *Herberts*, *Sandys*, *Musgr——s*,
Fathers and Sons, like coupled Slaves,
They were not to be sunder'd.
The Tale of all that there did sup
On Chequer-Tallies was scor'd up,
And made above a Hundred.

24.

Our greatest Barn could not have held
 The Belly-Timber that they fell'd,
 For Mefs was rick'd on Mefs.
 'Twas such a Treat that I'm afraid
 The Reck'ning never will be paid
 Without another Cefs.

25.

They talk'd about, and made such Din,
 That scarce the Lady could hedge in
 The *Papishes* and *Frenches*.
 On them she was allow'd to rail,
 But, and thereby does hang a Tale,
 Not one Word of the Wenches.

26.

The Host, who sat at lower End,
 The Healths in order up did send,
 Nor of his own took Care:
 But down the Visick Bottle threw,
 And took his Wine when 'twas his due,
 In Spight of Pothecare.

27.

They drank, I know not who had most,
 Till *King* both Hostess kifs'd and Host,
 And clapp'd 'em on the Back.
 And prithee why so pale? Then swore
 Should they Indict him o'er and o'er
 He'd bring him off, Ifack.

28.

Then all said Ay who had said No,
 And now, who would, 'twas time to go,
 For Grace they did not stay.
 And for to save the Serving-Men
 The Pains of coming in again,
 The Guests took all away.

29.

Candlesticks, Forks, Salts, Plates, Spoons, Knives,
 Like Sweetmeats for their Girls and Wives,

And

And Table-Linen went;
I saw no more, but hither ran,
Left some should take me for the Man,
And I for them be shent.

The Answer.

I.

Curse on such Representatives,
They sell us all, our Barns and Wives;
Quoth *Dick* with Indignation.
They are but Engines to raise Tax,
And the whole Business of their Acts
Is to undo the Nation.

2.

Just like our Rotten Pump at home,
We pour in Water when 'twon't come,
And that way get more out.
So when mine Host does Money lack,
He Money gives among the Pack,
And then it runs full spout.

3.

By Wise Volk I have oft been told,
Parliaments grow nought as they grow old;
We groan'd under the Rump.
But sure this is a heavier Curse,
That sucks and drains thus ev'ry Purse,
By this Old *Whitehall* Pump.

The Queen's Ball.

Reform, Great Queen, the Errors of your Youth,
And hear a Thing you never heard call *Truth*.
Poor Private Balls content the Fairy Queen;
You must Dance, and Dance Damnably, to be seen.

Ill-natur'd Little Goblin, and design'd
 For nothing but to Dance and Vex Mankind.
 What Wiser Thing could our Great Monarch do,
 Than root Ambition out by shewing you ?
 You can the most Aspiring Thoughts pull down :
 For who would have his Wife to have his Crown ?
 With a white Vizor you may cheat our Eyes ;
 You know a Black one would be no Disguise.
 See in her Mouth a Sparkling Diamond shine,
 The First Good Thing that e'er came from that Mine.
 Heav'n some great Curse upon that Hand dispence,
 That for th'Encrease of Nonsense takes it thence.
 How Gracefully she moves, and strives to lug
 A Weight of Riches that may sink the Pug !
 Such Fruit ne'er loaded so deform'd a Tree ;
 Her Jewels may be match'd, but never she.
 If Bold *Aëon* in the Waves had seen
 In Fair *Diana's* Room our Puppet Queen,
 He would have fled, and in his full Career,
 For greater Haste, have wish'd himself a Deer ;
 Preferr'd the Bellies of his Dogs to hers,
 And thought 'em the more cleanly Sepulchers.
 What stupid mad Man would not chuse to have
 The settled Rest and Silence of a Grave,
 Rather than such a Hell, which always burns,
 And from whom Nature forbids all Returns ?
Orm——*d* looks paler now than when he rid ;
 Your Visit frights him more than *Tyburn* did.
 Fear of your coming does not only make
Wor——*r's* wife Marquiss, but his House too, shake.
 What will be next, unless you please to go
 And dance among your Fellow-Friends below ?
 There as upon the *Stygian* Lake you float,
 You may o'erfet and sink the laden Boat,
 While we the Fun'ral Rites devoutly pay,
 And dance for Joy that you are danc'd away.

*His M——y's most Gracious Speech to both
Houses of P——t.*

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I Told you at our last Meeting the Winter was the fittest time for Business, and truly I thought so, till my Lord Treasurer assur'd me the Spring was the best Season for Sallads and Subsidies: I hope therefore that *April* will not prove so unnatural a Month as not to afford some kind Showers on my Parch'd Exchequer, which gapes for want of them. Some of you perhaps will think it dangerous to make me too Rich; but I do not fear it, for I promise you faithfully whatever you give me I will always want; and altho' in other things my Word may be thought a slender Authority, yet in that you may rely upon me, I will never break it.

My Lords and Gentlemen, I can bear my Straits with Patience; but my Lord Treasurer does protest to me, that the Revenue, as it now stands, will not serve him and me too; one of us must Pinch for it if you do not help me. I must speak freely to you, I am under Circumstances, for, besides my Harlots in Service, my Reformado Concubines lye heavy upon me. I have a passable good Estate, I confess, but (Guds-fish) I have a great Charge upon't. Here's my Lord Treasurer can tell, that all the Money design'd for next Summer's Guards must of Necessity be apply'd to the next Year's Cradles and Swaddling-Cloaths. What shall we do for Ships then? I hint this only to you, it being your Business, not mine. I know by Experience I can live without Ships; I liv'd Ten Years abroad without, and never had my Health better in my Life: But how you will be without I leave to your selves to judge, and therefore hint this only by the by; I don't insist upon it. There's another thing I must press

more earnestly, and that is this. It seems a good Part of my Revenue will expire in Two or Three Years, except you will be pleas'd to continue it. I have to say for't, Pray why did you give me so much as you have done, unless you resolve to give on as fast as I call for it? The Nation hates you already for giving so much, and I will hate you too if you do not give me more; so that if you stick not to me, you must not have a Friend in *England*. On the other Hand, If you will give me the Revenue I desire, I shall be able to do those things for your Religion and Liberty that I have had long in my Thoughts, but cannot effect them without a little more Money to carry me through: Therefore look to't, and take Notice, that if you do not make me rich enough to undo you, it shall lye at your Doors; for my Part I wash my Hands on't. But that I may gain your good Opinion, the best Way is to acquaint you what I have done to deserve it out of my Royal Care for your Religion and your Property. For the first, my Proclamation is a true Picture of my Mind: He that cannot, as in a Glass, see my Zeal for the Church of *England*, does not deserve any farther Satisfaction, for I declare him wilful, abominable, and not good. Some may perhaps be startled, and cry, — How comes this sudden Change? To which I answer, I am a Changeling, and that's sufficient, I think. But to convince Men farther that I mean what I say, there are these Arguments.

First, I tell you so, and you know I never break my Word.

Secondly, My Lord Treasurer says so, and he never told Lie in his Life.

Thirdly, My Lord *Laud*——*le* will undertake it for me, and I should be loth by any Act of mine he should forfeit the Credit he has with you. If you desire more Instances of my Zeal I have'em for you. For Example, I have converted my Natural Sons from Popery; and I may say without Vanity, it was my own Work, so much the more peculiarly mine than

than the Begetting them. 'Twould do one's Heart good to hear how prettily *George* can read already in the *Psalter*. They are all fine Children, God bless 'em, and so like me in their Understandings.— But, as I was saying, I have, to please you, given a Pension to your Favourite, my Lord *Laud*——*le*; not so much that I thought he wanted it, as that you would take it kindly. I have made *Carwell* Dutches of *Portsmouth*, and Marry'd her Sister to the Earl of *P——ke*. I have at my Brother's Request sent my Lord *Inchequin* into *Barbary*, to settle the Protestant Religion among the *Moors*, and an *English* Interest at *Tangier*. I have made *C——w* Bishop of *Durham*, and at the First Word of my Lady *Portsmouth*, *Prideaux* Bishop of *Chichester*. I know not for my Part what Factious Men would have; but this I am sure of, my Predecessors never did any thing like this to gain the Good-will of their Subjects: So much for your Religion, and now for your Property.

My Behaviour to the Bankers is a Publick Instance, and the Proceedings between Mrs. *Hyde* and Mrs. *Sutton*, for Private ones, are such Convincing Evidences, that 'twill be needless to say any more to't.

I must now acquaint you, that by my Lord Treasurer's Advice I have made a considerable Retrenchment upon my Expences in Candles and Charcoal, and do not intend to stop there, but will, with your Help, look into the late Embezelments of my Dripping-pans and Kitchen-stuff; of which, by the Way, upon my Conscience, neither my Lord Treasurer, nor my Lord *Laud*——*le*, are guilty. I tell you my Opinion, but if you should find them dabbling in that Business, I tell you plainly I leave 'em to you; for I would have the World to know I am not a Man to be cheated.

My Lords and Gentlemen, I desire you to believe me as you have found me; and I do solemnly promise you, that whatsoever you give me shall be specially manag'd with the same Conduct, Trust, Sincerity,

and Prudence, that I have ever practis'd since my Happy Restoration.

The D. of B's Litany.

From a Proud, Sensual, Atheistical, Life,
 From arming our Lackeys with Pistol and Knife,
 From Murd'ring the Husband, and Whoring the Wife,
Libera nos Domine.

From going Ambassador only as Panders;
 From re-killing dead Kings by monstrous Slanders,
 And betraying the Living in *Scotland* and *Flanders*,
Libera nos, &c.

From wild rambling no-where Abode,
 Without Day or Night, not at Home nor Abroad;
 From a Prince to unhorse us in *Daver Road*,
Libera nos, &c.

From crowning the Herse of our Babe of Adultery,
 Interr'd among Kings by a Lord of the Prelacy,
 Whom we got cashier'd for carnal Arsery,
Libera nos, &c.

From selling Land, twice Ten Thousand a Year;
 All spent, no Mortal can tell how, or where;
 From reforming of Kingdoms like a sanctify'd Peer,
Libera nos, &c.

From monstrous sucking till both Tongues have bli-
 (ster'd;

From making our Boast of giving Three Glysters,
 By giving our Claps to Three Cheated Sisters,
Libera nos, &c.

From transposing Nature on our *Bongars*,
 On *Kynaston* acting both *Venus* and *Mars*,
 From owning Twenty other Mens Farce,
Libera nos, &c.

From

From wretched Pasquils 'gainst *Shadwel* and *Dryden*;
 From casting Nativities from Learned *Heyden*,
 And casting of Dollars at *Antwerp* and *Leyden*,
Libera nos, &c.

From trembling at Sea when not a Gun roar'd,
 And then steaking on Shoar by breaking our Word,
 With D—— if ever you catch me on Board,
Libera nos, &c.

From being still cheated by the same Undertakers,
 By Levellers, Bawds, Saints, Chymists, and Quakers,
 Who make us Gold-finders, and themselves Gold-
 (makers,
Libera nos, &c.

From damning whatever we don't understand;
 From purchasing at *Dowgate*, and selling the *Strand*;
 From calling Streets by our Name, when we have
 (sold the Land,
Libera nos, &c.

From borrowing our own House to feast Scholars ill,
 And then be unchancellor'd against our Will,
 Nought left of a College, but our College-hill,
Libera nos, &c.

From judging the Judges in a senseless Speech;
 From following *Sh——y* that wriggling Leech,
 Because by Turns both — the same Bitch,
Libera nos, &c.

From mortally hating all those that love us,
 From mimical acting all those above us,
 Till our Master at last is forc'd to remove us,
Libera nos, &c.

From cringing to those we scorn and contemn,
 In Hopes to be made the Citizens Gem,
 Who now scorn us more than we e'er did them,
Libera nos, &c.

From beginning an Execrable Trayt'rous Health,
 To destroy the Parliament, King, and himself,
 To be made Ducal Peer of a New Common-wealth,
Libera nos, &c.

From changing old Friends for rascally new ones ;
 From taking *Wildman* and *Marvel* for true ones ;
 From wearing Green Ribbons 'gainst him gave us Blue
 (ones,
Libera nos, &c.

From lodging at Court before we are sent for ;
 From selling Six Palaces for less than they rent for,
 And buying † Three Hillocks for the Three Kings of
 (*Brentford*
Libera nos, &c.

From learning new Morals from *Bedlam* Sir Payton,
 And Truth and Modesty from Sir *Ellis Layton* ;
 From making our Heirs to be *Morrice* and *Clayton*,
Libera nos Domine.

The Lord Chancellor's Speech to the Parliament.

Would you send *Kate* to *Portugal*,
 Great *James* to be a Cardinal,
 And make Prince *Rupert* Admiral ?

This is the time.

Would you turn D——y out of Doors,
 Banish *Italian* and *French* Whores,
 That worser Sort of Common-Shores ?

This is the time.

Would you unravel Popish Plots,
 Send *Laud*——le among the Scots,
 And rid the Court of *Irish* Sots ?

This is the time.

† *Sign-Hill, College-Hill, Clifton-Hill.*

Would you exalt the mighty Name
Of *Shaftsbury* and *Buckingham*,
And not forget Judge *Scrogg's* Fame?

This is the time.

Would you our Sov'reign disabuse,
And make his Parliament of Use,
Not to be chang'd like dirty Shoes?

This is the time.

Would you extirpate Pimps and Panders,
Disband the rest of our Commanders,
Send *Mulg—ve* after *Teague* in *Flanders*?

This is the time.

Would you give *Bellasis* his due,
And hang him if his Crime proves true,
Send *Peter* to his Name-fake *Hugh*?

This is the time.

Would you send Confessors to tell
Powys, *Stafford*, *Arundel*,
They must prepare their Souls for Hell?

This is the time.

Would you remove our Ministers,
The cursed Causes of our Fears,
Without forgetting Turncoat *Meers*?

This is the time.

Would you hang those who take Example
By *Clar——n* and *Timber Temple*,
For all such Rascals merit Hemp well?

This is the time.

Would you once bless the *English* Nation,
By changing of Queen *Kate's* Vocation,
And find one fit for Procreation?

This is the time.

Would you let *Portsmouth* try her Chance,
Believe *Oates*, *Bedlow*, *Dugdale*, *Prance*,
And send *Barillon* home to France?

This is the time.

Would you turn Papists from the Queen,
Cloister up fulsome *Mazarine*,
And once more make *Charles* King again?

This is the time.

The

The Answer.

I Should be glad to see *Kate* going,
And Great *James* to our Church returning,
And Prince *Rupert* Admiralling,

At any time.

But to turn D——y out of Doors,
Or join his Name to Common-Shores,
None will say but Sons of Whores,

At any time.

I'd beg t'unravel Popish Plots,
To send *Laud*——le to rule the *Scots*,
And rid all Places of all Sots,

At any time.

But for exalting of the Name
Of *Shaftsbury* and *Buckingham*,
Let him who knows 'em be the Man,
And do't how and when he can

At any time.

But to remember *Scrogg's* Name,
And to proclaim his real Fame,
I could most gladly be the Man

At all times.

There's none our Sov'reign will abuse,
Or say the Parliament's of no Use,
But Rogues who're bred in filthy Stews,
And smell more rank than dirty Shoes,

At this time.

I'm for disbanding Pimps and Panders,
As fast as Country kills old Glanders,
Prove *Mulgrave*, *Teague*, sent him to *Flanders*,
But to encourage good Commanders,

At all times.

I'm for giving *Bellasis* his due,
Hang him, and all that are untrue,
But know not where to find Old *Hugh*

At this time.

Then

Then to send Confessors to tell
Powis, Stafford, Arundel,
Unless they repent, they'll go to Hell,
say, would do most wondrous well

At this time.

But to remove our Ministers,
Without the Truths of Grounds for Fears,
Would be like *Olivering Gears*

At this time.

Hang those that take an ill Example,
I say, they merit Cords of Hemp well,
But I know greater Rogues than *Temple*

At this time.

'Tis God must bless our *English* Nation,
He'll do't when Whoring's out of Fashion,
And Pimps shall leave their old Vocation,
I wish for happy Procreation

At this time.

I wish *Barillon* sent to *France*,
Believe *Oats, Bedlow, Dagdate, France*,
And would let *Portsmouth* have her Chance

At this time.

I would turn Papists from the Queen,
No Cloister build for *Mazarine*,
For she is certain Trump Marine,
But make *Charles* great as e'er he's been

At all times.

But if you'd come to mend the Matter,
Leave to dissemble, lie, and flatter,
And use Plain-dealing clear as Water

At all times.

S A T Y R.

Quem Natura negat dabit Indignatio Versum.

I Who from Drinking ne'er could spare an Hour,
 But what I gave to some obedient Whore,
 Who hate all Satyr, whether sharp or dull,
 From *Dryden* to the Governor of *Hull*,
 Provok'd at length to a Poetick Rage,
 Resolve to share in railing at the Age.
 I cannot Poet turn with worse Success,
 Than Thousand Fools who now infest the Press;
 Whose senseless Works proclaim'd in ev'ry Street,
 Like sawcy Beggars, worry all they meet.
 At ev'ry Shop, while *Shakespear's* Lofly Stile
 Neglected lyes, to Mice and Worms a Spoil;
 Gilt on the Back, just smoaking from the Press,
 Th'Apprentice shews you *Darsey's Hudibras*,
 Crown's Mask, bound up with *Settle's* Choicest La-
 (bors,

And promises some New Essay of *Babor's*.
 If you go off, as who the Devil would stay?
 He cries, Sir, Mr. *Orway's* last new Play,
 With th'Epilogue, which for the Duke he writ,
 So lik'd at Court by all the Men of Wit.
 I heard an Ensign of the Guards declare,
 That with him *Shadwell* was not to compare.
 He lik'd that Scene of *Nicky Nacky* more,
 Than all that *Shadwell* ever writ before.
 Was't not enough that at his tedious Play
 I lavish'd half a Crown, and half a Day;
 But must I find patch'd up at ev'ry Wall
 Such Stuff that none can bear who starves not at
 (*Whitehall*?)

As Rascals changing Rags for Scarlet Coats,
 Cudgell'd before set up to cut Whigs Throats;
 So ev'ry Blockhead that can please the Court,
 Plucks up a Spirit, and turns Poet for't.

They

They know not that a senseless fawning Praise
 Does both their Heroes and themselves Disgrace,
 Praising *York's* Loyalty's like praising of his Face.
Charles only his base Treason could forgive,
 And *York* alone so good a Brother leave.
 An Infamy so mean no Age has known,
 To seek from Rebels Hands a Brother's Crown.
 From his confiding Friends he falsely ran,
 And was a full-grown Knave e'er yet a Man.
 The Quiet which on *England* he has brought,
 Appears in his still carrying on the Plot:
 Of which his Weakness the Foundation laid,
 An Obstinacy since has perfect made.
 In *Scotland* we a well-drawn Model see
 Of what he Purposes we once shall be.
 By *Coleman's* Speech at *Tyburn* too we find,
 He has a Heart that ne'er forgets his Friend.
Conningmark did not use a baser Way
 His wretched hireling Ruffians to betray.
 This Difference only is betwixt them known,
 This murders for a Wife, that for a Throne.
 His Lady's a good Woman, God defend her!
 But why are we so fond of her *Hans en Kelder*?
 The Slave that thought he or his Seed should reign,
 As surely wish'd the King untimely slain.
 The one with Pox has long corrupted been,
 The other visited with his Father's Sin.
 Poor harmless Babe, that lab'ring in the Womb,
 To hated Light all o'er diseas'd wilt come.
 A wretched innocent Pledge to all the Nation;
 That Parents Crimes afflict their Generation.
 But while I thus on others Faults run on,
 I make the same which those I blame have done;
 Omit the Praises of our Gracious King,
 Which ev'ry Pen should trace, and ev'ry Tongue should
 (sing
 Ev'n God himself grew jealous of his Pow'r,
 And curs'd all those who Creatures durst adore:
 By God allow'd, by his People freely given,
 Our *Charles's* Empire is like that of Heaven.

Those

He's sold his Country, and his King abus'd,
 Join'd with scorn'd Chits, he's Innocence accus'd,
 And is at last ev'n by those Chits refus'd.
 From Crime to Crime he by Degrees runs on,
 Not safe from one till he's a greater done.
 But he so false and so contentin'd does grow,
 His Fellow Rogues trust him no longer now.
 Yet use him still, and have found out a fit
 Employment for my Lord's prodigious Wit.
 For join'd with *Roger*, he with like Applause
 Does write dull railing Libels for the Cause.
 But he so often lies to every Fool,
 That on that Theme his Son could scarce be dull.
Seymour in every Quality does surpass,
 Which may a senseless, sawcy, Turncoat grace.
 By's Breeding he for *Cottrel's* Place is fit,
 And may the *Bantam* courtly Envoy meet,
 And for his Learning may on *Woollfack* fit.
 For Eloquence he may grave *Finch* succeed,
 And for his Courage Tory Forces lead.
 These with his Knav'ry, Pride, and Country's hate,
 Accomplish him for Minister of State.
 As School-boys heat their Gigs to make 'em calve,
 And from their old one a small Off-spring have :
 So our Diminutive Statesman *Falkland* looks,
 As if from *Seymour* fall'n at *Arran's* Strokes.
 Money, we know, him to Preferment brought ;
 He ought to hide how he the Money got.
 Let *Albemarle* no more Desert pretend
 That from the worthy *Mont* he does descend...
 His Title's all that by his Birth he gains,
 While his base Life the Noble Fountain stains,
 The General's lost, the Sempstress Blood remains.
 The Father *England's* Freedom did regain,
 The Son conspires t'enlave it once again.
 Him a true Soldier of the Age we see,
 He has not Courage, Sense, nor Honesty.
 A needless Foil to th'Hero he succeeds,
 That dares not justify the Guards he leads:

Lord! how the Tories will the City rout,
 While he the Horse, and *Grafton* leads the Foot.
 In their Sires Steps the *H-----*s have better grown,
 Wh' entail'd it on his Line to cheat the Crown.
 Their Father was the Founder of that Ill,
 Which his Two Sons are lab'ring to fulfil ;
 Their Lordships stink of the old Lawyer still. }
 The first to *J-----*s his prostrate Daughter Wed,
 Then brought a barren Imp to *C-----* his Bed.
 To equal him his Pious Sons at Strife,
 One cheats the Husband, t'other robs the Wife.
 The first for *Mu-----*'s Famous Cuckold known,
 Does the King's Bastards starve to keep his own.

D---by's Farewel.

Farewel, my *Tom D---by*, my Pimp and my Cheat,
 'Twas for my own Ends I made you so Great.
 The Plot is discover'd, our Money's all spent,
 I'll leave you to hang, and my self to repent.
 Our Masters, the Commons, begin now to war,
 And swear they will either have you or my Whore.
 Then *D---by* forgive me if I am forsworn,
 And leave you to die like a Traitor forlorn.

An Allusion.

When *Israel* first provok'd the Living Lord,
 He scourg'd their Sin with Famine, Plague,
 (and Sword,
 Still they rebell'd ; the God in's Wrath did fling
 No Thunderbold among them, but a King.
 A *James*-like King was Heav'n's severest Rod,
 The utmost Vengeance of an angry God.

God in his Wrath sent *Saul* to punish *Jewry*,
 And *James* to *England* in a greater Fury :
 For *Saul* in Sin was no more like our *James*,
 Than little *Jordan* can compare to *Thames*.

*To be written under the Dutcheſs of
 Portsmouth's Picture.*

HAD ſhe but liv'd in *Cleopatra's* Age,
 When Beauty did the Earth's great Lord en-
 (gage,
Britain, not *Egypt*, had been Glorious made,
Augustus then, like *Julius*, had obey'd.
 A Nobler Theme had been this Poet's Boast,
 That all the World for Love had well been loſt.

A N S W E R.

OH that ſh'had liv'd in *Cleopatra's* Age,
 And not in Ours, to fill us all with Rage!
 To ſee *Great Britain* thus by her betray'd,
 And Ch——es, who once was Great, a Beggar made.
 Of ſuch a Theme no Poet ſure will boaſt,
 That would have ſtole the Pearl that then was loſt.

*Satyr on King James's Favourites
 and Court.*

UNhappy Iſland ! what hard Fate ordains
 That thou ſhouldeſt change thy Liberty for
 (Chains ?
 Thou who to ſtubborn Nations once gav'ſt Law,
 And kept the jarring World in peaceful Awe,

Holding that Ballance in thy steady Hand,
 By which the Weaker does the Strong withstand;
 From *Goths* and *Vandals* long in vain set free,
 And now thy self become a Colony,
 The *Scots* and *Irish* are repriz'd in thee.
 Starv'd Fugitives scatter'd by Want abroad,
 Great Travellers for want of an Abode,
 All meet in Swarms in this unlucky Place,
 To lead our Armies, and our Counsels grace,
 While croaking Priests and greedy Troops devour
 The Faithful Land with Sacrilegious Pow'r.
 Prevailing Nonsense Reason over-rules,
 And Providence has giv'n us up to Fools.
 Fools did th' excluding of a Fool prevent,
 By a Rebellion Fools have Slavery sent,
 And Fools confirm it still in Parliament.
Talbot Supplies of Fools from *Ireland* sends,
 And *Cla——don*'s return'd to make amends.
 The Fav'rite Brother wears th' Almighty Rod,
 Courted and prais'd by each created Toad;
 The Sorcerer repines to be a God.
Pharaoh and he these Plagues of *Egypt* bring,
 And such our Fate must be while such our King.
 Conspiring *Sun——land* still saves the Tide,
 A Knave most useful to th' unjustest Side,
 And does as fit an Instrument now prove
 Of lawless Pow'r, as once adult'rous Love.
 The little Chit does scarce deserve Rebuke,
 That looks behind the Chair as if 'twould puke;
 Beats time with Politick Head, and all approves,
 Pleas'd with the Charge of the Queen's Muff and
 (Gloves.

Much Fam'd in Youth for Poetry and Sense,
 By *Jack Berkeley*'s early Correspondence.
 But who can our great Chancellor describe?
 The noisie Oracle of the Scarlet Tribe.
 Of *James*'s Instruments the keenest Tool,
 The hottest, pertest, and the boldest, Fool;
 Chose early, by himself design'd for Glory,
 Since Whig-Law yielded first to conqu'ring Tory.

A mortal Enemy to sawcy Charters,
 Now less in Fashion than the Book of Martyrs,
 Than sharp *L' Estrange* a more admir'd Prater,
 Wittier on Bench than he in *Observer*.

O for some Skilful Painter now to draw
 The *Western* Triumph of avenging Law!
 When angry Justice with resistless Force,
 Not like a Stream, but Torrent stopt its Course;
 Nor poorly bore a single Rebel down,
 In Shoals the Wretches fell beneath his Frown.

Kirk, the poor Beast, did but for Hunger prey,
 And only hang'd a Rogue that could not pay:
 For Luxury the Wolf and Lion kill,

And scarce take time to taste the Blood they spill
 Now, Fame, thy Trumpet sound, thy Man of War,
 Great *Feverham* appears with his triumphant Star,
 To the Clouds bear him in thy Airy Chair.

Let *Oglethorp* be pinion'd to his Wing,
 And as he tells the Tale, so do thou sing
 His Courage, such as needs not Conduct's Aid,
 Conduct makes Generals but seem afraid.

Therefore he scorns much to be found prepar'd,
 And sent his Men to rest without a Guard.

O but for that unlucky Knock he gat
 By Block, too sympathick to his Pate,
 When he his Brother *Craven* did aspire
 To equalize in vain in quenching Fire,
 Where might not *James* his Conqu'ring Army lead?
 But Brains are some want in a General's Head.

Now, Muse, let thy just Indignation cease,
 Touch not the Louie Vermin after these.

When such a Quarry does thy Vigour claim,
 Scorn to descend to an ignoble Game.

Thus while the Huntsman eagerly in View
 A foaming Boar or Lion does pursue,
 Safe to their Holes the Fox and Badger creep,
 And dare not look abroad, but stink and sleep.
 Let Honest Laureat now, whose pliant Rhimes
 With his Religion wait upon the Times,

Rail at the Man who these bold Truths has told,
And call him dull Phanatick, Whig, and Scold.
Franklyn, Lloyd, Sackville, and the meaner rout
Of little Underlings that sit about,
Pretend they know the Author by his Stile,
I've eas'd my Mind, and will securely smile.

To Mr. Julian.

JULIAN, in Verse, to ease thy Wants, I write,
Not mov'd by Envy, Malice, or by Spite,
Or pleas'd with th' empty Name of Wit or Sense,
But meerly to supply thy want of Pence,
This did inspire my Muse when out at Heel;
She saw her needy Secretary reel;
Griev'd that a Man so useful to the Age
Should foot it in so mean an Equipage.
A crying Scandal! that the Fees of Sense
Should not be able to support th' Expence
Of a poor Scribe, who never thought of Wants,
When able to procure a Cup of Nants.
But Dulness sits at Helm, and in this Age
Governs our Pulpits, Councils, and the Stage.
Here a dull Counsellor ador'd we see,
And there a Poet duller yet than he,
With beardless Bishop, dullest of the Three.
'Tis dangerous to think. —————
For who by thinking tempts his jealous Fate,
Is strait arraign'd as Traytor to the State.
And none that come within the Verge of Sense,
Have to Preferment now the least pretence.
Nay, Poets, guilty of that Treason prov'd,
Are by a general Hiss from Court remov'd.
Shakespear himself reviv'd finds no Success,
And living Authors sure must hope for less.
Since Dulness then finds more success than Wit,
This Poem, *Julian*, cannot chuse but hit.

But for thy Profit, *Julian*, have a care
 Of prying *Poulteny*, and of Bully *Carr* :
 In them there's Danger, for the one does write
 With the same Prowess the other us'd to fight.

Next florid *Huntingdon* and civil *Grey*,
 Who knew his Grace was gone, but not which way.
 'Twere needless here, and tedious too to name
 All that are envious of poor Poets Fame:
 Consult thy sacred Volume, and thou'lt find
 Some who to Reverend Dulness have been kind:
 To those obsequious cringe with humble Bow,
 With Court-like Scrapes, and with Submissive Brow;
 Since from their num'rous Party thou may'st hope,
 More than *Prance*, *Oats* or *Bedlow*, from the Pope.
Thirsis has gain'd Preferment by a Song,
 While *Hudibras* does starve among the Throng;
 Nay, minion *Shadwell* cannot hold out long.
 There lives a Lord, a Noble Peer is he,
 Whose Conscience is as pliant as his Knee;
 Whose easie Temper, by good Nature mov'd,
 Does make him universally belov'd.
 He once pretended to a share of Sense,
 But for that Insolence and bold Offence,
 The Council wisely banish'd him from thence.
 He finding those Pretences ominous,
 Is grown at length as dull as one of us;
 Him make thy Friend, and if that Method fail,
 Prepare thee in these following Terms to rail.

May *Hewer's* Billets-deux successful prove
 In tempting of her little Grace to Love:
 May *Anglesey* think Bribery a Sin,
 His Countess pull it out when 'tis once put in:
 May *Arlington* his little Brat despise,
 And she no more the Name of Dutches's prize:
 May puzzling *Howard* live by Poetry,
 And *Cleaveland* die for want of Leachery:
 May *Monmouth* quit his Int'rest in the Crown,
 May *Howard* never grin, and *Nelly* never frown:
 May *Betty Mackrel* cease to be a Whore,
 And Villain *Frank* kiss *Mazarin* no more.

*A Letter from the Duke of M——th
to the King.*

Disgrac'd, undone, forlorn, made Fortune's Sport,
Banish'd your Kingdom first, and then your
Court;

Out of my Places turn'd, and out of Doors,
And made the meanest of your Sons of Whores;
The Scene of Laughter, and the common Chats
Of your salt Bitches, and your other Brats;
Forc'd to a private Life, to Whore and Drink,
On my past Grandeur and my Follies think:
Would I had been the Brat of some mean Drab,
Whom Fear or Chance had caus'd to choak or stab,
Rather than be the Issue of a King,
And by him made so wretched scorn'd a Thing.
How little cause has Mankind to be proud
Of Noble Birth, the Idol of the Crowd?
Have I abroad in Battels Honour won,
To be at home dishonourably undone?
Mark'd with a Star and Garter, and made fine
With all those gawdy Trifles, once call'd mine;
Your Hobby-Horses, and your Joys of State,
And now become the Object of your Hate;
But, d——ee, Sir, I'll be Legitimate. }
I was your Darling, but against your Will,
And know that I will be the Peoples still:
And when you're dead, I and my Friends, the Rout,
Will with my Popish Uncle try a Bout,
And to my Troubles this one Comfort bring,
Next after you, by ——, I will be King.

The King's Answer.

UNgrateful Boy! I will not call thee Son,
 Thou hast thy self unhappily undone;
 And thy Complaints serve but to show thee more,
 How much thou hast enrag'd thy Father's Whore.
 Resent it not, shake not thy addle Head,
 And be no more by Clubs and Rascals led.
 Have I made thee the Darling of my Joys,
 The prettiest and the lustiest of my Boys?
 Have I so often sent thee with Cost to *France*,
 To take new Dresses up, and learn to dance?
 Have I giv'n thee a Ribbon and a Star,
 And sent thee like a Meteor to the War?
 Have I done all that Royal Dad could do,
 And do you threaten now to be untrue?
 But say I did with thy fond Mother sport,
 To the same Kindness others had Resort.
 'Twas my good Nature, and I meant her Fame,
 To shelter thee under my Royal Name.
 Alas! I never got one Brat alone,
 My Mistresses all are by each Fop well known,
 And I still willing all their Brats to own.
 I made thee once, 'tis true, the Post of Grace,
 And stuck upon thee every mighty Place,
 Each glitt'ring Office, till thy heavy Brow
 Grew dull with Honour, and my Pow'r low.
 I spangled thee with Favours, hung thy Nose
 With Rings of Gold and Pearl, till all grew Foes
 By secret Envy at thy growing State:
 I lost my Safety when I made thee Great.
 There's not the least Injustice to you shewn,
 You must be ruin'd to secure my Throne.
 Office is but a fickle Grace, the Badge
 Bestow'd by fits, and snatch'd away in Rage.
 And sure that Livery which I give my Slaves,
 I may take from 'em when my *Portsmouth* raves.

Thou art a Creature of my own Creation,
 Then swallow this without Capitulation.
 If you with feigned Wrongs still keep a Clutter,
 And make the People for your Sake to mutter,
 For my own Comfort, but your Trouble, know,
 G——fish, I'll send you to the Shades below.

*The Ghost of Honest Tom Rofs to his
 Pupil the Duke of M---mouth. By
 the Lord Roscommon.*

S Hame of my Life, Disturber of my Tomb,
 Base from thy Mother's prostituted Womb,
 Huffing to Cowards, fawning to the Brave,
 To Knaves a Fool, to credulous Fools a Knave,
 The King's Betrayer, and the Peoples Slave.
 Like *Samuel*, at thy Negromantick Call,
 I rise to tell thee God has left thee, *Saul*.
 I strove in vain thy infected Blood to cure;
 Streams will run muddy when the Spring's impure.
 In all your Prosp'rous Life we plainly see
 Old *Taff's* invincible Sobriety.
 The Place of Master of the Horse, and Spy,
 You, like *Tom Howard*, did at once supply.
 From *Sydney's* Blood your Loyalty did spring,
 You shew us all your Fathers but the King;
 From whose too tender, and too bounteous Arms
 (Unhappy he whom such a Viper warms)
 As dutiful a Subject as a Son,
 To your true Parents, the whole Town, you run.
 Read, if you can, how th' Old Apostate fell,
 Outdo his Pride, and merit more than Hell.
 Both he and you were Gloriously Bright,
 The First and Fairest of the Sons of Light:
 But when, like you, he offer'd at the Crown,
 Like him your angry Father kick'd you down.

*A Poem on the Bishops throwing out the
Bill of Exclusion.*

THE Grave House of Commons, by Hook or ^{(Crook,}
Resolv'd to root out both the Pope and the Duke :
Let them Vote, let them Move, let them Do what ^{(they will.}
The Bishops, the Bishops, have thrown out the Bill.

There was *Hereford, Winnington, Hamden, and Birch,*
Did verily think to establish the Church ;
But now they do find it's past all their Skill,
For the Bishops, the Bishops, have thrown out the Bill.

Sir William endeavour'd, as much as he could,
To shew that the Bill was for the Duke's Good,
For that disinherits the Man we would kill,
The Bishops, &c.

Paul Wharton that stood behind *Sir Richard Cary,*
To confront, as he thought, the Plenipotentiary,
Little thought when he rudely had bawl'd out his fill,
That the Bishops, &c.

There is little Reason the dull Six and Twenty
Should oppose the whole *Nemine Contradicente,*
And what they bring forth in its Infancy kill,
For the Bishops, &c.

The wise Earl *Shaftsbury, Monmouth, and Grey,*
Lord *Essex, Lord Howard, Lord &c cetera,*
Tho' they have drawn in the Lord Privy-Seal,
Yet the Bishops, &c.

Old *Rowley* was there to solicit the Cause
Against his own Life, the Church, and the Laws ;

Yet

**Yet he might have liv'd safely against his own Will,
Had the Bishops, the Bishops, not thrown out the Bill.**

**His Highness for fear to *Scotland* is gone,
The Cov'nant to take, and be Crowned at *Scoon*;
But now he may e'en come home if he will,
For the Bishops, &c.**

**Had he known this before, or some of the Gang,
He had sav'd his Guineas to Sir *John Whitmore*,
And might at St. *James's* have plotted his fill,
For the Bishops, &c.**

**Had not Bishops been suffer'd in the H. for to sit,
He had been, like his Grandfather *Jemmy*, beshit,
But now he's as safe as a Thief in a Mill,
For the Bishops, &c.**

**The best of Expedients the Law can propose,
Our Church to preserve, and quiet our Foes,
Is not to let Lawn-sleeves our Parliament fill,
But throw out the Bishops that threw out the Bill.**

The Statesman's Almanack.

Being an Excellent New Ballad, in which the Qualities of each Month are consider'd; whereby it appears that a Parliament cannot meet in any of the Old Months: With a Proposal for mending the Calendar. Humbly offer'd to the Packers of the next Parliament,

To the Tune of, Cold and Raw the Wind did blow.

1.
TH E Talk up and down
 In Country and Town
 Has been long of a Parliament's Sitting ;
 But we'll make it clear
 Ne'er a Month in the Year
 Is proper for such a Meeting.

2.
 The Judges declare it,
 The Ministers swear it,
 But the Town as a Tale receives it;
 Let them say what they can,
 There is ne'er a Man,
 Except God's Vicegerent, believes it.

3.
 If the Criticks in Spite
 Our Arguments flight,
 And think them too light for the Matter,
 It has been often known
 That Men on a Throne
 Have arraign'd the whole Realm with no better.

4.

For in Times of Old,
When Kings were less bold,
And made for their Faults some Excuses,
Such Topicks as these
The Commons to please
Did serve for most Excellent Uses.

5.

Either *Christmass* comes on,
Or Harvest's begun,
And all must repair to their Station.
'Twas too dry or too wet
For the Houses to set,
And Hey for a Prorogation.

6.

Then, Sir, if you please,
With such Reasons as these
Let's see how each Moon's appointed :
For sure it most strange is
That in all her Changes
She favours not God's Anointed.

January.

The first is too cold
For Popery to hold,
Since *Southern* Climes do improve it ;
And therefore in Frost
'Tis odds but it's lost
If they offer for to remove it.

February.

The next do's betide,
Tho' then the King died,
Ill Luck, and they must not be tamp'ring :
For hadn't Providence quick
Cool'd his Head in the Nick,
'Fore Gad they were all a scamp'ring.

March.

The Month of Old *Rome*
Has an Omen with some;

But

But the sleeping Wind then knows,
 And trusts not the Croud
 When Storms are so loud,
 Left th'Air infects the House.

April.

In this by Mishap
Southesk had a Clap,
 Which pepper'd our Gracious Master ;
 And therefore in Spring
 He must phyfick his Thing,
 And venture no new Disaster.

May.

This Month is too good,
 And too lusty his Blood
 To be for Business at Leisure.
 With his Confessor's Leave
 Honest *Bridget* may give
 The Fumbler Royal his Pleasure.

June.

The Brains of the State
 Have been hot of late,
 They have manag'd all Business in Rapture :
 And to call us in *June*,
 Is to the same Tune,
 To be mad to the End of the Chapter.

July.

This Season was made
 For the Camp and Parade,
 When with the Expence of his Treasure,
 With much Sweat and Pains
 Discreetly he trains
 Such Men as will break all his Measures.

August.

This Month did advance
 Their Projects in *France*,
 As *Bartholomew* remembers ;
 But alas they want Force
 To take the same Course
 With our Heretical Members.

September.

September.

They cannot now meet,
For the Progress was set,
And they find it a scurvy Fashion,
To ride, and to ride,
To be snubb'd and deny'd,
By ev'ry good Man in the Nation.

October.

Now Hunting comes in,
That License to Sin,
That do's with a Cloak befriend him:
But if the Queen knows
How at *Grayham's* he blows,
His Divine Right cannot defend him.

November.

November might do
For ought that we know,
But that the K. promis'd by Chancellor:
And his Word before
Was pawn'd for much more
Than e'er twill be able to answer.

December.

The last of the Year,
Resemblance do's bear
To their Hopes and their Fortune declining:
Ne'er hope for Success,
Day grows less and less,
And the Sun once so high has done shining.

EPILOGUE.

YE Gypsies of *Rome*
That run up and down,
And with Miracles the People cozen,
By the help of some Saint
Get the Month which you want,
And make up a Baker's Dozen.

You see the Old Year
 Won't Help you 'tis clear,
 And therefore to save your Honour,
 Get a new Sun and Moon,
 And the Work may be done,
 And 'fore George it will never be sooner.

Truth brought to Light :

O R,

Murder will out. By S. College.

Would the World know how Godfrey lost his
 (Breath?

This tells the Tragick Story of his Death:
 Not borrow'd from the feigned Ghost appearing
 Unto us Mortals, so the Story clearing;
 Or taken from the Narrative of *Prance*,
 Where he too modest does on Persons glance;
 Tho' there's enough for all with half an Eye
 To scan some Villains in this Tragedy.
 An *Oedipus* there needs not to explain
 The wretched *Norfolk's* House in *Clements-Dane* :
 Or how the Owner *Godfrey* did persuade
 To eat his last, and basely him betray'd.
 Hear but the Villain how he did ensnare
 This gen'rous Soul into his bloody Fare.

Pray, good Sir *Edmund*, stay, I beg the Boon
 Of some Discourse with you this Afternoon,
 In a Rehearsal of this Hellish Plot,
 Which you by *Oates's* Depositions got;
 You shall oblige me ever, and you will
 Preserve our King and Kingdom from their Ill
 Tho' of the Church of *Rome* you know I am,
 I would be thought a Loyal *English* Man :

For if their damned Plot be as I hear,
 I'll curse the Pope, and leave their Church, I swear;
 And as to what you plead as your Excuse,
 You have some Friends at Home you shall abuse
 By your long stay; I will a Footman send
 That shall acquaint your Servants and your Friend
 You have some Bus'ness that detains you here,
 And therefore they must not expect you there.

Thus by a *Siren's* Tongue and Popish Guile
 He did persuade his stay, and sent mean while
 Unto his Ban-dogs, that they might way-lay him
 As home he went, and barb'rously slay him.
 Lo! here's the Project of a Popish Peer,
 To murder Men in Love by Lordly Cheer:
 From which, till known, the Wise have no defence,
 Nor can escape *Rome's* treacherous Pretence.
 The best of Men by wretched Means they kill,
 To serve the Church, and gain their cursed Will.
 Say but *Rome's* Vicar, Such a Man must die,
 That's Crime enough, no matter how or why.
 His Hounds of Blood and cruel Beasts of Prey,
 Who call it Merit to deceive, betray,
 Murder whole Nations standing in their way.
 So fell the Noble *Godfrey* by the Hand
 Of D's, E's, Ld's, and Q's of Royal Band,
 Whole direful Dirge they sung in Northern Tone,
 Where *York* and *Norfolk* kept the time as one:
 And Treach'rous *Tom* made *England's* Treasure pay
 Rewards to those that did his Life betray.
 That *Osb——n* Villain, raised by his Skill
 Of Pimping and Procuring to our Will:
 The worst of Slaves, that so he might be Great,
 Expos'd his Wife and Daughter to our Heat.
 Ah! Blessed Tool, at our most Gracious Need,
 That never fail'd us so to do the Deed!

Next sail'd the *Portsmouth* Frigate with the Elves,
 And as is said, is steered by our selves;
 Blown by the blast of *Bellas*——curs'd Spleen;
 And yet it seems was Musick for a Queen;

And so delighted *England's* harmless Chip,
 That made her dance, and 'bout the Dead to skip
 In Masquerade, by *Faux* his Lanthorn drest,
 Where her dear Priests the holy Murder blest.
 Prejudg'd by them they this Conclusion draw,
 A Ducal Dinner's Death by Martial Law.
 By these *Rome's* Vassals did in order get,
 That *Godfrey's* Life might have a Somerset,
 And die for daring to inspect the things
 Of Mother Church, of holy Pope and Kings;
 And the Retinue, Banditti of Hell,
 Welch *Powis*, *Peters*, *Stafford*, *Arundel*,
 And Thousands more of that accursed Brood,
 Who would convert us by a Sea of Blood,
 And turn the Laws of *England* out of Doors,
 By Standing-Army, Pensioners and Whores,
 Bastards *Sans* number, at the Nation's Charge,
 For whom we have been taxed oft at large,
 And made to buy our Ruin with our Coin,
 Which went for Votes, and Plots, and Countermine.

Alas! poor Nation, how art thou undone
 By a bad Father, and now a worse, his Son!
 What have these Cubs of *Scotland* brought upon us?
 There's nothing left but *Lord have Mercy on us!*

Justice in Masquerade: Or, Scroggs upon Scroggs.

A Butcher's Son's Judge Capital
 Poor Protestants for to enthrall,
 And *England* to enslave Sirs.
 Lose both our Laws and Lives we must,
 When to do Justice we entrust
 So known an errant Knave Sirs.

Some hungry Priests he did once sell
With mighty Strokes, sent them to Hell,
Sent presently away Sirs.
Would you know why? The Reason's plain,
They had no *English* nor *French* Coin
To make a longer stay Sirs.

The Pope to Purgatory sends,
Who neither Money have nor Friends;
In this he's not alone Sirs.
For our Judge to Mercy's not inclin'd,
'Less Gold change Conscience and his Mind,
You are infallibly gone Sirs.

His Father once exempted was
Out of all Juries: Why? because
He was a Man of Blood Sirs.
And why the Butcherly Son (forsooth)
Shou'd now be Jury and Judge both,
Cannot be understood Sirs.

The good Old Man with Knife and Knocks
Made harmless Sheep and stubborn Ox
Stoop to him in his Fury.
But the brib'd Son, like greasie Oaph,
Kneels down and worships Golden Calf,
And so do's all the Jury.

Better thou'dst been at Father's Trade
An honest Livelihood to have made,
In lamp'ring Bulls with Collars,
Than to thy Country prove unjust,
First sell, and then betray, thy Trust,
For so many hard Rix-Dollars.

Priest and Phyfician thou didst save
From Gallows, Fire, and from the Grave,
For which we can't endure thee.

The one can ne'er absolve thy Sins,
 And th'other (tho' he now begins)
 Of Knav'ry ne'er can cure thee.

But lest we all shou'd end his Life,
 And with a keen-whet Chopping-Knife
 In a Thousand pieces cleave him,
 Let the Parliament first him undertake,
 They'll make the Rascal stink at stake,
 And so like a Knave let's leave him.

Elegy on Coleman.

IF Heav'n be pleas'd when Sinners cease to sin,
 If Hell be pleas'd when Souls are damn'd therein,
 If Earth be pleas'd when it's rid of a Knave,
 Then all are pleas'd, for *Coleman's* in his Grave.

A Litany.

FROM the lawless Dominion of Mitre and Crown,
 Whose Tyrannies are so absolute grown,
 That Men becomes Slaves to the Altar and Throne,
 And can call neither Bodies nor Souls their own,

Libera nos, &c.

From a Reverend pye-bald Theologick Professor,
 From a Protestant zealous for a Popish Successor,
 Who for a great Bishoprick still leaves a lesser,
 And ne'er will die Martyr, nor make good Confessor,

Libera nos, &c.

(Eases,

From Deans and from Chapters who live at their
 Whose Letchery lyes in renewing Church-Leases,

Who live in Cathedrals like Maggots in Cheeses,
And lye like Abbey-Lubbers stew'd in their own
(Greases,
Libera nos, &c.

From *Oxford* and *Cambridge* Scholastical Fry,
Whose Leachery's with their Landress to lye,
Of Church and State their Wants to supply,
That Religion and Learning may never die,
Libera nos, &c.

From a comfortable—————Divine,
From a Crissingle Parson in Silk Cassock fine,
Who loves no Tobacco, no Women, nor Wine,
But any Religion, so of the Right Line,
Libera nos, &c.

From a Spruce Court-Chaplain, whose Pulpit rings
With *Jure Divino* of Bishops and Kings,
And from true Scripture false Evidence brings,
That Kingship and Priesthood are Two Sacred
(Things,
Libera nos, &c.

From a Minister of the *English* Church Breed,
Mother-Church's own Son by Episcopal Seed,
Who turns to burlesque the Lord's Pray'r and Creed,
And can the whole Bible ridicule for a Need,
Libera nos, &c.

From a scandalous, limping, litigious, * Vicar,
Of whom his Parish grows sicker and sicker,
Who taught his dull Maid to grow quicker and
(quicker,
And who stole the Tankard when he drunk out the
(Liquor,
Libera nos, &c.

From a Ceremony-monger who rails at Dissenters,
And damns Non-Conformists in the Pulpit he enters,
Yet all the Week long his own Soul he ventures,
By being so drunk that he cutteth Indentures,
Libera nos, &c.

* The Parson of Croydon.

From a young Boy ordain'd, tho' a ——— he has none,
 From a Journeyman-Preacher to some dignified Drone,
 Who, whatever Text he Preaches upon,
 Still talks of Rebellion and Forty One,

Libera nos, &c.

From the * Bishop's Chaplain who scribbles everlasting,
 On whom once *Cook* bestow'd a dry basting,
 Who in his Old Age Young Flesh would be tasting,
 And now writes for Bread to keep him from fasting,

Libera nos, &c.

From a Protestant Church where a Papist must reign,
 From an *Oxford* Parliament call'd in vain,
 Who because *Fitz-Harris* the Plot would make plain,
 Was dissolv'd in a Fit, and sent home again,

Libera nos, &c.

From Fools and Knaves, Prerogative Tories,
 From a Church that for the *Babylon* Whore is,
 From a Prince a like Pear, who Rotten at Core is,
 From a Court that has Millions, yet, as *Job*, poor is,

Libera nos, &c.

From a *French* Whore at *Whitehall*, and another at
 (Paris,

From *Dangerfield's* Plot outdone by *Fitz-Harris*,
 Deliver us, Lord, from the self-same Thing,
 From the King of *France*, and the *French* King.

Historia Tuta.

HEnry the Prince fell by his trembling Sire,
 Who by his Recreant Son did next expire.
 Proud of his ill-got State enthron'd he stands,
 And on the People lays oppressive Hands;
 They unaccustom'd to the heavy Yoak,
 Punish his Rapines by a fatal Stroke.
 A Brother to the next creates much Strife,
 Aims at his Crown, and daily seeks his Life;
 Him easie, vain, and weak, Court-Pimps deceive,
 And Brother's Crimes Priests bid him not believe;

* Sir Roger L'Estrange.

Hence

Hence stupid grown, Sloth, Lust, and want of Care,
 Draw dismal Ruin on him unaware.
 This Truth the *Roman* Poets sang of Old,
 And in Majestick Satyr did unfold,
 Kings without Wounds rarely resign their Breath,
 And Tyrants never die a Civil Death.

On Mun Doyly and Fleet Shepherd,
Esquires.

FA T, ruddy, and dull,
 With an Inch thick of Skull,
 But false as the Bags of his Brother,
 Is that Caterer for News,
 In Taverns and Stews,
Mun Doyly the Son of his Mother:

The great *Leg* hearing this,
 Thought all was amiss,
 And to run his Intelligence higher,
 Resolv'd at a Jump
 To leaven that Lump,
 With *Shepherd* that Voluble Liar.

What notable Tools
 Are a Brace of such Fools
 In the Hands of a young Politician?
 When the Colonel did chuse
 False Wit and false News,
 Sure he needed much more a Phyician.

Yet poor *Shepherd* may prove
 In time, by *Leg's* Love,
 As Famous as *Markham* or *Needham*,
 Or *Berkinhead* the Great,
 Who employs all his Sweat
 In witty smart Ballads, (God speed him.)

Return to the Pot,
 Thou damn'd drolling Sot,
 In time, lest the Gallows attend thee;
 For thou'lt ne'er make so good
 A Spy as old *Blood*,
 Tho' *Billing* and *Mead* do befriend thee.

In Alehouses dipt,
 From *Oxford* thou wert whipt
 For thy witty Deceits to the Tapster:
 'Thas e'er since been thy Way
 Thy best Friends to betray;
Clancy proceeded not faster.

S O N G. *To the Old Tune of, Ta-*
king of Snuff is the Mode of the
Court.

1.
THE Widows and Maids
 May now hold up their Heads;
 There are Men to be had for all Uses:
 But who could presage
 That ever one Age
 Should be furnish'd with Two *Tom Lucys*?

2.
 Since his Grace could prefer
 The Poulterer's Heir
 To the great Match his Uncle had made him;
 'Twere just if the King
 Took away his Blue String,
 And sew'd him on Two to lead him.

3.
 That the Lady was sent
 To a Convent at *Ghent*

Was the Counfel of Kidnapping *Grafton*;
And we may now foretel
That all will go well,
Since the rough Blockhead governs the foft one.

4.

Moll Hinton beft knows
Why *Newburgh* kept clofe;
But it need never trouble her Confcience:
'Twas Duty to clap
That impertinent Fop,
For it fav'd us abundance of Nonfence.

5.

For one that loves Peace,
And would live at his Eafe,
Northampton the beft Way has chofen;
Leaves courting the Fair
To his Uncle's Care,
And the combating Part to his Coufin.

6.

In *Shrewsbury* we find
A gen'rous Mind,
So kindly to live with his Mother,
And never try yet
To revenge the fad Fate
Of his Father and only Brother.

7.

Thus fighting we fee
With fome Folks won't agree;
A Witnefs a much fafer Poft is:
And tho' my Lord *Grey*
In the Field ran away,
He could charge in a Court of Juftice.

8.

'Tis pleafant to hear
An Eminent * Peer
Make Whoring a Cafe of Confcience;
When 'tis fo well known
His Favour begun
By pimping to *Portsmouth* not long fince.

* *Sun-land.*

9.

'Tis a very plain Case
 That the † Countess's Disgrace
 The Catholick Cause advances :
 'Tis also as plain
 That *Tyrconnel's* chief Aim
 Was to bring in his Daughter *Frances*.

† Dord-
ster.

10.

That Church will dispence
 With no Heretick Wench :
 And yet we have this for our Comfort,
 Tho' the Priest at the Court
 Forbid us that Sport,
 The *Chancery* allows us a *Montfort*.

11.

Thrice Fortunate Boy,
 Who canst give double Joy,
 And at every Turn be ready
 With Pleasures in Store,
 Behind and before,
 To delight both my Lord and my Lady.

*Enter Oliver's Porter, Fidler, and Poet,
 in Bedlam.*

*The Scene Adorn'd with several of the
 Poet's own Flowers.*

Porter.

O Glory ! Glory ! Who are these appear ?
 My Fellow-Servants, Poet, Fidler, here ?
 Old *Hodge* the Constant ! *Johnny* the Sincere !
 Who sent you hither ? And pray tell me why
 A Horrid Silence does invade my Eye ?
 Why not one Sound of Voice from you I spy ?

Johnny,

Johnny.

I come to let thee know the time is now
 To turn, and fawn, and flatter, as we do,
 And follow that which does too fast pursue.
 Be wise, neglect your Int'rest now no more :
 Int'rest, the Prince we serve, God we adore.
 I for the Royal Martyr first declar'd,
 But e'er his Head was off I was prepar'd
 To own the Rump, and for that Cause did rhyme;
 But those kick'd out, next Moment turn'd to him
 That routed 'em, call'd him my Sovereign,
 And prais'd his op'ning of the Kingly Vein.

Hodge.

I by my low'ring Planets was accurst
 To be for barren Loyalty at first ;
 But when to *Noll's* our *Charles* his Fate gave Place,
 I could abjure th'unhappy Royal Race.
 To *Noll* I all my Fingers Skill did show,
 And charm'd his Highness with my nimble Bow ;
 Besides, I serv'd him as a Faithful Spy,
 And did decoy the Cavalierish Fry.
 Gold from his Bounteous Highness charm'd my Eyes,
 My Old Whore *Baltinglass* did not suffice
 For the Expence and Equipage of Spies.

Johnny.

Come join with us to make our Party strong,
 And you can never be in *Bedlam* long.

Hodge.

Were you yet madder you might serve the State,
 And be employ'd in Things of greatest Weight.

Johnny.

For, as the *Turks* their *Fantons*, we adore
 The Fools and Madmen, and their Aid implore.
 Such are the Men I sing in Panegyrick Verse.

Hodge.

To such I write, not to Philosophers.

Porter.

Such frequent Turns should you to *Bedlam* bring,
 From *Rump* to *Cromwel*, *Cromwel* to the King ;
 Then to your Idol Church, next to the Pope,
 Which may one Day prefer you to the Rope.

Johnny.

It was Almighty Fire from Heav'n came down
 To punish the rebellious stiff-neck'd Town :
 All which had perish'd in devouring Flames,
 Tho' on the Fire you'd empty'd all the *Thames* :
 Had all its Waves been on the Houses tost,
 It had but basted them as they did roast.
 But Heav'n a Chrystal Pyramid did take,
 Of that a broad Extinguisher did make,
 In Firmamental Waters dipt above,
 To hood the Flames which to their Quarry strove.

Porter.

A Pyramid Extinguisher to hood !
 'Tis Nonsense, ne'er to be understood.

Hodge.

What ! You believe the Plot of Varlet *Oats* ?

Porter,

Ten Proclamations, and Four Senates Votes.

Johnny.

That *Godfrey's* Life was by the Papists sped.

Porter.

O no ! He kill'd himself when he was Dead.

Hodge.

To dying Jesuits will you Credit give ?

Porter.

Yes, full as much as all the while they Live.
 But dying Protestants I'll not believe, [*Scoffingly.*]
 For they allow of neat Equivocation,
 And of flat Lies, with mental Reservation.

Johnny.

Hark *Hodge* ! To gain him we in vain contend ;
 Our Fellow-Servant is a Wag, dear Friend.

Hodge.

I'll try him farther, for his Parts are such,
 To bring him o'er must needs avail us much,
 Who are for *Rome* and *France* 'gainst *English* and
 (the *Dutch*.)

Come Fellow-Servant, you'll believe our Plot,
 Of *Russel*, *Hambden*, *Sidney*, and what not ?

Of Bedford, Walcot, Bow-steeple, and the Rye?

Porter.

For Russel would, but Hambden would not, lie;
Rumbald and Walcot too did both deny:

Ayliffe to boot: But Cowards are not brave,
For Fear's a Passion which all Cowards have.

Yet to the Plot I firm belief afford,
Of th' Evidence I credit not one word.

Johnny.

Can you distrust what Gray and Escrick say?

Porter.

What Two such excellent Moral Men as they?

Hodge.

Others there are swore home as Men could do.

Porter.

Who for their Lives must swear, swear home, 'tis true.

Against the Popish Crew none ever swore,
But a full Pardon he obtain'd before.

These Swearers are like Cormorants, for they
On Whigs with Ropes about their Gullets prey.

Johnny.

What then! Will you not be to Int'rest true?

We both are of the same belief with you:

But we know better what we have to do.

Porter.

[*Aside.*]

Did ever Hell send such a Brace of Knaves?

Such abject Cowards, Mercenary Slaves!

Exit frowning.

Johnny.

His Looks are wild, his fiery Eye-balls roll,

A raging Tempest's lab'ring in his Soul:

Let's prudently retire. —————

[Porter re-enters with a great Bible given him
by Nell Guyn.]

Porter.

You pitiful sneaking Rogues! Would you be gone?

Here's that shall knock both you and Popery down.

[He knocks 'em down with the Bible, and stamps
upon them; they get up.]

Hodge.

Hodge.

Rash Man ! For this I full Revenge will take,
And set our Evidence upon your Back.

Johnny.

Audacious Fool ! How dare you tempt your Fate,
Provoking me, a Pillar of the State,
Who with my Pen alone have turn'd the Scale,
And made the *Tories* o'er the *Whigs* prevail ?

Hodge.

Your Pen alone ? —————

Can I this Arrogance endure to hear ?

Would you usurp the Garland I should wear ?

Johnny.

You with your Forty Eight and Forty One,
With Screws and Antipendiums plagu'd the Town,
While e'en the *Whigs* admir'd my lofty Verses,
Your Witless Prose did fodder Forty A ———

Hodge.

I'll thro' your A ——— touch Honour to the quick,
And find if you have any by this Kick.

[*Kicks the Poet.*]*Johnny.*

Kick on, Old Fool, till you your Toes do gall,
I have had several Kickings and have borne 'em all,
So that I'm us'd to't. —————

Porter.

————— Hence, you wretched Slaves,
There is Contagion in such Fools and Knaves.
I'll wring your Necks off if you evermore
Presume to set your Feet within this Door.
I'm Chief, and have Dominion in this place,

Johnny.

I'll spend my gushing Blood upon thy Face ;
And if thou dar'st effect thy dire Design,
With my Two Hands I'll fling my Head at thine.

Porter,

Halloo ! St. Dennis, have at you.

[*He kicks and beats them,
they run roaring out.*]*Johnny.*

Johnny.

Murder ! Murder !

Hodge.

Help ! Murder ! Help !

Porter.

I of these Knaves shall never more complain,
They have call'd back my wand'ring Sense again.

[He pauses, and seems to
come to himself.]

Of all Mankind Happy alone are we,
From all Ambition, from all Tumults, free.
No Plots, no vile Informers, need we fear,
No Plagues, no Tortures, for Religion here.
Our Thoughts, nay, e'en our very Words, are free,
Not damn'd by Fines, or Loss of Liberty.
None here's Impeach'd by a vile Table-Spy,
Who with an *Innuendo* backs his Lie :
Words and Lampoons we laugh at, and ne'er care
What's said by Men, if Actions they forbear.
Anger at Words is Weakness understood,
Since none can ridicule ought that is good :
'Tis Womanish, and springs from Impotence,
For no Great Man at Words e'er took Offence.
When *Rome* was in her Glory Words were free ;
Just Governments can never jealous be :
But when to Tyranny great *Rome* declin'd,
Weak Emperors with *Delatores* join'd
To plague the People, and themselves undo ;
For when they're fear'd they must be hated too,
And whom Men hate with Ruin they'll pursue.
One Witness and a Circumstance for Facts
Is not enough, we must prove *Overt-acts*.
Our happy Government makes no Offence,
But open and rebellious Violence ;
Which we to quell no standing Army need,
Nor can Dragoon upon Free-Quarter feed.
Booted Apostles we have none that come
To knock and beat Men to the Church of *Rome*.
When its But-end prevails not, Torments will,
For *Leto* is not yet so merciful to kill.

G g

Here

Here we, divided from the troubled World,
 Rest, and are into no Confusions hurl'd.
 For all our Wants does our wise State provide,
 Here ev'ry vacant Place is still supply'd
 With Persons that are duly qualify'd.
 No Favour raises a desertless Knave,
 Nor Infamy, nor yet the Gold he gave.
 How would all Subjects envy us should we
 Publish the Secrets of our Hierarchy ?

A Farewel to the Church of England.

GO little Babe, respected by the Just,
 Hated by Villains, and by Papists Curs'd:
 Thy Foes are such as Time it self shall hate,
 Whose horrid Actions shall compleat their Fate.
 Fools, Villains, Traytors, by true Names descry'd;
 Were ever Cards with such a Pack supply'd?
 But here's the Comfort, go and tell about,
 That Fools that put them in will kick them out;
 Give thy self up, be gone, thou'rt call'd away,
 For Time and Tide make the whole World obey.
 Go tell thy Friends, and let them think upon't,
 A Commonwealth's the thing that some Men want.
 No Plots grow there poor Mankind to abuse,
 Those little Tricks of State which Monarchs use.
 No Cut-throats that do Murder with Applause.
 No burning Cities to promote the Cause.
 No Charter seiz'd for Rome by new-found Writ.
 No City Knights question'd as they think fit,
 By Rogues, made Judges to determine it.
 No Monster of a Mouth we e'er yet saw
 Made Judge of Equity, who ne'er knew Law.
 No fawning Statesmen, who for treach'rous Gold
 His Country's Rights and ancient Freedom sold.
 No Judges are permitted there to live,
 That break the Center which the Senate give;

That

That punish Treason under which they groan,
 Villains unparallel'd, excell'd by none!
 No trimming Poet trims with every Stream,
 And changes Sides as often as his Theme.
 No filching Justice there perks up his Head,
 Preferr'd to cheat the Church that gave him Bread.
 A snarling Cur, kept under Chain and Clog,
 Perform'd the Office of a wakeful Dog.
 Cambridge, that cry'd him up, now calls him Rogue.
 No Priests sit there in Council, nor debate
 Their Juggling Politicks to plague the State;
 The only Curle poor *England* felt of late.
 No *Burtons*, *Grahams*, Rogues set up in spite,
 To squeeze and plague the People in their Right.
 Such Villains in a State are only fit
 To grace a Gallows, and hang under it.

*To the Haters of Popery, by what Names
 or Titles soever dignify'd or distinguish'd.*

THUS 'twas of Old: Then *Israel* felt the Rod,
 When they obey'd their Kings, and not their
 (God:
 When they went whoring after other Loves,
 To worship Idols in new-planted Groves,
 They made their Gods of Silver, Wood and Stone,
 And Bow'd and Worhipp'd them when they had done.
 And to compleat their Sins in every way,
 They made the things call'd Priests; Priests, I say,
 A Crew of Villains more prophane than they.
 Hence sprung the *Romish* Crew, that Spawn of Hell!
 Who now in Vice their Pedagogue excel.
 Their Church is rul'd by vicious Popes, the rest
 Are whoring Nuns, and bawdy bug—ring Priests.
 A Noble Church, daub'd with religious Paint,
 Each Priest's a Stallion, ev'ry Rogue a Saint.

Come you that loath this Brood, this Murd'ring Crew,
Your Predecessors well their Mercy knew.

Take Courage now, and be both bold and wise,
Stand for your Laws, Religion, Liberties.

You have the Odds, the Law is still your own;
They are but Traitors, therefore pull 'em down.

They struck with Fear seek to destroy the Laws:

On them, you see, they raving fix their Paws,

Because from them they fear their Fatal Fall,

Knowing that they to Death subject them all.

Then keep your Laws, the Penal, and the rest,

And yield your Lives rather than yield the Test.

And thou, great Church of *England*, hold thy own,

Force you they may; otherwise give up none:

Robbers and Thieves must count for what they've
(done.)

Let all thy mighty Pillars now appear

Zealous and Brave, void both of Hate and Fear.

The Popish Fops may grin, lie, cheat, and whine,

And curse their Faith while all submit to thine.

And you, Brave *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, and the rest,

Great *Hough* and *Fairfax*, who dare beard the Beast,

Let all the Just with Thanks record your Name

On standing Pillars of Immortal Fame.

The Deponents about the Birth of the Prince of Wales.

THE Mighty Monarch of this *British* Isle,
Disturb'd to hear his Subjects prate and smile,

That he is so content to own a Son

For to inherit th' Imperial Throne,

To please his Queen, and put by both his own.

But finding *England* not so credulous,

And clear ey'd *Orange* more suspect than us,

By Instigation of the Q. and P.

He summons all together as you see,
And there declares his own Sufficiency.

He says his Subjects Minds so poison'd are,
They'll not believe God bless'd him with an Heir:

But to convince them they are in the wrong,

In comes the Swearers, and depose as long

A Narrative as perjurd O——es could do;

What these depose unquestionably's true,

Our King says so, who dare say other now?

There's Lords, Knights, Ladies, Squires, Quacks, and
The Papal Locusts that infect *Whitehall*, (all

They swear what King would have to gain their
(Ends,

Since he's a Prince that ne'er forgets his Friends.

But Witness Bishops, for your Loyalty

He makes you great, he did bestow on ye,

To keep you safe, his strongest, greatest, Fort ;

While ye were there the Tower was the Court.

All fled from *James*, to you for Blessing came;

Imprisonment Immortaliz'd your Name :

Bishops of *England's* Church were Men of Fame.

And since his Dire Designs in Law have fail'd,

He seems to smile, You are to Council call'd,

To hear the Worthy, Loyal, Swearers swear,

That at the Birth of *Wales's* Prince they were.

And first begins Old *England's* barren Q. Q. D—ger.

That at her Sister's Labour was not seen

Till all was past ; yet for the Holy Cause

She'll do whate'er she can to blind the Laws

Of *England*, and doth there declare and say,

She hasten'd to the Queen that very Day,

And never stirr'd till this great Prince was Born,

For th' Nation's Glory, but he proves their Scorn ;

Except of these that on him daily wait,

Whose Loyal Love is only to be great.

Next comes Old P——is, who a Story feigns

Of Riff-raff Stuff to fill the Peoples Brains,

Of what she saw and knew about the thing ;

And in a modest Circumstance doth bring

Of something, which into the World he brought,
 And by the Doctors gave him, as she thought.
 Now as a Governess she tends his Grace,
 And would not for all Heaven quit her Place;
 So sweet a Babe, so fine a hopeful Lad,
 The forward'st Son the Father ever had.

Then *A——ns* Countess with her Oath comes in,
 That at the Prince's Birth herself had been,
 And how she heard Complaining from the Queen
 Of little Pains, and then the Child was seen.
 But, Oh! He did not cry; the Q. baul'd out
 For fear 'twas dead, but Granny clear'd the Doubt.
 And farther Honour this Great Lady had,
 She saw Smock spoil'd with Milk, (the Sign was bad.)
 And *P——gh* could not be beguil'd, (smil'd)
 Knowing the Father's Strength, (at thought she)
 She saw Queen's Smock, and swears she was with
 (Child.)

While Pious *Sun——nd* to Chappel went
 On Purpose to receive the Sacrament,
 Devotion was so great, she disobey'd
 Her Majesty, and said, When she had Pray'd
 She'd wait on her: But hearing that the Prince
 Was hast'ning to the World, this, this Pretence
 Soon brought our Saint-like Lady quick from
 (thence;)

And from her bended Knees flew to the Queen,
 And there saw all the Sight was to be seen.
 The Bed was warm'd, and into it she went,
 And ask'd the King if for the Guests he'd sent;
 And lingring Pain she had, and seem'd to fear
 'Tould not be Born till all the Fools were there;
 But by her Midwife was assur'd one Pain
 Would bring the Prince into the World amain.
 But faithless Queen! The Child did lye so high,
 She'd not believe but *Judith* told a Lie;
 And such an Honour to this Deponent granted,
 'Tis hardly more by th' Pope for to be Sainted.

R——mon swears she stood by *Sun——land*,
 Near the Queen's Bed, just by the Midwife's Hand,

And saw his Highness taken out of Bed,
Fit for a Crown t' adorn his Princely Head.

F—gal depos'd, that in the Queen's Distress
She stood at the Bed's Feet just by M——s,
And saw the Prince into the World did come,
And by D——dy carried from the Room.

Then painted B——ley early in the Morn
Came to St. James's to see his Highness Born:
With all the Haste she could she up did rise,
Soon dress'd, she came by Nine a Clock precise,
And found her Majesty was in the Bed,
And groaning dismally, she further said,
Cry'd to the Midwife, *Do not the Child part.*
Old Granny crav'd her Leave: With all her Heart
She granted what the Beldam did desire,
And certain 'tis there was no Danger nigh her:
Crying, O King, where are you fled?
He said, I'm kneeling, Madam, on your Bed.
This plain Deponent bellows bawdy forth,
To be expos'd both *East, West, South and North,*
Without e'er Fear or Shame, bars Modesty
For to outface the World with such a Lie.

Then Pocky B——sis the next comes in,
And says she saw the Cast of Charles's Queen;
And hearing that the Q——n in Labour was,
She hurried in without a Call or Pass.
With this Excuse (she knew she was forgot)
Where she talks Bawdy, shews Impudence, what not?
Expose herself in Print to shew her Love,
Exalted by the King and One above,
She'll lie and swear, forswear, to prop the Cause,
That baffles *England's* sound and wholesome Laws.

Then Lady W—grave, who was there before
This Royal Babe was launched from the Shoar,
And heard her Majesty cry out full fore.

Then C—ne and sottish Went——th say the same,
With S—yer, Wal—ve, D—son, that they came
And saw this Wonder which the World won't own,
And blames their little Faith, to think this Son

Is *Spurious*, and not in Truth proceeding
 From Majesty, when they all saw him Bleeding;
 Nay, gave him of his Blood (squeez'd from the
 (String.)

That did the Royal Babe into the World bring.

Then *Br——ley*, *T——ni*, and *Nan C——ry* too, }
 Swear they saw all the Work that was to do,
 And more by half is sworn than they'll prove true. }

Then comes *Delabady* the Great Nurse,
 Who with the Queen is all in all in Trust,
 And swears that *Dan——rs*, Maid to Princess *Ann*,
 Was joy'd to see this little Royal Man,
 With former Mark on Eye, which us'd to be
 On all *Q. Mary's* Royal Progeny.

James seem'd to doubt that which before he knew,
 And fear'd this Treacherous Nurse not told him true;
 But he must peep and see the Royal *Elf*,
 And joy'd as if he got him his own self.

For Mrs. *W——ks*, who doubts but she would say
 She brought the Prince to Town that very Day;
 And told the King the trembling Queen did fear
 'Twould be hard Labour (tho' no Child was there;)
 Explains most impudently those Concerns,
 That follow Women when they cast their Barns.
 And what cares she, the Hereticks she'll blind,
 And then we fear the King will prove most kind
 To all those Wretches which swear to his Mind. }

Then comes the Washer-woman, Mrs. *P——ce*,
 Who says that to the Queen she is Laundress;
 And there declares a Story of Hot Linen,
 That us'd to come just from Child-bearing Women.

Rich——nd and *Li——d*, and Brave *Ma——all*,
 Tho' not at Labour, they believe it all;
 And fain would be believed, if these Tools
 By swearing falsely could make us such Fools:
 They give such Demonstrations, that do lye
 As much aside as they do Modesty.

Then comes Great *George* of England, Chancel-
 Who was with Expedition call'd to th' Labour: (lour,

The Queen cry'd out, as Women us'd to do,
 And he believes the Prince is real too,
 But not so certain, nor 'tis fear'd so true
 As he wears Horns, that were by *M——fort* made;
 Them and his Noise makes all the Fools afraid;
 Tongue runs at random, and Horns pulhes those
 That are so Learn'd his Lordship to oppose.
 He fears to act no wretched Villanies,
 He dreads no Torments for inventing Lies,
 For he of Heav'n is sure whene'er he dies:
 Thanks to the Care of fond indulgent Wife,
 To make Atonement for his wicked Life,
 Damns her own Soul, and whores with all she cou'd,
 To allay th' impetuous Salleys of her Blood.

Lord *P——dent* comes next, that's now cashier'd
 For only speaking of the Truth 'tis fear'd;
 Yet he for to be great again at Court
 Would be forsworn, tho' he be damned for't.

Then *A——del* of *W——dour*, Privy-Seal,
 Was so concern'd that he Her Pains did feel;
 And 'tis believ'd this tender-hearted Man
 Did feel as much as Majesty did then;
 He shew'd indeed Concern to Mighty *W——m*,
 Who knew too much to have Concern for him;
 But satisfy'd the Fool it would be past,
 And wonder'd much her Pain so long did last.

Then comes my Lord *All-Pride* with Modesty,
 And seems unwilling to affirm a Lie;
 With Stately Gesture he did himself excuse,
 But setting Hand to Paper can't refuse.

Then Foolish *C——n* comes and doth depose,
 A Mark he hath that he the Prince well knows;
 If 't be his Lordship's Mark he ne'er must rule,
 For *Europe* knows that he's mark'd for a Fool.

Then in comes *F——sham*, that Haughty Beau,
 And tells a Tale of den, and dat, and how;
 Tho' he's no more believ'd than all the rest,
 Only poor Man he fain would do his best
 And be rewarded as when come from *West*.

Earl of M———y, that *Alexander* Great,
Believes it was the King that did the Feat,
And that this Son is true, and not a Cheat.

Then M———son and M———ford both explain'd
The Business which they from the King had gain'd,
As knowing Men, his Majesty did trust
His Confort's Secrets, hoping they'd be just
To his Endeared Son, our Mighty Prince,
That, as he thought, would hide his Impotence.
G———n too with Confidence pretends
It is true Born, but 'tis for his own Ends.

And F———x a Story tells of God knows what;
To fool the Nation's all he would be at.
He keeps in Favour with his Princely Grace,
He fawn and flatters for to keep his Place.

Then Famous Sca———ugh and Wi———ly,
With W———ve, B———dy, and A———nd, do lie,
And bring their Circumstances to convince
The World that 'tis a real High-born Prince:
Thus they stick out at nothing that will do
The Nation Wrong, and bring to *England* Woe,
Base mercenary Slaves, for a King's Smile
Would *Spurious* Issue rear, and us beguile;
That fawn on him, and more observe a Nod,
Than fear the Vengeance of an angry God;
And on the Turn o'th' Times would all fly back,
And let his Highness Interest go to wrack.

Two Depositions more to Council sent,
Asham'd t'appear to farther the Intent
Of *Popish* Principles and Perjuries;
None but the Devil could invent such Lies.

Then after this the King himself declares
He don't design with *England* to make Wars;
But he such Aggravations hath of late,
That he must needs be angry with the State.
A specious Prologue he concludes withal;
But Ah, the Protestants he vows shall fall
A Sacrifice to *Rome*, and his Revenge;
Then, Soldiers, fear not Fools, but scorn to cringe;

Be Resolute and Stout, and scorn to sell
Your Souls to Rome, but send the Pope to Hell.

*A New Song on the Calling of a Free
Parliament, Jan. 15. 1688.*

1.

A Parliament with one Consent
Is all the Cry o'th' Nation,
Which now may be since Popery
Is growing out of Fashion.
The *Belgick* Troops approach to Town,
The *Oranges* come pouring,
And all the Lords agree as one
To send the Papists scouring.

2.

The Holy Man shall lead the Van,
Our Father and Confessor;
In Robes of Red the Jesuit's fled,
Who was the chief Transgressor.
In this Disguise he thought r'escape,
And hop'd to save his Bacon,
But *Herbert* he has laid a Trap,
The Rat may be retaken.

3.

The Nuncio too the Day may rue
That he came o'er the Ocean,
In the *English* Court to keep's Resort,
And teach his blind Devotion.
The Prelates *Ellis*, *Smith*, and *Hall*,
Have sold their Coach and Horses,
And will no longer in *Whitehall*
Be making Learn'd Discourses.

4.

The Groom o'th' Stool that play'd the Fool
Full sorely will repent it;
And *Sunderland* did barefoot stand
For Penance shall lament it.

Melford

Melford and the *Scotch* are fled,
Whom Hopes of Int'rest tempted,
Those Lords did turn for want of Bread,
And ought to be exempted.

5.

But *Salisbury* what Cause had he
To fear his Highness landing?
Who by his A—— and Legs might pass
For one of Understanding.
To take up Arms at such a time
Against the Rules were gave him,
His Head must answer for the Crime,
His Pardon will not save him.

6.

The Friars and Monks with all their Punks
Are now upon the Scamper:
Tyrconnel swears, and rants, and tears,
And Teague does make a Clamper.
The Foreign Priests that posted o'er
Into the *English* Nation,
Do now repent that on that Shoar
They laid their weak Foundation.

7.

'Twould be a Sight would move Delight
In each obdurate Varlet,
To see the Braves that made us Slaves
Hang in dispensing Scarlet;
And every Popish Confessor
That for the same Cause pleaded,
Shall all turn off, on the same Score
Be hang'd, or else beheaded.

S O N G.

Would you be a Man of Favour ?
 Would you have your Fortune kind ?
 Wear the Cross, and eat the Wafer,
 You'll have all things to your Mind.
 If the Priest cannot convert you,
 Int'rest then must do the thing;
 There are Statesmen can inform you
 How to please a Popish King.

Would you see the Papists lowring,
 Lost in Horror and a Fright ;
 And their Father *Peter* scouring,
 Glad of time for happy Flight ?
 Stay but till the *Dutch* are landed,
 And the Show will soon appear ;
 When th'Infernal Court's disbanded,
 Few will stay for *Tyburn* here.

The Farewel.

1.
Farewel *Petre*, farewel *Cross* ;
 Farewel *Chester*, farewel *Ass* ;
 Farewel *Peterborough*, farewel *Tool* ;
 Farewel *Sun—land*, farewel *Fool*.

2.
 Farewel *Milford*, farewel *Scot* ;
 Farewel *Butler*, farewel *Sot* ;
 Farewel *Roger*, farewel *Trimmer* ;
 Farewel *Dryden*, farewel *Rhimer*.

3.
 Farewel *Brent*, farewel Villain;
 Farewel *Wright*, worse than *Tresilian*;
 Farewel Chancellor, farewel Mace;
 Farewel Prince, farewel Race.

4.
 Farewel Queen, and farewel Passion;
 Farewel King, farewel Nation;
 Farewel Priests, and farewel Pope;
 Farewel, all deserve a Rope.

*Private Occurrences : Or, The Transacti-
 ons of the Four Last Years : Written
 in Imitation of the Old Ballad, Hey
 Brave Oliver, Ho Brave Oliver, &c.
 By Mr. Durfey.*

I.
A Protestant Muse, yet a Lover of Kings,
 On the Age grown a little Satyrical, sings
 Of Papists, their Counsels, and other fine Things.
*Sing hey brave Popery ! O rare Popery ! Ho fine Po-
 pery ! O dainty Popery ! O !*

2.
 She hopes she offends no *Englishman's* Patience,
 Tho' Satyr's forbid on all such Occasions,
 She's too good a Subject to read Declarations.
Sing hey brave Popery ! &c.

3.
 If the Saying be good, *Let him laugh that wins*,
 Sure a Loser may smile without any Offence;
 My Muse then is gamesom, and thus she begins
With hey brave Popery ! &c.

4.
When *Charles* deceas'd, to his Kingdoms Dismay,
By an Apoplex, or some other Way,
His Brother with Shouts was proclaim'd the same Day.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

5.
His first Royal Promise was never to touch
Our Rights, nor Religion, or Privilege grutch;
But *Peter* swore, Damn him, he granted too much.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

6.
Then *Monmouth* came in with an Army of Fools,
Betray'd by his Cuckold, and other dull Tools,
That painted the Turf of Green *Sedgemore* with Gules.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

7.
That Victory gotten, some think to our wrong,
The Priests bray'd our Joy in a Thanksgiving Song,
And Teague with the bald Pates were at it ding-dong.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

8.
Then strait a strong Army way levy'd in haste
To kindle Rebellion, a very good Jest!
For some Rogues will swear 'twas to murder the Test.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

9.
A Politick Law which Recufants did doom,
That into our Senate they never might come,
But Equivalent since was propos'd in it's Room.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

10.
As if a true Friend should in Kindness demand
A Tooth in my Head which firmly does stand,
To give for't another he had in his Hand.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

11.
Then Term after Term this great Matter was weigh'd,
Old Judges turn'd out, and new Blockheads made,
That *Coke* or *Wise Littleton* never had read.
Sing hey brave Popery! &c.

12.

(down)

The good Church of *England* with Speed was n
 Whose Loyalty ever stood fast to the Crown,
 And *Presbyter John* was made Mayor of the Town.
Sing hey brave Popery ! &c.

13.

The Bishops Disgrace made the Clergy to sob,
 A Prey to Old *Peter* and President *Bob*,
 And hurry'd to Prison as if they did Rob.
Sing hey brave Popery ! &c.

14.

Then into the World a Dear Prince of *Wales* flit,
 'Tis plain, for we hear a great Minister peep'd :
 The Bricklayer for Prating had like t'a been whipp'd.
Sing hey brave Popery ! &c.

15.

Thus *England's* Distresses more fierce than the Plague,
 That during Three Years of no Quiet could brag,
 The Prince *Van Auraignia* has brought from the
Sing hey brave Popery ! &c. (*Hague.*)

16.

A strong Fleet and Army t'invade us are bent,
 We know not the Cause, tho' there is something in't ;
 But we doubt not e'er long we shall see it in Print.
Sing hey brave Popery ! &c.

17.

Ah ! *England*, thou never could'st value thy Peace ;
 Had Matters been now as in *Elisabeth's* Days,
 The *Dutch* had not ventur'd to Fish in our Seas.
Then Curse o' Popery, Pox o' Popery, Plague o' Po-
pery, Oh Senseless Popery, Oh !

The Hieroglyphick.

C O M E, Painter, take a Prospect from this Hill,
 And on a well-spread Canvas shew thy Skill :
 Draw all in Colours as they shall appear,
 And as they stand in Merit place 'em there :
 Draw, as the Heralds do, a spacious Field,
 And, as directed, so let it be fill'd.

First

First draw a Popish Army, brisk and gay,
 Fighting, and beat, destroy'd, and run away:
 Then draw a Herse, and let it stand in View,
 The Mourners more, far more, than they're in Shew,
 Cursing their Fate, their Stars; and in that Fear
 Shew, if thou canst, how those damn'd Sots prepare
 To run, to stay, and skulk in Holes alone,
 By 'em this Motto, *Gallows, take thy own.*
 Now to the Life let thy brisk Pencil shew
 Distinctly what they are, and what's their due.
 Now draw a Croud of Priests prepar'd to run,
 Like broken Merchants when their Stock is gone.
 Some howling do their Pray'rs forget, and say,
 Save us, *St. Ketch*; are all our Saints away?
 Draw 'em in Hurry, running to and fro,
 Posting to *Dover, Portsmouth, Tyburn* too.
 Next draw a Croud of Lords, this Libel by;
 The great Design is lost. Alas! They cry,
 Who'd serve a Cause of such curs'd Destiny?
 Then draw Four Priests; shew how they *Rome* adore.
 And each Man's Scarf hang to be seen before.
 Two Brace of Bishops fallen to Despair,
 Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, but running God knows where.
 Next draw the Judges, and employ thy Skill,
 That all may praise thy Work, and say, 'Tis well;
 In Caps and Gowns as they in Order fate,
 'Twixt Heaven and Earth do thou them elevate,
 For their Grave Noddles can dispense with that.
 Last draw the little Rogues, the Scoundrel Crew,
 Knights, Knaves, and Beggars, they must have
 (their due,
Gadbury, Butler, and wise Roger too.
 Amid this Crowd, on a fit Spot of Land,
 To Crown the Work, let a large Gallows stand:
 Let them all trembling with their Guilt and Fears,
 Kneel to that Image, and pour out their Pray'rs,
And then die by Suffocation.

*Sir Thomas Jenner's Speech to his Wife
and Children.*

Dear Wife, let me have a Fire made,
I'll tell you such News will make you all glad,
The like for another is scarce to be had.

This it is to be Learned and Witty.
First, Butler, Do you a Glass of Wine bring,
I'll tell you all the great Love of my King,
Which is a dainty curious fine thing. -

This it is, &c.
A wise Learned Serjeant at Law I was made,
And a dainty fine Coif was put on my Head,
Which is heavier by far than a Hundred of Lead.

This it is, &c.
But soon after this I was made the Recorder,
To keep the worshipful Rabble in Order,
And wore a Red Gown with long Sleeves and Border.

This it is, &c.
What Justice I did, my dear Wife, you can tell;
Right or Wrong I spar'd none, like the Devil in Hell,
But guilty or not I sent all to *Bridewel*.

This it is, &c.
Unless it were those that greased my Fist,
To them I gave Licence to cheat whom they list,
For 'twas only those my *Mittimus* miss'd.

This it is, &c.
But then the King dy'd, which caus'd a Pother,
So I went to condole with the new King his Brother,
With Sorrow in one Hand, and Grief in the other.

This it is, &c.
For an ignorant Judge I was call'd by the King
To the Chequer Court, 'tis a wonderful thing,
Of which in short time the whole Nation did ring.

This it is, &c.

(Bench,

By Great *James* I was rais'd to the Common-Pleas
 Cause he saw I had exquisite Politick Sense,
 Which his Wisdom perceiv'd in the Future Tense.

This it is, &c.

At *Sarum* Five Hundred Pounds I have gotten.
 To save Malefactors from swinging in Cotton,
 For which they were hang'd and are now almost rotten.

This it is, &c.

But now my dear Love comes the Cream of the Jest,
 For the King would take off the Oaths and the Test,
 Which I told all his People would be for the best.

This it is, &c.

He had my Opinion that 'twas in his Power
 To destroy all the Laws in less time than an Hour,
 For which I may chance to be sent to the Tower.

This it is, &c.

And now to *Magdalen* Colledge I come,
 Where we have turn'd out most, but kept in some,
 That so a new Colledge of Priests might have room.

This it is, &c.

And so by that Means we left the Door ope
 To turn out the Bishops, and let in the Pope,
 For which we have justly deserved a Rope.

This it is to be Learned and Witty.

Tarquin and Tullia.

IN Time when Princes cancell'd Nature's Law,
 And Declarations, which themselves did draw;
 When *Children* us'd their *Parents* to dethrone,
 And gnaw'd their way like Vipers to a Crown,
Tarquin, a savage, proud, ambitious, Prince,
 Prompt to Expel, yet thoughtless of Defence,
 The envy'd Scepter did from *Tullius* snatch,
 The Roman King, and Father by the Match.

To form his Party, Histories report,
 A Sanctuary was open'd in his Court,
 Where glad Offenders safely might resort.
 Great was the Crowd, and Wond'rous the Success;
 (For those were fruitful Times of Wickedness)
 And all that liv'd obnoxious to the Laws
 Flock'd to Prince *Tarquin*, and embrac'd his Cause.

'Mong these a *Pagan* Priest for Refuge fled,
 A Prophet deep in Godly Faction read;
 A Sycophant that knew the Modish Way
 To Cant and Plot, to Flatter and Betray;
 To Whine and Sin, to Scribe and Recant;
 A Shameless Author, and a Lustful Saint:
 To serve all Times he could Distinctions coin,
 And with great Ease flat Contradictions join;
 A Traitor now, once Loyal in extreme,
 And then Obedience was his only Theme;
 He sang in Temples the most Passive Lays,
 And weary'd Monarchs with repeated Praise:
 But manag'd auk'ardly that Lawful Part;
 For to vent Lies and Treason was his Art,
 And pointed Libels at Crown'd Heads to dart.
 This Priest, and others, learned to defame,
 First Murder'd injur'd *Tullius* in his Name;
 With blackest Calumnies their Sov'reign load,
 A poison'd Brother, and dark League abroad;
 A Son unjustly topt upon the Throne,
 Which yet was prov'd undoubtedly his own:
 Tho', as the Law was there, 'twas his Behoof,
 Who dispossess the *Heir*, to bring the Proof.
 This Hellish Charge they back'd with dismal Frights,
 The Loss of Property and Sacred Rights,
 And Freedom: Words which all false Patriots use,
 The surest Names the *Romans* to abuse:
 Jealous of Kings, and always Malecontent,
 Forward to change, yet certain to repent.

Whilst thus the *Plotters* needful Fears create,
Tarquin with open Force invades the State;
Lewd Nobles join him with their feeble Might,
 And *Atheist Fools* for Dear Religion fight:

The Priests their boasted Principles disown,
 And level their Harangues against the Throne :
 Vain Promises the Peoples Minds allure ;
 Slight were their Ills, but desperate their Cure.
 'Tis hard for Kings to steer an equal Course,
 And they who banish one, oft get a worse.
 Those Heav'nly Bodies we admire above
 Do every Day irregularly move.

Yet *Tullius*, 'tis decreed, must lose his Crown
 For *Faults* that were his *Council's*, not his own ;
 He now in vain commands e'en those he paid ;
 By *Darling Troops* deserted and betray'd ;
 By *Creatures* which his genial Warmth had made. }

Of these a *Captain of the Guards* was worst,
 Whose Memory to this Day stands accurst :
 This Rogue advanc'd to Military Trust,
 By his own Whoredom, and his Sister's Lust ;
 Forsook his Master after dreadful Vows,
 And plotted to betray him to his Foes :
 The kindest Master to the vilest Slave,
 As free to give as he was sure to crave.

His *Haughty Female*, who, as Books declare,
 Did always toss wide Nostrils in the Air ;
 Was to the *Younger Tullia* Governess,
 And did attend her, when in borrow'd Dress
 She fled by Night from *Tullius* in Distress. }
 This Wretch by Letters did invite his Foes,
 And us'd all Arts her Father to depose :
 A Father always generously bent,
 So kind that he her Wishes did prevent.

'Twas now high time for *Tullius* to retreat,
 When ev'n his Daughter hast'ned his Defeat ;
 When Faith and Duty vanish'd, and no more
 The Name of Father, nor of King, he bore :
 A King ! whose Right his Foes could ne'er dispute,
 So mild ! that Mercy was his Attribute ;
 Affable, kind, and easie of Access,
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to oppress ;
 Rich without Taxes, yet in Payment just ;
 So honest, that he hardly could distrust.

His active Soul did ne'er from Labours cease ;
 Valiant in War, and sedulous in Peace ;
 Studious with Traffick to *enrich* the Land ;
 Strong to Protect, and skilful to Command ;
 Liberal and Splendid, not without Excess ;
 Loth to Revenge, and willing to Caress.
 In sum, How Godlike must his Nature be,
 Whose only Fault was too much Piety !

This King remov'd, th' assembled *States* thought fit
 That *Tarquin* in the *Vacant Throne* should sit ;
 Voted him Regent in their Senate-House,
 And with an empty Name endow'd his Spouse
 The *elder Tullia*, who some Author's feign,
 Drove o'er her Father's Corps a trembling Wain.
 But she! More guilty! Numerous Wains did drive,
 To crush her Father, and her King alive ;
 In glad remembrance of his hast'ned Fall,
 Resolv'd to institute a weekly Ball.
 She! jolly Glutton! grew in Bulk and Chin,
 Feasted in Rapine, and enjoy'd her Sin ;
 With Luxury she did weak Reason force,
 Debauch'd good Nature, and cramm'd down Remorse :
 Yet when she drunk cool *Tea* in lib'ral Sups,
 The sobbing Dame was Maudlin in her Cups.

But brutal *Tarquin* never did relent,
 Too hard to melt, too wicked to repent ;
 Cruel in Deeds, more merciless in Will,
 And blest with *natural delight in Ill* ;
 From a wise Guardian he receiv'd his Doom,
 To walk the Change, and not to govern Rome ;
 He swore his Native Honours to disown,
 And did by *Perjury* ascend the Throne ;
 Oh! Had that Oath his swelling Pride repress'd !
 Rome then had been with Peace and Plenty blest.
 But *Tarquin*, guided by destructive Fate,
 Wasted the Country, and embroil'd the State :
 Transported to their Foes the *Roman* Pelf,
 And by their Ruin hop'd to save himself.
 Innumerable Woes oppress'd the Land,
 When it submitted to his curst Command.

So just was Heaven that 'twas hard to tell
 Whether its Guilt or Losses did excel.
 Men who renounc'd their God for dearer Trade,
 Were then the *Gardians of Religion* made:
Rebels were fainted, *Foreigners* did reign,
Outlaws return'd *Preferments* to obtain,
 With *Frogs and Toads*, and all their croaking Train. }
 No Native knew their Features, nor their Birth,
 They seem the greasie offspring of the Earth;
 The Trade was sunk, the Fleet and Army spent,
 Devouring Taxes swallow'd lesser Rent;
 Taxes impos'd by no Authority,
 Each lewd Collection was a Robbery.
 Bold self-creating Men did Statutes draw,
 Skill'd to establish Villany by Law;
 Fanatick Drivers, whose unjust Careers
 Produce new Ills, exceeding former Fears.

Yet Authors here except that *Faithful Band*,
 Which the prevailing Faction did withstand;
 And some who bravely stood in the defence
 Of baffled Justice, and their *Injur'd Prince*;
These shine to after-Times, each Sacred Name
 Stands still recorded in the Books of Fame.

S O N G.

THE Gospel and Law allow Monarchs their due,
 If rightfully Crown'd and Anointed;
 The Lawyers are Rebels, and Clergy-men too,
 On the Bench to defie,
 And in Pulpit deny,
 Whom the Lord and the Laws have appointed.

The Courts are corrupted, and so are the Schools,
 And Truth lyes condemn'd as a *Culprit*;
 The Bench is invested by Traitors and Fools,
 And the Devil's crept into the Pulpit.

Then who'd in this Age go to Law or to Church,
 Since Justice in both is so common an Evil?
 Truth is made Treason,
 By Law without Reason;
 And the Clergy that left their poor Prince in the Lurch,
 Will send their poor Souls to the Devil.

*A Congratulatory Poem to K. William,
 on his Return from Ireland, 1690.
 after the Battel of the Boyne.*

1.
Welcome, Great Monarch, to the Throne we
 (gave!
 A mean Reward for those you came to save;
 And yet in that we gave you all we have.

2.
 The Gods our Offerings ne'er the more do Prize,
 When Clouds of Smoke obscure their brighter Skies;
 A greatful Heart commends the Sacrifice.

3.
 We'll spare no Labour to enlarge your State,
 And do not yet our forward Pains regret,
 Tho' disappointed Kindness turns to Hate.

4.
 You have enough your Skill in Battel shown,
 Your Courage and your Conduct all must own;
 Pray let your Foresight once at home be known.

5.

In open Field with open Foes you've met,
Take either Side, it is an equal Bet;
But here your Enemies dance in a Net.

6.

Your Valour shone when you your Army led,
And dar'd the numerous Foe with Colours spread;
But where's your Guard against an Ambuscade?

7.

Your Handiwork does all Mankind surprize,
Each fresh Remembrance still new Praise supplies;
But pray, Sir, let us once adore your Eyes.

8.

You've Enemies in private, who beset
Your Path to Glory, undiscover'd yet;
And till you've conquer'd them you'll ne'er be great.

9.

No End you'll find to your laborious Work,
(Tho' with the *Irish* you could rout the *Turk*)
While *Gallick* Locusts in your Councils lurk.

10.

Wherefore to Foreign Diets shou'd you go,
To undertake a Task you can't go thro',
While those at home unravel all you do?

11.

Unkennel those State-Foxes first, who spoil
And counterwork the Virtue of your Toil,
And Heaven it self shall on your Labour smile.

12.

Let proud C———n your just Vengeance find,
And N———m to his Behaviour bind;
'Tis unsafe marching with Two Foes behind.

13.

Teach L——— how to mind his Diocess,
To make his Parish-Priests and Curates wise,
And not presume to give the Queen Advice.

14.

Let not the Men who would your Wants supply
With Blood and Money unregarded lye,
Because a self-advancing Fop cries, Fie. *E. of P——d.*

15.

Nor let your self be so impos'd upon,
To fancy those were Common-wealths-men grown,
Who tugg'd so hard to place you on the Throne.

16.

On whose Support the Monarchy relies,
Who have no other Aim before your Eyes,
But that your Greatness with their Wealth may rise.

17.

When these and some few other things are done,
Your Growing Glory, like the Rising Sun,
Shall (bright as that) an endless Circuit run.

18.

To certain Conquests your swift Arms shall speed,
From those debarring *Remora's* once freed;
You shall want nothing that you truly need,
Our Purfes and our Veins shall freely bleed.

*An Epitaph on Dundee. English'd by
Mr. Dryden.*

O Last and Best of *Scots*! Who didst maintain
Thy Country's Freedom from a Foreign Reign,
New People fill the Land now thou art gone,
New Gods the Temples, and new Kings the Throne.
Scotland and thou did each in other live,
Thou wouldst not her, nor could she thee, survive;
Farewel! who living didst support the State,
And couldst not fall but with thy Country's Fate.

*Answer to a Poem, intituled, A Panegy-
rick, written in the Year 1691.*

HAil Happy *William* ! Thou art truly Great :
The Cause ? 'Tis Virtue justify'd by Fate,
For thee the Parents and their Children sing ;
Without Desert thou art no Favourite King.
For thee the Patriot will maintain the Laws,
For thee just Judges will decide the Cause.
Prelates thou'lt made cannot the Church betray ;
Thy Soldiers fight for Principle, not Pay.
By thee the Freeman's fixt in his Freehold,
Misers may spend or else increase their Gold.
By thee the Merchant multiplies his Store,
By thee the Tradesman is content, not poor.
For thee the Senate useles Laws suspends,
And Good Ones makes for thine and *England's* Ends.
The chief Design of all their well-weigh'd Votes
Is to invent new Ways, new Means, to damn new
(Plots.

Thine and thy Peoples Credit join'd must pass ;
But that, and Money, not without thy Face.
Slav'ry and Oppression thou maintain'st no more
Than Wealth and Liberty the Kings before.
For thee 'gainst Tyranny they all declare,
And only for Old *England* like the War.
Why should this Wonder then so wondrous seem,
When all that's good and kind thou'lt do for them ?
Rebels and Witches ne'er sign'd *William's* Rolls :
Those that oppose his Reign must damn their Souls.

*Upon a Medal whereon two Names
were interwoven.*

THIS Myſtick Knot unites Two Royal Names,
Victorious *Lewis*, and long-suffering *James*,
Pious and Stout Assertors of the Cross,
Whether it be by Conquest, or by Loss:
Their Glory's equal, different is their Fate;
Laurels on one, Palms for the other wait.

*P. of O's Atchievements in Flanders,
in the Years 91 and 92.*

THE Author sure must take great Pains,
Who pretends to write his Story;
In which of these Two last Campaigns
He's acquir'd greatest Glory:
For while that he march'd on to fight,
Like Hero, nothing fearing,
Namur was taken in his Sight,
And *Mons* within his Hearing.

1 Letter from J. P. to Colonel H. occasion'd by the Colonel's Two late Letters.

O Harry, canst thou find no Subject fit,
 But thy best Friend, to exercise thy Wit;
 No Order but the Toast to ridicule?
 Why with Things Sacred dost thou play the Fool?
 Sadly condemn'd (the Poets common Curse)
 Still to be writing, and still writing worse.
 Thy first Essay was with some Fancy fir'd,
 Thy last was by some *Grubstreet* Muse inspir'd;
 So harsh the Numbers, Raillery so gross,
 Sure 'twas translated out of *Scotch* by *Ross*.
 Is this thy Gratitude for all the Wine
 The Knights bestow'd, who never tasted thine?
 And dost thou thus our Misteries disclose,
 And in rude Rhime our President expose?
 How oft hast thou with awful Silence heard
 The Midnight Lectures of that Reverend Bard,
 When with his Glass in Hand he doth unfold
 What Faith the Priests of all Religions hold;
 What Old *Socinius* and *Molinos* teach,
 And what the Modern *Philadelphians* preach;
 What Nice Remarks each Different Tongue affords,
 And Curious Etymologies of Words?
 Then he goes on to search Decrees of Fate,
 And gives strong Proof about a future State:
 Not Old *Silenus* so Divinely spoke
 Of hidden Truths in *Virgil's* Sacred Book,
 When with a Load of Wine, and Knowledge fraught,
 The drunken God the list'ning Satyrs taught;
 And dost thou thus his Care and Pains requite,
 To make thee learned in thy own Despite?

Hard Fate of Greatness! Tho' a Man should be
 As wise as *Ashly*, or refin'd like thee;
 Like *Fletcher* should for *England's* Glory toil,
 And plot as deep as *Monmouth*, or as *Moyle*,
 Yet *Baber*, B——y; and such Wits as those,
 Would find out something in him to expose.
 Thrice Happy B——, who alike does prove
 Successful in Affairs of State and Love;
 Grave as *Sir Harry* in a Council-Chair,
 Yet smart as *Archer* to engage the Fair.
 Such are his Mien, his Person, and his Parts,
 He seems by Nature form'd to gain'd their Hearts;
 And such his Prudence to protect their Fame,
 Safe are his Darts, and innocent his Flame:
 None e'er for him provok'd her Husband's Rage,
 Nor stood recorded yet in *Walker's* Page.
 The Jealous trust him with their Wives alone,
 Who guards them from all Arrows but his own.
 Bold to attack, yet skilful to defend,
 He plays at once the Lover and the Friend;
 But he's a Theme too lofty for thy Pitch,
 Aim not at things that are above they Reach,
Mildmay seems fitting for a Style like thine,
 And *William Pawlet* in thy Works would shine;
 Lord *Ratcliff's* Poems might thy Satyr fit,
 But what hast thou to do with Men of Wit?
 Resign the Task to some Sublimer Muse,
 To tell what Beauties *Burl——n* pursues,
 What powerful Charms did *Anglesea* recal,
 And who now warms the Hearts of gentle *Maulé*;
 What lovely Youth *Boyle* fondly doth caress,
 Or strowling *Pank* does brawny *Granville* bless;
 What new Swivante *Manwaring* will clap,
 And who by *Walsh* is destin'd to a Rape;
 How *Therold* still for *Mazareen* doth burn,
 And Lady *Mary* does lost *Kingston* mourn.
 Well it becomes Wise *William's* Rightful Heir
 To fix his serious Inclinations there,
 Where solid Prudence the fit Choice commends,
 And from the Mother Chastity descends.

But groundless Fears oblig'd him to desist,
And no bold Man will venture to be blest,
Till Heaven provides, the Family to grace,
Some daring Hero of the Regal Race.

But these are Subjects that surpass thy Rhimes.
Draw thou the Fops or Husbands of the Times ;
Or if to charge the Fair thy Fancy moves,
Write *Popham's* Life, or *Madam Griffin's* Loves.
One Labour too to *Ranelagh* is due,
Who with false Beauty does deface the true,
And may arrive with Diligence and Care
In time to rival *Darenwater's* Heir.
On such as these thy Doggrel Numbers try,
And fresh Memoirs Lord *Edward* will supply.
But all whose Beauty and whose Virtue shine,
Should be protected from such Pens as thine :
From them, Dear *Harry*, modestly abstain,
Nor evermore Immortal Charms profane.
More I could say, but Business must not wait ;
And I to Day must open a Debate.
If after all the Criticks tell us right,
Who say some other did those Rhimes indite,
And set thy Name to what thou didst not write ;
Then pardon this Impertinence in me,
Who am thy most assured Friend J. P.

*A Satyr upon the French King. Writ
after the Peace was concluded at Res-
wick, Anno 1697. by a Non-swear-
ing Parson, and said to be dropp'd out of
his Pocket at Sam's Coffee-House. By
Tho. Brown.*

AND hast thou left Old *Jemmy* in the Lurch !
A Plague confound the Doctors of thy Church ;
Then to abandon poor *Italian Molly* ;
That had the Firking of thy Bum with Holly.

Next

Next to discard the virtuous Prince of *Wales*;
 How suits this with the Honour of *Versailles*?
 Fourthly and Lastly, to renounce the *Turks*;
 Why this is the Devil, the Devil and all his Works.
 Were I thy Confessor, who am thy Martyr,
 Dost think that I'd allow thee any Quarter?
 No——thou should'st find what 'tis to be a Starter.
 Lord! With what monstrous Lies and senseless Shams
 Have we been Cullied all along at *Sam's*?
 Who could have e'er believ'd, unless in spite,
Lewis le Grand would turn rank *Williamite*?
 Thou that hast look'd so Fierce, and talk so Big;
 In thy Old Age to dwindle to a *Whig*;
 By Heaven, I see thou'rt in thy Heart a Prig.
 I'd not be for a Million in thy Jerkin,
 Fore *George* thy Soul's no bigger than a Gerkin,
 Hast thou for this spent so much ready *Rhino*?
 Now what the Plague will become of *Jure Divino*?
 A Change so monstrous, I cou'd ne'er have thought,
 Tho' *Patridge* all his Stars to vouch it brought;
 'S life I'll not take thy Honour for a Groat.
 Even Oaths with thee are only Things of Course,
 Tho' Z——, thou art a Monarch for a Horse.
 Of Kings distress'd thou art a fine Securer,
 Thou mak'st me swear that am a known *Non-Juror*.
 But tho' I swear thus, as I said before,
 Know, King, I'll place it all upon thy Score.
 Were *Job* alive, and banter'd by such Shufflers,
 He'd out-rail *Oats*, and curse both thee and *Bowflers*.
 For thee I've lost, if I can rightly scan 'em,
 Two Livings worth full Eightscore Pounds *per Annum*,
Bona & legalis Angliæ Moneta
 But now I'm clearly routed by the Treaty.
 Then Geese and Pigs my Table ne'er did fail,
 And Tithe-eggs merrily flew in like Hail,
 My Barns with Corn, my Sellers cram'd with Ale.
 The Dice are chang'd; for now, as I'm a Sinner,
 The Devil, for me, knows where to buy a Dinner:
 I might as soon, tho' I were ne'er so willing,
 Raise a whole Troop of Horse, as One Shilling.

My Spouse alas must flant in Silks no more;
 Pray Heaven for Sustenance she turn not Whore:
 And Daughter *Peggy* too in time I fear
 Will learn to take a Stone up in her Ear.
My Friends have basely left me with my Place;
 What's worse, my very Pimples bilk my Face,
 And frankly my Condition to disclose,
 I most resent th' Ungratitude of my Nose,
 On which, tho' I have spent on Wine such Store,
 It now looks paler than my Tavern-Score.
My double Chin's dismantled, and my Coat is
 Past its best Days *in Verbo Sacerdotis*.
My Breeches too this Morning, to my Wonder,
 I found grown Schismaticks, and fall'n asunder.
 When first I came to Town with Household Clog,
 Rings, Watch, and so forth, fairly went for Prog;
 The Antient Fathers next, in whom I boasted,
 Were soon exchang'd for Primitive Boil'd and Roasted;
 Since 'tis no Sin of Books to be a Glutton,
 I truck'd St. *Austin* for a Leg of *Mutton*;
 Old *Jerom's* Volumes next I made a Rape on,
 And melted down that Father for a Capon.
 When these were gone, my Bowels not to balk,
 I trespass't most enormously in Chalk;
 But long I had not quarter'd upon tick,
 E'er Christian Faith I found grew monstrous sick;
 And now alas, when my starv'd Entrails croke,
 At *Partner How's* I dine and sup on Smoak:
 In fine, the Government may do its Will,
 But I'm afraid my Guts will *grumble* still.
Dennis of Sicily, as Books relate, Sir,
 When he was tumbled from the Regal State, Sir,
 (Which by the by I hope will be your Fate, Sir,)
 And his good Subjects left him in the Lurch,
 Turn'd Pedagogue, and *Tyranniz'd* in Birch.
 Tho' thus the Spark was taken a Peg lower,
 Some feeble Signs of his Old State he bore,
 And reign'd o'er Boys, that govern'd Men before.

For thee I wish some Punishment that worse is ;
 Since then thou'lt spoil'd my Prayers, now hear my
 (Curse)

May thy Affairs (for so I wish by Heavens)
 All the World o'er at Sixes lye and Sevens ;
 May *Conti* be impos'd on by the *Primate*,
 And forc'd in haste to leave the *Northern Climate*;
 May he rely upon their Faith, and try it,
 And have his Belly full of *Polish Diet* ;
 May *Maintenon*, tho' thou so long hast kept her,
 With Brand Venereal finge thy Royal Scepter ;
 May all the Poets that thy Fame have scatter'd
 Ungod thee now, and damn what once they flatter'd :
 The Pope and thou be never Cater-Cousins,
 And *Fistula's* thy Arse-hole seize by Dozens.

Thus far in Jest ; but now to pin the Basket,
 May'st thou to *England* come, of *Jove* I ask it,
 Thy wretched Fortune, *Lewis*, there to prop,
 I hope thou'lt in the *Fryars* take a Shop,
 Turn Puny Barber there, Bleed Loufie Carmen,
 Cut Corns for Chimney-sweepers, and such Vermin ;
 Be forc'd to Trim (for such I'm sure thy Fate is)
 Thy own poor *Hugonots* and us *Non-Furors Gratis* ;
 May *Savoy* likewise with thee hither pack,
 And carry a *Raree-show* upon his Back ;
 May all this happen as I've put my Pen to't,
 And may all Christian People say Amen to't.

Found on the Church-Door at Whitehall,
 January 30. 1696..

WHAT, Fast and Pray
 For the Horrid Murder of the Day,
 And at the same time drive the Son away ?

The Royal Father and the Royal Son,
 While by your Praying you their Rights do own?
 Go ask your Learned Bishop, and your Dean,
 What these strange Contradictions mean?
 And cease to fast, and pray, and trouble Heaven,
 Sins, whilst unrepented, cannot be forgiven.

On the Divorces by Parliament, 1701.

WOMAN, thou worst of all Church-Plagues,
 Farewel,
 Bad at the best, but at the worst a Hell;
 Thou Truss of Wormwood, bitter Tease of Life,
 Thou Nursery of Human Cares, a Wife;
 Thou Apple-eating Traitor, who began
 The Wrath of Heaven, and Miseries of Man,
 And hast with never-failing Diligence
 Improv'd the Curse to Human Race e'er since.
 Farewel Church-Juggle that enslav'd my Life,
 But bless that Power that rid me of my Wife:
 And now the Laws once more have set me free,
 If Woman can again prevail with me,
 My Flesh and Bones shall make my Wedding-Feast,
 And none shall be invited as my Guest
 But my good Bride, the Devil, and a Priest. }

The Mourners : Found in the Streets.

1702.

IN Sable Weeds your Beaux and Belle's appear,
 And cloud the coming Beauties of the Year.
 Mourn on you foolish fashionable Things,
 Mourn for your own Misfortunes, not the King's;
 Mourn for the mighty Mass of Coin mis-spent,
 That prodigally given, and idly spent;
 Mourn

Mourn your Tapestry and Statutes too,
 And *Windsor* gutted to adorn your *Loo*;
 Mourn for the Mitre long from *Scotland* gone,
 And much more mourn your Union coming on;
 Mourn for a Ten Years War, and dismal Weather,
 And Taxes strung like Necklaces together,
 On Salt, Malt, Paper, Syder, Lights, and Leather. }
 Much for the Civil List need not be said,
 They truly mourn who're Fifteen Months unpaid.
 Well then, my Friends, since things you see are so,
 Let's e'en mourn on, 'twould lessen much our Wo }
 Had *Sorrel* stumbled Thirteen Years ago.

On Sir John Fenwick.

1.

Here lye the Relicks of a Martyr'd Knight,
 Whose Loyalty unspotted as the Light,
 Seal'd with his Blood his injur'd So—gn's Right.

2.

The State his Head did from his Body sever,
 Because when living 'twas his chief Endeavour
 To set the Nation and its Head together.

3.

He boldly fell, girt round with weeping Soldiers,
 Imploring Heaven for the Good o' the Beholders,
 So to cut *H——d's* Head from *England's* Shoulders.

An Allusion to the 7th Epode of Horace, 1690.

Quo, quo Scelesti ruitis, &c.

1.

Whither, ye Impious *Britons*, do ye run,
 As if already not enough undone?
 Your Sea has oft run Purple to the Shore,
 And *Flanders* is manur'd with *English* Gore ;

Yet

Yet still you arm, and still prepare to fight,
Against your K——, his Country, and his Right.

2.

If you must arm, unite the *British* Powers,
Destroy your Rival, *Holland's* lofty Towers,
And be her Ruin as she has been yours.

Holland deserv'd to be this Nation's Curse,
Bad as a Foe, but as a Friend much worse :
See the *Batavians* with a grinning Pride
Your present Ills and future Hopes deride.

3.

And well they may, for they can only boast,
Because your Credit, Wealth, and Traffick's lost ;
Theirs is the Gain, and they may triumph most.
Pleas'd with a selfish, dull, malicious, Joy,
To see your selves none but your selves destroy ;
'Tis obvious, but infatuated you
Still court your Ruin, and contrive it too.

4.

Tell me, is't Madness this, or Hopes of Gain ?
Or do the Sons the Fathers Crimes sustain ?
Why are you pale and speechless ? Why appears
This Trembling ? And why flow these guilty Tears ?
Since there's a Cause, a monstrous Cause indeed,
You fain wou'd hide, too horrid to be hid.

5.

Yes, *Britons*, yes, you groan beneath the Weight
Of *Charles* the Martyr's undeserved Fate ;
Too well you know his unrepented Fall
Entails this Curse, and will Confound you all.

On S-----1.

Illustrious Steed, who should the Zodiack grace,
To thee the Lion and the Bull give place ;
Blest be the Dam that fed thee, blest the Earth
Which first receiv'd thee, and first gave thee Birth.

Did wrong'd *Hibernia* to revenge her Slain
 Produce thee, or murder'd *Fenwick* strain,
 Or barbarously massacred *Glencoe's* Claim.
 Whence e'er thou art be thou for ever blest,
 And spend the Remnant of thy Days in Rest ;
 No servile Use thy Noble Limbs profane,
 No Weight thy Back, no Curb thy Mouth, restrain ;
 No more be thou, no more Mankind, a Slave,
 But both enjoy that Liberty you gave.

The Play-House : A Satyr. By
Mr. A. D---n.

Near to the *Rose*, where *Punks* in Numbers flock
 To pick up Cullies to increase the Stock,
 A lofty Fabrick does the Sight invade,
 And stretches round the Place a Pompous Shade,
 Where sudden *Shouts* the Neighbourhood surprize,
 And *Thund'ring Claps* and dreadful *Hissings* rise.

Here Thrifty R—— hires Monarchs by the Day,
 And keeps his *Mercenary Kings* in Pay,
 With deep-mouth'd Actors fills the *Vacant Scenes*,
 And drains the Town for *Goddesses* and *Queens* :
 Here the lewd *Punks*, with *Crowns* and *Scepters* grac'd,
 Teaches her Eyes a more *Majestick Cast*,
 And hungry Monarchs, with a numerous Train
 Of suppliant Slaves, like *Sancho*, Starve and Reign.

But enter in, my *Muse*, the Stage survey,
 And all its Pomp and Pageantry display ;
 Trap-doors and Pit-falls from th'unfaithful Ground,
 And Magick Walls encompass it around :
 On either Side Maim'd Temples fill our Eyes,
 And intermixt with Brothel-Houses rise ;
 Disjointed Palaces in Order stand,
 And Groves obedient to the Mover's Hand
 O'ershade the Stage, and flourish at Command.

A Stamp makes broken Towns and Trees entire :
So when *Amphion* struck the Vocal Lire,
He saw the spacious Circuit all around [crown'd.
With crowding Woods, and neighbouring Cities
 But next the Tiring-Room survey and see
False Titles, and promiscuous Quality;
Confus'dly swarm from Heroes, and from Queens,
To those that swing in Clouds, and fill Machines ;
Their various Characters they chose with Art,
The frowning Bully fits the Tyrant's Part :
Swoln Cheeks, and Swaggering Belly, makes a Host,
Pale, Meager, Looks, and Hollow Voice, a Ghost ;
From careful Brows, and heavy down-cast Eyes,
Dull Cits, and thick-scall'd Aldermen, arise :
The Comick Tone, inspir'd by F——r, draws
At every Word loud Laughter and Applause :
The Mincing Dame continues as before,
Her Character's unchang'd, and acts a Whore.

Above the rest the Prince with mighty Stalks,
 Magnificent in Purple Buskins walks :
 The Royal Robe his Haughty Shoulders grace,
 Profuse of *Spangles* and of *Copper-Lace* :
 Officious Rascals to his mighty Thigh,
 Guiltless of Blood, th' unpainted Weapon tye ;
 Then the Gay Glittering Diadem put on,
 Pondrous with 'Brass, and starr'd with Bristol-Stone.
 His Royal Consort next consults her Glass,
 And out of Twenty Boxes culls a Face.
 The Whit'ning first her Ghastly Looks besmears,
 All Pale and Wan th' unfinish'd Form appears,
 Till on her Cheeks the blushing Purple glows,
 And a false *Virgin Modesty* bestows ;
 Her ruddy Lips the Deep Vermilion dyes ;
 Length to her Brows the Pencil's Touch supplies,
 And with black bending Arches shades her Eyes. }
 Well pleas'd, at length the Picture she beholds,
 And spots it o'er with Artificial *Molds* ;
 Her Countenance compleat, the Beaux she warms
 With Looks not hers, and spight of Nature charms.

Thus artfully their Persons they disguise,
 Till the last Flourish bids the Curtain rise.
 The Prince then enters on the Stage in State,
 Behind a Guard of Candle-Snuffers wait:
 There swoln with Empire, terrible and fierce,
 He shakes the Doom, and tears his Lungs with Verber
 His Subjects tremble, the submissive Pit
 Wrapt up in Silence and Attention sit;
 Till freed at length, he lays aside the Weight
 Of Publick Business and Affairs of State,
 Forgets his Pomp, dead to Ambitious Fires,
 And to some peaceful *Brandy-Shop* retires,
 Where in full Gills his anxious Thoughts he drowns,
 And quaffs away the Care that waits on Crowns.

The Princess next her pointed Charms displays,
 Where every Look the Pencil's Art betrays.
 The Callow Squire at distance feeds his Eyes,
 And silently for *Paint* and *Patches* dies:
 But if the Youth behind the Scenes retreat,
 He sees the blended Colours melt with Heat,
 And all the trickling Beauty run in Sweat.
 The borrow'd Visage he admires no more,
 And nauseates every Charm he lov'd before:
 So the same Spear, for double Force renown'd,
 Apply'd the Remedy that gave the Wound.

In tedious Lists 'twere endless to engage,
 And draw at length the Rabble of the Stage,
 Where one for Twenty Years has given Alarms,
 And call'd contending Monarchs to their Arms.
 Another fills a more important Post,
 And rises every other Night a Ghost.
 Thro' the cleft Stage his meager Face he rears,
 Then stalks along, groans thrice, and disappears;
 Others with *Swords* and *Shields*, the *Soldiers* Pride,
 More than a Thousand times have chang'd their Side,
 And in a Thousand Fatal *Battels* dy'd.

Thus several Persons several Parts perform;
 Pale Lovers whine, and Blustring Heroes storm.
 The Stern exasperated *Tyrants* Rage,
 Till the kind *Bowl* of *Poison* clears the Stage;

Then

When Honours vanish, and Distinctions cease ;
 Then with Reluctance haughty Queens undress.
 Heroes no more their fading Laurels boast,
 And mighty Kings in private Men are lost.
 He whom such Titles swell'd, such Power made proud,
 To whom whole Realms and vanquish'd Nations
 (bow'd,
 Throws off the gaudy Plume, the Purple Train,
 And is in *Statu quo* himself again.

A Ballad on the Confederates, in Imitation of Ratcliff Ramble.

A Number of Pr——s, tho' poor ones 'tis true,
 In Confederacy join'd the *French* to undo ;
 But if they should fail then Woe to the Crew
 of Banditti.

All snotty and snorting like Horse that had Glanders,
 All tatter'd they form the Mob of Commanders,
 All poorer than *Job* were got into *Flanders*,
 'tis pity.

To Conquer the *French* King is not their Design,
 Tho' that's their Pretence, but to drink up his Wine ;
 'Tis a Liquor, they say, will make them Divine,
 to their Glory.

If a Peasant that's drunk is as great as a King,
 Then what is a Prince? A very fine thing ;
 And a Number of Princes will make the World ring
 with their Story.

In a Council of War these Tatterdemallions,
 Having drunk off their *V*Vine, not by Quarts, but by
 (Gallons,
 VWho, tho' not fit for Soldiers, are very good Stallions ;
 what d'ye think, Sir?

Considering their Number, to make all things sure,
 A desperate Disease wants a desperate Cure,

VVe

Curs'd be the Second, who took Gold
From *France*, and *Britain's* Honour Sold;
But Curs'd of all be J—— the last,
The worst of Kings, of Fools the best,
And doubly Curs'd be those Knaves,
Who out of Loyalty would make us Slaves;
Curs'd be the Clergy who desire
The *French* to bring in *James* the Squire,
And save your Church so as by Fire.

Curs'd be the Earl of T——ton,
Who almost had Three Lands undone;
Who out of Fear, of Pride, or Gain,
Betray'd our Land, and lost her Main.

Curs'd be the Ministers of State
Who keep our Fleet till 'tis too late;
Who have Six VWeeks the Cause disputed,
VWhen the whole in Two might have Recruited.

Curs'd be the Name of *English-man*,
To Curse it more live T——ton.
Let Resolution only be
King *William's* Noble Property:
He hath done what we ne'er could do,
Ill to himself, to us been true,
Prove that among us and curse me too.

*Answer to the Prophecy, As when the
Knight, &c.*

WHen J—— and his Army shall run from the
Boyne,
And *England* stand blest to the altering their Coin;
VWhen Plots laid in Hell can never succeed,
But the Traytors found out and hopp'd like a VVeed;
VWhen thy Armies desert thee for want of their Pay,
And those that don't run thou forcest away;
VWhen the Fleet plays Bopeep, and Sculks up and down,
And dares not make Head like a Fleet of Renown;
VWhen

VWhen Old Age shall seize thee, and thy Senses decay
 And thy Counsels of Priestcraft shall lead the wrong
 (VVay)

Then, *Lewis*, I tell thee thou'rt a cursed damn'd Fool
 Thus to be expos'd for the sake of a Fool;
 VWhen the VVeight is too heavy in oppressing the Land
 That every Man's mark'd with VVant in his Hand.

A Panegyrick, 1697.

HAIL Happy *W*——, thou art strangely Great
 VWhat is the Cause, thy *Virtue* or thy *Fate*?
 For thee the Child the Parents Hearts will sting.
 For thee the Favourite will desert his King.
 For thee the Patriot will subvert the Laws.
 For thee the Judge will still decide the Cause.
 For thee the Prelate will the Church betray.
 For thee the Soldier fights without his Pay.
 For thee the Freeman mortgages his Hold.
 For thee the Miser lavishes his Gold.
 For thee the Merchant loses all his Store.
 For thee the Tradesman is content and poor.
 For thee the Senate our best Laws suspend,
 And will make any new to serve thy End.
 The chief Design of all their Loyal Votes
 Is to invent new Ways, new Means, and Plots.
 No Credit in the Land but thine will pass,
 Nor ready Money if it want thy Face.
 Thy Loyal Slaves love thy Oppression more
 Than all their Wealth and Liberty before.
 For thee and Tyranny they all declare,
 And beg the Blessing of Eternal War.
 And that this Wonder may more wondrous seem,
 Thou never yet didst one kind thing for them.
 Rebels, like Witches, having sign'd the Rolls,
 Must serve their Masters, tho' they damn their Souls.

*An Answer to a Jacobite Panegyrick upon
Sorrel.*

Insulting Afs! VWho basely couldst Revile
The Guardian Angel of our wretched Isle;
Who now retiring from the Scenes of VVars,
known and number'd midst the shining Stars!
perform'd a VWork, which when he was below,
none but a Soul like his could undergo.
Britons enslav'd he did with *Freedom* bless,
and broke the Chains their shackl'd Legs did press.
Religia he did Protect and Sav'd its Land,
and made in awe the *Gallic* Tyrant stand;
he mark'd the VWay to make all *Europe* Free,
and gave the Mortal VVound to Slavery.
Too soon, alas! Too soon this this Monarch fell!
Yet After-ages shall his Honour tell;
When *Britain* feels his Loss its Natives shall
in vain to Heav'n for such a Monarch call.
Nor ever be that stumbling Beast Accurst,
not by a *Tory*, by a *Devil* Nurst;
and may for ever that unlucky Steed
Only on *Briars* and on *Thistles* Feed.

*On the Duke of Ormond's Success at
Vigo, 1702.*

THro' Storms of Wind, and swelling Seas which roar,
Our mighty *Ormond* has possess'd our Shore.
Fame ran before him like the Morning Star,
And told his Deeds and wondrous Feats in War;

How

How he with *English* Forces has subdu'd
 The *Gallick* Ships, and *Spanish* Multitude:
 Those on the Sea in Flames outvy'd
 The Rising Sun, and Scorch'd the flowing Tide.
 Th' affrighted Fishes to the Ocean Swim,
 And say, Great *Ormond*, we're afraid of him.
 See on the Shore the yielding *Spaniards* fly,
 And see on Board their Ships the *French-men* die.
 In vain they Bombs and Fortresses prepare
 'Gainst *English* Valour, and the Fate of War.
 What weak Dependance has the Watry Fry?
 On what Sea-God or Power can we rely?
 See *Neptune* yonder the vast Ocean's God,
 At sight of *Ormond* hides his Head in Mud.
 The *Tritons*, flouncing thro' the Oase, repair
 To Rocky Caverns from the Fate of War,
 And all Sea-Monsters bellow from afar.
 From *Vigo's* Port to th' Ocean all make way,
 For here, alas! they dare no longer stay:
 By burning Ships the Water's made so hot,
 Its Surface bubbles like a boiling Pot.
 Half-roasted *French-men*, some o'er Gratings Broil'd
 Do mix with *Spaniards* in the Sea parboil'd;
 For *Anjou's* Dinner here's a pretty Dish;
 I vow h'as made a Kettle fine of Fish.

Welcome Great *Ormond* to the *English* Land,
 With Laurels loaden from a foreign Strand:
 Welcome to *England*, as to Sailors Day,
 When Storms and Darknes had obscur'd their Way.
 Welcome to us, as mighty *William* was,
 When he restor'd us to our Rights and Laws.
 With like Respect as th' Senate thought your due,
 An honest *English* Heart returns his Thanks to you.

On the *French* Protestants Extolling
 their Prince:

H Appy the People where no Priest gives Rules,
 Whose slavish Doctrines fetter Free-born Souls:
 Who

Where unconstrain'd Obedience is paid
Only to Laws that we our selves have made :
Such *England* is, and such she shall remain,
Beneath the Blessings of great *William's* Reign,
Where Prince and People gratefully do strive,
He guards our Rights, we his Prerogative.

Then Curs'd be those who would our Rights betray
To the vain Lufts of Arbitrary Sway ;
Who proud of *Misery*, and fond of Chains,
Extol the Beauty of Despotick Reigns.
But let that Priest be Curs'd for Evermore
Who has so soon forgot the Chains he wore,
Condemn'd again to *Gallick* Wooden Shooes,
Who durst his New-born Freedom thus abuse.
Let him go home and Preach that Doctrine where
The Subjects Birth-right is Eternal Fear,
Those little *French* Devices won't take here.
Must such a Paltry Vagabond as he
Presume to censure *English* Liberty?
Why prithee Fool what are our Rights to thee,
Thou that wert Born and Bred in Slavery ?
In vain 'tis then that we our Gifts bestow
On those that would our Happiness o'erthrow ;
Who nurs'd with Charity, and blest with Peace,
Grow wanton under unaccus'tom'd Ease,
Shall impudently dare to recommend
Those Slaveries from which we them defend ;
In vain Abroad for Freedom do we Fight,
If these warm'd Snakes at home abuse our Native Right.

The Golden Age Restor'd.

*A Poem in Imitation of the Fourth Pastor
of Virgil; suppos'd to have been taken
from a Sibylline Prophecy.*

——— Paulo majora canamus.

Sicillian Muse, begin a loftier Flight,
Not all in Trees and lowly Shrubs delight;
Or if your Rural Shades you still pursue,
Make your Shades fit for able Statesmens View.

The time is come, by Ancient Bards foretold,
Restoring the Saturnian Age of Gold:
The Vile, Degenerate, VWhiggish, Offspring ends,
A High-Church Progeny from Heaven descends.

O Learned Oxford, spare no Sacred Pains
To Nurse the Glorious Breed; now thy own B———ly
(Reigns)

—And thou great S———, Darling of this Land,
Dost foremost in that fam'd Commission stand;
VWhose deep Remarks the Listening VWorld admires,
By whose Auspicious Care Old R———gh Expires;
Your mighty Genius no strict Rules can bind,
You punish Men for Crimes which you want time to find;
Senates shall now like Holy Synods be,
And Holy Synods Senate-like agree.
M———th and M———n here instruct the Youth,
There B———ks and Kim———ly maintain the Sacred Truth;
P———is and H———lin here with equal Claim,
Thro' wide West-Saxon Realms extend their Fame;
There B———ch and Hooper Right Divine convey,
Nor treat their Bishops in a Humane Way.

Now all our Factions, all our Fears, shall cease,
And Tories Rule the Promis'd Land in Peace.

Malice shall die, and noxious Poisons fail,
 H——y shall cease trick, and S—— cease to rail.
 The Lambs shall with Lions walk unhurt,
 And H——x with H—— meet civilly at Court.
 Viceroys, like Providence with distant Care,
 Shall govern Kingdoms where they ne'er appear.
 Pacifick Admirals to save the Fleet
 Shall fly from Conquest, and shall Conquest meet.
 Commanders shall be prais'd at *William's* Cost,
 And Honour be retriev'd before 'tis lost.
 Br——ton and Bu——by by the Court shall grace,
 And H—— shall not disdain to share a Place.
 Forgotten *Molineux* and *Mason* now
 Revive and shine again in F—— and H——.

But as they stronger grow, and mend their Strain,
 By choice Examples of King *Charles's* Reign;
 Bold *Bel-sis* and Patriot *Da-nant* then,
 One shall employ the Sword, and One the Pen.
 Troops shall be led to plunder, not to fight,
 The Tool of Faction shall to Peace invite, (unite. }
 And Foes to Union be imploy'd the Kingdoms to }
 Yet still some *Whigs* among the Peers are found,
 Like Brambles flourishing in barren Ground.

Som-rs maliciously employs his Care
 To make the Lords the Legislature share.
 B——t declares how *French* Dragooning rose,
 And Bishops Persecuting Bills oppose;
 Till Ro——r's cool Temper shall be fir'd, (mir'd.
 And N——th's and Not-m's strong Reasonings be ad-

But when due time their Counsels shall mature,
 And fresh Removes have made the Game secure;
 When *Som-et* and *Dev-ire* give place
 To *Winham's* B——d, and R——d's Grace,
 Both Converts great; when Justice is refin'd,
 And Corporations garbled to their Mind,
 Then Passive Doctrines shall with Glory rise,
 Before them Hated Moderation flies,
 And Antichristian Toleration dies.

Gr——ile shall seize the long expected Chair,
 Go——in to some Country Seat repair;

P——ke from all Employments be debarr'd,
 And Mar——gh for ancient Crimes receive his
 (Rewards)

France, that this happy Change so wisely has begun,
 Shall bless the great Design, and bid it smoothly run.
 Come on, Yong J——'s Friends, this is the time
 (come on)

Receive just Honours, and surround the Throne.
 Boldly your Royal Principles maintain,
 H——s now rules the State, and R—— the Main.
 Gr——es is at Hand the Members to reward,
 And Troops are to your own Gr——rd.
 The Faithful Clubs assemble at the Vine,
 And French Intrigues are broach'd o'er English Wine.
 Freely the S——te the Design Proclaims,
 Affronting W——m, and Applauding J——es.
 Good Ancient Members, with a solemn Face,
 Propose that Safety give to Order Place;
 And what they dare not openly dissuade,
 Is by Expedients ineffectual made.

E'en F——ch and Mu——ve, whom the Court cares,
 Exalt its Praises, but its Power depress;
 And that impartial Justice may be seen,
 Confirm to Friends what they refus'd the Queen.
 Bishops who most advanc'd good J——'s Cause
 In Church and State, now reap deserv'd Applause,
 While those who rather made the Tow'r their Choice,
 Are stil'd Unchristian by the Nation's Voice.
 Avow'dly now St. David's Cause they own,
 And J——es's Votes for Simony atone.
 Archbishop K——n shall from Longleat be drawn,
 While firm Non-jurors from behind stand crowding
 (for the Lawn)

And thou, Great W——th, to reward thy Charge,
 Shalt sail to Lambeth in his Grace's Barge.

See by base Rebels J——es the Just betray'd,
 See his Three Realms by vile U——rs sway'd;
 Then see with Joy his Lawful H—— restor'd,
 And erring Nations own their Injur'd L——.

O would kind Heaven so long my Life maintain,
 Inspiring Raptures worthy such a Reign!
 Not *Thracian* St. *J—ns* should with me contend,
 Nor my sweet Lays harmonious *Ha—nd* mend:
 Not tho' Young *Davenant* St. *J—ns* should protect,
 Or the shrewd Doctor *H—nd's* Lines correct.
 Nay, should *Tr—am* in St. *Maw's* compare his Songs
 to mine, (resign.
Tr—am, tho' St. *Maw's* were Judge, his Lawrel should
 Prepare, *Auspicious Youth*, thy Friends to meet,
 Sir *G—* already has prepar'd the Fleet.
 Should Rival *Neptune* (who with envious Mind
 In Times of Danger still this Chief confin'd)
 Now send the Gout the Hero to disgrace,
 Honest *G— Ch—* may supply his Place.

*The Fourth Pastoral of Virgil, Englished
 by Mr. Dryden.*

Sicilian Muse, begin a loftier Strain,
 Tho' lowly Shrubs and Trees that shade the Plain
 Delight not all; *Sicilian* Muse, prepare
 To make the Vocal Woods deserve a Consul's Care.

The last great Age, foretold by Sacred Rhimes,
 Renews its finish'd Course, *Saturnian* Times
 Roul round again, and mighty Years begun
 From their first Orb in Radiant Circles run.
 The base degenerate Iron Off-spring ends,
 A Golden Progeny from Heaven descends.
 O, Chaste *Lucina*, speed the Mother's Pains,
 And haste the Glorious Birth, thy own *Apollo* reigns.
 The Lovely Boy, with his Auspicious Face,
 Shall *Pollio's* Consulship and Triumph grace, (Race. }
 Majestick Months set out with him to their appointed }
 The Father banish'd Virtue shall restore,
 And Crimes shall threat the guilty World no more:
 The Son shall lead the Life of Gods, and be
 By Gods and Heroes seen, and Gods and Heroes see.

The jarring Nations he in Peace shall bind,
 And with Paternal Virtues rule Mankind.
 Unbidden Earth shall wreathing Ivy bring,
 And Fragrant Herbs (the Promises of Spring)
 As her first Offerings to her Infant King.
 The Goats with strutting Dugs shall homeward feed,
 And lowing Herds secure from Lions feed.
 His Cradle shall with rising Flowers be Crown'd,
 The Serpent's Brood shall die, the Sacred Ground
 Shall Weeds and Poisonous Plants refuse to bear,
 Each Common Bush shall Syrian Roses wear.
 But when Heroick Verse his Youth shall raise,
 And form it to Hereditary Praise,
 Unlabour'd Harvests shall the Fields adorn,
 And cluster'd Grapes shall blush on every Thorn;
 The knotted Oaks shall Showers of Honey weep,
 And thro' the matted Grass the liquid Gold shall creep.
 Yet of Old Fraud some Footsteps shall remain,
 The Merchant still shall plough the Deep for Gain.
 Great Cities shall with Walls be compass'd round,
 And sharpned Shares shall vex the fruitful Ground.
 Another *Eyphis* shall new Seas explore,
 Another *Argos* land the Chiefs upon th' *Iberian* Shore;
 Another *Helen* other Wars create,
 And Great *Achilles* urge the *Trojan* Fate.
 But when to ripen'd Manhood he shall grow,
 The greedy Sailor shall the Seas forego;
 No Keel shall cut the Waves for Foreign Ware,
 For every Soil shall every Product bear.
 The labouring Hind his Oxen shall disjoin, (Vine,)
 No Plough shall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-hook the }
 Nor Wooll shall in dissembled Colours shine. }
 But the Luxurious Father of the Fold,
 With Native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,
 Beneath his Pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat,
 And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb shall bleat;
 The Fates, when they this happy Web have spun,
 Shall bless the Sacred Clue, and bid it smoothly run:
 Mature in Years, to ready Honours move,
 O of Celestial Seed! O Foster Son of *Jove*!

See labouring Nature calls thee to sustain
 The Nodding Frame of Heaven, and Earth, and Main.
 See to their base restor'd Earth, Seas, and Air,
 And joyful Ages from behind in crowding Ranks
 (appear.
 To sing thy Praise would Heaven my Breath prolong,
 Infusing Spirits worthy such a Song,
 Not *Thracian Orpheus* should transcend my Lays,
 Nor *Linus* crown'd with never-fading Bays;
 Tho' each his Heavenly Parent should inspire,
 The Muse instruct the Voice, and *Phæbus* tune the
 (Lyre
 Should *Pan* contend in Verse, and thou my Theme,
Arcadian Judges should their God condemn.
 Begin, Auspicious Boy, to cast about (out:
 Thy Infant Eyes, and with a Smile thy Mother fingle
 Thy Mother well deserves that short Delight,
 The nauseous Qualms of Ten long Months and Travail
 (to requite.
 Then smile, the frowning Infant's Doom is read,
 No God shall crown the Board, nor Goddess bless
 (the Bed.

Advice to a Painter, 1697.

WHat Hand, what Skill, can frame the Artful Piece,
 To Paint our Ruins in a proper Dress?
 Inspire us, *Denham's* Genius, whilst we write,
 Urg'd by true Zeal to do our Country right;
 As when the daring Artists taught by you
 With Master-strokes the first Bold Landskip drew.
 Here, Painter, here employ thy utmost Skill;
 With War and Slav'ry the large Canvas fill:
 And that the Lines be easier understood,
 Paint not with fading Colours, Paint with Blood;
 Blood of our Bravest Youth in Battel slain,
 At *Steenkirk* spilt, or *Landen's* Fatal Plain;

Or that which flow'd, and does just Heaven invoke
When F———k yielded to the Fatal Stroke.

First draw the (R) Hero seated on the Throne,
Spite of all Law, himself observing none ;
Let *English* Rights all gasping round him lye,
And Native Freedom thrown neglected by :
On either Hand the Priest and Lawyer set,
Two fit Supporters of the Monarch's Seat.

There in a greasie Rotchet cloath'd describe
The bulky Oracle of the Preaching Tribe ;
That solid necessary Tool of State,
Profoundly dull, Divinely obstinate.

Here with polluted Robes just reeking draw
The adulterous Moderator of the Law,
Whose wrinkled Cheeks and fallow Looks proclaim
The ill Effect of his distemper'd Flame.

Next cringing B———g place, whose Earth-born
The Coronet and Garter does disgrace ;

(Rac

Of undescended Parentage made great
By Chance, his Virtues not discover'd yet :
Patron of the Noblest Order, O be just
To thy Heroick Founder's Injur'd Dust !

From his ignoble Neck thy Collar tear,
Let not his Breast thy Rays of Honour wear ;
To black Designs and Lusts let him remain
A servile Favourite, and Grants obtain,
While Ancient Honours, Sacred to the Crown,
Are lavish'd to support the Minion.

Pale Envy rages in his canker'd Breast,
And to the *British* Man a Foe profess.

Artist retire, 'twere Insolence too great
T' expose the Secrets of the Cabinet ;

Or tell how they their looser Minutes spend,
That guilty Scene would all Chaste Eyes offend.

For should you pry into the close Alcove,
And draw the Exercise of Royal Love,

K———ll and he are *Ganymede* and *Jove*.

Avert the Omen, Heavens, O may I ne'er
Purchase a Title at a Rate so dear :

Written at the Death of King George the Third.

In some mean Cottage let me die unknown,
Rather than thus be Darling of a Throne.

Now, Painter, now thy Art is at a stand,
For who can draw that *Proteus* S—d—d—d?
The deep Reserves of whose Apostate Mind
No Skill can reach, no Principles can bind;
Whose working Brain does more Disguises bear
Than ever yet in villon did appear.

A supple, whisp'ring, Minister, ne'er just,
Confided still, still failing in his Trust,
And only constant to unnat'ral Lust.
For Witchery and Prostituted Faith made great,
Yet this is he that must support the Weight,
And prop the Ruins of a falling State.

Artist proceed, next the brib'd Senate draw
That Arbitrary Body above Law;
Place Noise, and Faction, and Disorder, there,
And formal *Paul* set mumping in the Chair;
Once the chief Bulwark of the Church and State,
Their Darling once, but now their Fear and Hate:
So Rich a Cordial when its Virtues spent,
Contributes to the Death it should prevent.
Of publick Treasure lavishly profuse
Large Sums diverted to their private Use;
By Places and by Bounties largely paid,
For Rights given up, and Liberties betray'd.
Expose the Mercenary Herd to View,
And in the Front Imperious *M——gue*,
With venal Wit and prostituted Sense,
With matchless Pride and matchless Impudence;
To whose successful Villany we owe
All his own Ills, and all that others do.
Slavish Excises are his Darling Sin,
And Chequer-Bills the Project of his Brain;
No publick Project, but conducting most
To raise his Fortune at the Publick Cost.
Order and Precedents are Terms of Course
Too weak to interrupt his rapid Force;

*Till Wiser Commons shall in time to come
 Their Ancient English Principles resume,
 And give their base Corrupter his just Doom.*
 Thus have I seen a Whelp of Lion's Brood
 Couch, fawn, and lick his Keeper's Hand for Food,
 Till in some Fatal Hour the Generous Beast
 By an insulting Lash, or some gross Fraud, oppress'd,
 His just Resentment terribly declares,
 Disdains the Marks of Slavery he wears,
 And his weak Feeder into Pieces tears.

Here, Painter, draw our Politician B—le,
 That fawning Arse-worm with his cringing Smile;
 Relations, Country, Court, do all despise him,
 He's grown so low e'en B-g--ry cannot rise him.
 Let Gaffney's noble Hangman next advance,
 And tell his Fears of Popery and France,
 And for the bluff'ring Pedant leave a Space,
 Who wears *Corinthian* Metal in his Face.
 See were the Florid Warlike C—its appears
 As Brave and Senseless as the Sword he wears.
 Here Sloan baits S—ur, L—ton Jack H—,
 And all the while Old Bowman cries Bow Wow.
 To P—ms and Sc—land, and the Yorkshire Crew
 By Sm--th directed, the next Station's due.
 Sm--th whilst he seems good-natur'd, frank, and kind,
 Brays th' inveterate Temper of his Mind.
 To the Chit Sp—r Painter next be just,
 That weak, sour, Off-spring of a forced Lust,
 Which his unnatural Father grudg'd to spare
 From his *Italian* Joy, and spoil his Heir.
 From hence that awkward Politician came
 To Common-wealth, which he admires, a Shame,
 A Slave to Kings, tho' he abhors the Name.
 He votes for Armies, talks for Liberty,
 In th' House for Millions, out for Property.
 Thus Father-like with Flattery Betrays
 That Government which he propos'd to raise.
 Near him Lord William bawls, whose well-stock'd Brain
 Outweighs Chit's Index-Learning half a Grain.

With these as Fellow-Empricks in design,
 Let *W---ton*, *Rich*, *T---ng*, *Cl---A*, and *Hubbard*, join ;
 And let not *H---les* pass unregarded by. —

'Twere endless to recount the meaner Fry
 Of yelping Yeas and Noes, who bawl by rote,
 To multiply the Units of a Vote ;
 Opprest with Clamour Truth and Justice flies,
 And thus pursu'd down-hunted Reason lyes.

Some few untainted Patriots yet remain,
 Who native Zeal and Probity retain ;
 These sullen draw, disgrac'd and discontent,
 Mourning the Ruin which they can't prevent.
 But Painter hold — Reserve the vacant Room
 For Knaves in Embrio, and Rogues to come ;
 Who undiscover'd yet with Ease betray,
 And sell their Country in a closer way.

The Golden Age Revers'd.

*S*icilian Goddess, whose Prophetick Tongue
 Reveals Fate's dark Decrees in Sacred Song,
 The present vile degenerate Age disdain,
 And sound the Glories of a future Reign,
 When Whigs again shall Rouze the drooping Land,
 Unnerv'd and Weaken'd by a Female Hand.
*St---*d for his great Wealth and Wisdom known,
 Has in the Faction's Name ador'd the Rising Sun,
 Secur'd the Point, and made the Game their own.
 Then *So---*, in whose capacious Mind
 Learning and solid Sense with Wit are join'd,
 Judiciously in Council shall preside,
 And every deep Design and ev'ry Project guide.
 Then *H---*x, by Nature form'd to please,
 Humble in Greatness, easie of Access,
 With unaffected Air the Court shall grace,
 And safe from angry Votes enjoy his Place.

Tonson and he in frequent close Debate
 Shall pond'ring weigh the Business of the State;
 Then *D———re*, whose elevated Chin
 Proclaims the happy Vacancy within,
 Shall shuffle with his Creditors no more,
 But pay his Debts, forsake his Dice and Whore
Wh———n, for Valour and for Truth renown'd,
 Whose very Action is with Justice Crown'd,
 Whose innocent and undesigning Life
 Was always free from Faction, free from Strife,
 Shall be invested with his Old Command,
 And wrest the Staff from haughty *Seymour's* Hand.
S———rs, tho' weak in Body, strong in Mind,
 No Pox can taint a Substance so Refin'd!
 With just Applauses shall resume the Mace;
 For now neglecting Health, and private Ease,
 He heals Divisions, and promotes the publick Peace. }
Or——d shall Lord it o'er the Subject Main,
 Eager of Battle, Negligent of Gain.
M——n shall put on a Politician's Face, }
 For Sense with Riches always does encrease;
 By railing now he'll then deserve a Place.
 What if sometimes when Strumpet lewd appears,
 The Rake confessing he the Sage cashier's?
 So Puss transform'd the Mouse could not refrain, }
 But reassum'd her Shape, and mew'd again,
 For Nature will in spite of Art remain.
Ha———ngs, tho' now he struts with Comick Mien,
 And Sneers and Jokes with Countenance serene,
 Shall gravely quit his Jests, and Lisping praise
 The glorious Prospect of these happy Days.
 Young *S——nd*, of Honest Parents Born,
 Mature in Council, shall the Board adorn,
 Shall emulate his Father's spotless Fame,
 And with a Faith like his secure a lasting Name.
B———t, the Glory of the Lawn he wears,
 Firm to the Churches Interest appears,
 Asserts and Vindicates her injur'd Cause,
 Whene'er invaded by Conforming Foes:

This Holy Man shall T——n succeed,
 Tall T——n, the Churches awful Head,
 Whose venerable Fabrick fills the Eye
 With solemn Apostolick Majesty.
 Lambeth rejoice, when one great Prelate dies,
 Another, great as he, shall soon arise,
 Of equal Gravity, of equal Size. }
 Then H——ton, the Commons mighty Chief,
 Who with undaunted Zeal oppos'd the Word Retrieve,
 Shall baffle Harcourt's Reasoning, Harley's Reach,
 Musgrave's Experience, Seymour's Lofty Speech.
 Fekyl, who was by his own Merits rais'd,
 Shall justly be by all Admir'd and Prais'd.
 Jessop and he with Finch's Tongue shall vie,
 And ev'ry Period ev'ry Trope supply;
 Bromley's clear Notions, Granville's Vehemence,
 Shall yield to Jervois Wit and Pawlet's Sense.
 Then B——le, like Sampson, for his Hair renown'd,
 One was with Strength and one with Beauty crown'd,
 Shall make no scruple to wheel round again,
 For he, sweet Soul! complies with ev'ry Reign.
 Now Li——ton disdains to buy a Place,
 But then the long forbidden Chair shall Grace;
 All his Debates shall be from Trifles free,
 Nor Tale be heard, nor idle Repartee.
 K——g in a mixt Capacity shall Shine,
 The Lawyers here, and there the Tub Divine.
 C——per shall leave his VVhoring, and grow Chaste;
 For such excessive Lewdness ne'er can last.
 Str——nd shall wisely Talk, and cease to Rant,
 And F——g forget his formal tedious Cant.
 Str——ger no longer shall a Bully seem;
 The Tories Terror, and the Whigs Esteem.
 St——pe, that Offspring of unlawful Lust,
 Begot with more than Matrimonial Gust,
 Who thinks no Pleasure like Italian Joy,
 And to a Venus Arms prefers a Pathick Boy,
 Shall Thunder in a Senate and the Field,
 And reap what Fame, or Arms, or Arts, can yield.
 Go——n, who this mighty Change foresees,
 Advances to their Cause by just Degrees; And

And happy they who can secure his Heart,
 Unvarnish'd with the false disguise of Art,
 His Thoughts are free, sincere and unconfin'd,
 His Words the Dictates of an open Mind.
 But S——h sure, who now surrounds the Throne
 With her Innumerable Pigmy-spawn,
 Can never hope a more Auspicious Reign,
 A Kinder Mistress, or a Greater Queen.

L——ds, Mey——th, Ab——don and No——by,
 R——ke, No——m and Ro——er shall fly
 To some Recess, and there obscurely die,
 For their unequal Sense can ne'er support,
 The vast Ambitious Aims of such a Court.

Ma——ter, B——ton, Ha——am, C——se,
 The Pride and Glory of our *British* Isle,
 Shall undertake and execute the Noble Toil.

O that my languid Numbers I could raise
 High as their Merits, Sounding as their Praise;
 Not Man——ring, tho' all his Club should join,
 And So——set himself correct each Line,
 Could e'er produce Diviner Lays than mine.
 Nay, tow'ring Ha——x, that Giant Wit,
 Tho' he transcrib'd and own'd what *Prior* Writ,
 Could not pretend to reach the matchless Strain,
 The Poet's Envy, and the Critick's Pain.

The Golden Age, from the Fourth Eclog of Virgil, &c.

Sicilian Muse, thy Voice and Subject raise,
 All are not pleas'd with Shrubs and *Sylvan* Lays;
 Or if we Shrubs and *Sylvan* Lays prepare,
 Let 'em be such as suit a Consul's Year.

Now *Merlin's* Prophecies are made compleat,
 And *Lilly's* best Events with Credit meet;

Now

Now Banish'd Justice takes it rightful place,
 And *Saturn's* Days return with *St———art's* Race.
 With its own Lustre now the Church appears,
 As one Year makes amends for Fourteen Years,
 And Joys succeed our Sighs, and Hopes succeed our
 (Fears.)

O Goddess, *Genius* of this Favourite Isle,
 On thy own Work, this Revolution, smile;
 Salute the Pleasures that come rousing on,
 And greet the Wonders Heav'n and thou hast done;
 Worthy the Glorious Change inspire our Strains,
 Now thy own *Anna* Rules, in her own Kingdom
 (Reigns.)

And thou, O *Daffwood*, by peculiar Care,
 Reserv'd till now to fill *Augusta's* Chair,
 Behold the Mighty Months Progressive shine!
 See 'em begin their Golden Race in thine!
 Under thy Consulship, Lo! Vice gives way,
 And *Whigs* for ever cease to come again in Play.

The Life of Gods the Monarchs shall partake,
 Belov'd by Gods and Men for Virtues sake;
 As She from Heroes sprung, brave Acts prefers,
 And Heroes copy out their Fame from Hers;
 As Kingdoms Rights She with her own maintains,
 And where her injur'd F———r Govern'd, reigns.

Hail Sacred Queen! Thy very Enemies own
 Thy Lawful Claim, and recognize thy Throne;
 Dissembling Statesmen shall before thee stand,
 And H——— be first that kiss thy Hand;
 S——— shall change his Temper with his Fate,
 And promise Duty where he vow'd his Hate,
 Seeming for past Offences to atone,
 By complement Claims he would postpone;
 Had one but liv'd that rais'd him, to his Shame,
 To let him Pack the Cards, and win the Game.

W——— shall to *St. James's* House resort,
 And leave his Master's Corps to make his Court;
 S——— shall quit the Practice of his Place,
 Leave cutting Timber down in E———d Ch———te,
 To seek for Favour, and prevail for Grace.

Old R—— shall thy Accession sing,
 Hoping to serve Thee as he serv'd the King ;
 To keep his Gridiron while he keeps his Life,
 And build fresh Mansion-Houses for his Wife.

Lions with Lambs united shall agree,
 And Lambs like Lions, Lions Lambs shall be,
 And S—— with S—— hail and bow the Knee.
 K—— shall drop his Convocation Spleen,
 And Arr——y quarrels with the Dean,
 To join in our Allegiance with the Dean.
 The Church-men and Dissenters shall Combine
 To pay the Tribute due to *Stuart's* Line,
 As Presbyters with B——ps shall comply,
 And B——ps shall fling out what Presbyters deny ;
 Like L——'s Watermen, whose Tempers shew,
 That look one way while they another Row.

Yet shall some Footsteps of Old Fraud remain,
 And Ills be Practis'd in thy Golden Reign,
 M——en at Sea shall in his Duty fail,
 And *Wade* and Dastard *Kirkby* turn their Tail,
 H—— at Land his Country shall abuse,
 And B—— by Plund'ring Conquest lose ;
 While *British* Troops with Or——nd at their Head,
 Shall meet with Conquest who from Conquest fled ;
 And M——gh, of *William's* Post possess'd,
 Reducing *Liege*, shall *France* it self invest.

S——'s huge P——te shall before thee preach,
 And his Dead Lord to flatter thee, Impeach ;
 Old Dreaming W——r, once the Church's Pride,
 Shall quit her Interest for another side,
 Brow-beat his Clergy, and a Chief defame,
 Spotless as is the Blood from whence he came,
 And tho' a Prisoner made in dubious Times,
 Shall now deserve the T——r for real Crimes.

'Midst *Lords* and *Commons* shall Disputes arise,
 And one dissuade what t'other shall advise.

Proud *Adriatick* O—— shall be known
 To sink the Nation's Money for his own,
 And fix the Courtier's *Thefts* upon the Throne.

Funds shall, as if no Funds there were, appear,
 Millions be giv'n the Kingdoms Debts to clear,
 Yet shall we owe the Millions that we gave,
 And pay for what we had not Wit to save;
 Unless some Moths that fret the Threadbare State,
 Prevent our Ruin by their timely Fate;
 Unless a P—— more often A—— is keeps,
 And gives the Queen the Crop which now he reaps.
 But when confirm'd in Arts of Empire grown,
 Thou see'st thy Reign mature, and fix'd thy Throne, }
 Both Land and Sea thy Sovereign Power shall own; }
 Fearless of Loss, and confident of Gain,
 The Merchant shall in Safety plough the Main,
 The lab'ring Hind shall cleave the Country Soil,
 And Plenty rise and court the Farmer's Toil.
 As every Subject sees his Wrongs redress'd,
 Views Faction quell'd, and Anarchy suppress'd, }
 And Prince and People mutually bless'd. }

*Such be thy Reign, the Fatal Sisters cry,
 And such Britannia's Future Destiny.*

Arise, Auspicious Queen! the *Times* are come
 When *France* shall from thy Mouth expect her Doom;
 When Providence shall labour in thy Cause,
 And trembling *Spain* acknowledge *English* Laws:
 Arise thou bright Inspirer of my Song,
 And vindicate the Blood from whence thou'rt sprung.
 See the consenting World adore thy Fame!
 Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, confess the Justice of thy Claim;
 See us for *Thee* our Vows and Prayers employ,
 And coming Ages Smile in hopes of coming Joy.

Oh! That this Life of mine so long would last,
 As I might Sing thy Future Deeds and past,
 As on thy rising Glories I might dwell,
 And I in Verse, as thou in Fame, excel!
 Not thy own *Tate*, tho' with thy Laurels crown'd,
 Should touch a sweeter Pipe, or give a sweeter Sound.
 Not Favourite R—— tho' I——y took his Part,
 Should boast more Judgment, or reveal more Art;

Not

Not C———ve stock'd with all his Patron's Praise,
 Produce a Zeal like mine, or equal Lays;
 Tho' C——— H——— his Friend should be,
 C———ve, if H——— were Judge, should yield to me.

Begin, great Queen, the *Stuart's* Steps to tread,
 And let thy Living Worth exceed the Dead;
 Happiest of Princes in this Climate Born,
 Entirely *English* above thy Enemies Scorn.
 Thou ne'er wert dandled on an A———'s Knee,
 Nor H———r good Godfather for thee,
 But sprung directly from the *British* Strain,
 Where thou first drew'st thy Breath, dost there com-
 mence thy Reign.

Quintus Arbelius to Charles Lord H-----.

TAke Courage, Noble *Charles*, and cease to muse,
 I came from t'other World to bring thee News:
 I'm *Quint. Arbelius* in black *Seylla's* time,
 Proscribed then, and for no other Crime,
 Than that my Lands in Fair *Albania's* Field
 Were pleasant there, and did much Profit yield.
 Take Courage, Man, for that thou hast a Charm,
 Thy pleasant Lands can never do thee Harm:
 And yet thy Faults are worse, far worse than Mine;
 My Lands my Faults were, and thy Place is thine.
 Thy Faults are worse, for I, poor silly Fool,
 Had no Ambition, nor a Soul to Rule:
 But thou, Great *Charles*, the Glory of that Court,
 Thy Master's Crown and Honour didst support;
 Thou kept'st those Vipers from that Sacred Head;
 But the great Patron of Mankind is Dead,
 And now they spit their Venom, set their Sting,
 On thee, and all that lov'd that Glorious King.
 But 'tis a Crime enough in any Case
 To keep, when Men in Power want, a Place.

Take Courage, *Charles*, for I this Comfort bring,
 The Heav'ns that did Protect and Love that King,
 After some Trial thou shalt surely find
 To all his Friends Propitious and Kind.

More wou'd I tell thee, but th' approach of Day
 Forces us Shadows to make haste away.

E U C H A R I S T I C O N :

Or an Heroick Poem upon the late Thanksgiving-day, which was the Vigil or Fast of St. Simon and St. Jude.

T Was on the Evening of that Day,
 That very Memorable Day,
 The Twenty Seventh of *October*,
 When none but *Jacobites* were Sober,
 That we beheld the Blessed Sight
 Of Glorious Eucharistick Light.
 But that the Morn we may not wrong,
 Which usher'd in the Evening Song,
 Nor th' Infant Day which grew so great,
 After it was Regenerate
 And Re-baptiz'd by Proclamation,
 And call'd *Thanksgiving-day* o'th' Nation,
 We shall relate all that was done
 In open Face of Moon and Sun.

But, First, 'tis fit that we Rehearse
 In Bold, but Grave, Heroick Verse,
 Why a *Thanksgiving-day* was Chose,
 What were the Reasons, what the Cause;
 And why it was Resolv'd at last
 They'd not Proclaim this Day a Fast.

First, To the First we should begin,
 And the *Supports* bring after in:
 But since *Supporting's* out of Fashion
 By the Wise, Warlike, *Belgick*, Nation,

The Rear shall take the Advance Post,
And shew you how the *Fast* was lost.

In Council Grave our Senators were met
About the Important Business of the State;
Bus'ness so weighty, that all *Europe* stood,
Hoping from hence the Stream of all their Good;
Great Things were mov'd, and Mighty Kingdoms

Like Sporting Bubbles round the God-like Crew:
They puff'd those Cares away; but fell, at last,
Upon the Bus'ness of the *Monthly Fast*:

The Great Debate was this, Whether 'twas fit
they should for longer Time continue it?
Or else Adjourn, or else Prorogue, the Day,
Or throw their *Pray'rs* and *Fastings* quite away?

To this hard knotty Question it was said,
By a most Grave and Venerable Head,
That the *Descent* was balk'd, and *Namur* won,
And the Campaign in all appearance done;

That Heaven could not be now besieg'd in Form,
And 'twas too late o'th' Year to tak't by Storm;
It would be Fruitless too, and serve their Turns
No more than *Dixmuid* does, or little *Furnes*:

But (in his Jugment) if they'd cast their *Pray'r*
To Winter-Quarters till the Spring o'th' Year,
They might have need with all their Strength to pray,
And then proclaim a *Weekly Fasting Day*.

There was no answering to so plain a Case,
But (with low Bows) the Motion all embrace;
Straight they gave Orders that a Proclamation
Should strictly Charge this *Praying, Fasting*, Nation
That it no more should trouble Heaven's Quiet,
With *Pray'rs*, or Guts croaking for want of Diet.

So much Devotion in this Age we find,
That were it not by Publick Laws confin'd,
Our Publick *Pray'rs* and *Fasts* would strike us blind.
But see how vain all Mortal Councils are,
We dream of Peace, but feel th' Effects of War;

For scarce were these Great Orders fully given,
 Scarce the *black Sheet* dy'd with the *Sygyian Leaven*,
 When *Charleroy* cry'd out, O help, she cry'd!
 The *French* are *plying* hard my *leaky* side;
 Is this a time to give your Praying o'er,
 When we are weltering in Confed'rate Gore?
 When whizzing Bullets, and the roaring Bomb,
 Gaul us from *Stem* to *Stern*, can you be dumb?
 What have your Arms, what hath your Money, done?
 Your *Pray'rs* are all that we depend upon.

(Tale,
 They hung their Heads, and look'd with Envy
 (pale:

Ah curfed *French*, they cry'd, cannot one Town
 Escape your lasting Fury? What Renown
 Can you obtain, what Honour get you by't?
 'Tis well our Mighty Monarch's out of fight;
 Had he been nigh! But 'tis no time to talk,
 Post to the Printer, tell him we revoke
 Our late delib'rate Orders, we will *Fast*
 While *Gallick* Bullets fly, and pray as *Fast*.
 But 'twas too late, for hasty Time had set
 His *Iron Teeth* upon the *fatal Sheet*.
 But Fame (as Goddesses have done before)
 Came in the Nick, and brought a Story o'er,
 That our most Vigilant King was gone to fight,
 And vow'd 'tshould not be lost out of his fight:
 The News restor'd us, and with swifter speed
 Fresh Post were sent to tell there was no need
 To stop the Press. But, O ye Gods! How short
 Are Mortal Joys; how are we made your Sport!
 Like Tennis-Balls you toss us to and fro,
 Or Shittlecocks, driven from Foe to Foe.
 Scarce was this Post dispatch'd, when an Alarm
 Put all the Council in a new *Vacarme*;
 For it was said our Conqu'ror was retir'd,
 And the unlucky Town again was fir'd.
 Fast, Fast, the Council cry'd, let's Pray amain,
 Fly to the Press and bid it stop again.

So on the top of Horeb Moses stood,
 Out of whose flinty side he lash'd a Flood;
 Aaron and Hur with him beheld the sight,
 Between brave Joshua and th' Amalekite:
 When he held up his Finger they prevail,
 But when he let it down the Jews turn tail.
 During this time Posts hurry'd through the Town,
 And in their Course fell'd one another down;
 Flux, and reflux, of differing Councils dash'd,
 And, in rebounding Air, their Orders clath'd.
 So rose the Atoms from their Bed of Night,
 And in Confusion chaak'd the New-born Light.
 What Heart could hold to see the sad Distractions
 Which had well-nigh o'er-whelm'd Three Potent
 (Nations?)

The French themselves took pity of our Fear,
 And vow'd they'd spare the Town till the next
 (Year.

But now Proclaim a Calm; for once more Fame
 Post on a Gale of Blust'ring Weather came,
 And 'midst this Hurly-burly loudly sings
 A Rest to us, and to the best of Kings.
 In short, the King (with all his Victories)
 Had safely past the dangerous Northern Seas.
 What would y' have more? We've got our King at
 (last,
 And all must grant 'tis now no time to Fast.

Sing then my Muse an *Halleluja* Song,
 Raise up thy Lute, which was to *Fasting* strung;
 Thanksgiving is thy Theme, and lofty Ode,
 And *Eucharisticon* thy *Charming Mode*.
 Great in the Field, and Subtil in Debate,
 The King Conven'd his Ministers of State;
 Flanders was not nam'd there, nor the Descent,
 Whether it was, or was not, truly meant:
 Nor did they speak of the great Siege of *Dunkirk*,
 Nor of their Victory obtain'd at *Steinkirk*.
 spend our Oil and Time in dwelling
 es, as I was now a telling,

We do affirm, in short, that the sole Cause
 Of this August and Grave Assembly was
 Now to resolve on this *Thanksgiving-day* ;
 For some still Thought we had more cause to Pray.
 These urg'd besides, the Saints might think it rude
 To make a Feast upon the Fast of *Jude*.
 But the Arch-*Haman*, whose Advice they took
 In all such Matters, first his Noddle shook,
 Then cry'd, ——— Great Sir, Saints neither eat nor
 (drink,

Nor do they care or know what Mortals think ;
 To fast before, or else behind, a Saint,
 Or not at all, we for Convenience grant:
 But at the worst, when Three Fasts come together,
 We may *Postpone*, or else *Commute*, at pleasure.
 Our Gracious Queen (God Bless Her) when She
 (spy'd

How well this Man of God could thus divide,
 Distinguish, prove, lay open, and decide.
 Well spoke, she said, my Vote concurs with yours;
 Let Sick Men Fast for Four and Twenty Hours
 Because they cannot eat, what's that to those
 Whose Health and Strength require a treble Dose ?
 Besides, the King's return'd, let that suffice
 For you, and Us, to dry *Our* Royal Eyes ;
 His mighty Self, all o'er with Trophies Grac't,
 As sometime Men wore Ribbands round the Wastc;
 Or like an *ORANGE* stuck with Cloves so thick,
 between the Spice a Pin can hardly stick:
 'Tis He's return'd again, and with him brought
 Blessings in store, for which he stoutly fought.
 But that's your Care, I have another Cause,
 And am oblig'd to Feast by Nature's Laws:
 Born for Delight, to eat, drink, sleep, and play,
 I cannot force my self to Fast or Pray,
 I wish that every one were a *Thanksgiving-day*.

All bow'd around, and with submissive Voice
 Agreed we had great Reason to Rejoice:

But a Debate arose where they should fix
 The *main great Cause*; for to be too prolix
 In Proclamations 'twould anticipate (wait.
 Those Rhimes and Pamphlets which on Conquest
 Some then propos'd to put the Stress o'th' Matter
 On his Return: But those who could not flatter
 Own'd 'twas a *Cause*; but all they stood upon
 Was, that 'was *not* a *Cause sine qua non*:
 For had he ne'er return'd no Man will say
 There was *no Cause* for a *Thanksgiving-day*.
 Kings may be *lost*, but Kings can never *die*,
 For still Successive *Kings* their Place supply:
 But if a Battel's lost, or Town be ta'en,
 The Devil's in't, how shall we take't again?
 High Words had like t'arose; but the Wise King,
 Who was best able to decide the thing,
 Thus spake—My Lords, said he, I would believe
 (How'er you differ now) you all receive
 My Person as a Blessing to the Nation;
 'Twas I brought Riches in with *Reformation*;
 'Twas I restor'd you to your *Liberties*;
 'Twas I secur'd your *Lives* and *Properties*;
 'Twas I kept out the *Foreigners* you fear'd,
 Since that you little *French* or *Irish* heard:
 'Twas I made *Ireland* happy, entered *France*,
 Where *Schonberg*, by my Order, did advance
 The *Protestant Religion*, vow'd in Print,
 That ne'er a *Monk* or *Papist* should live in't.
 'Twas I turn'd *Popery* out from hence, and sent
 The *English-Scottish Kirk* to Banishment.
 'Twas I turn'd S—— out, and put one in
 Who will Dispencc as fast as you can sin;
 Who will not tie you up to the strict Rules
 Of *Oaths* or *Orders*, Snares for squeamish Fools:
 Unblest, and unbaptiz'd, this Church's Son
 Hath all his Mother's Children half-undone.
 My Country-men I brought, without Pretension
 (To serve you here) of either *Pay* or *Pension*.
 'Twas I that call'd, and kept your Parliament
 So *pure* and *free* there's not one Member in't

(God is my Witness if I tell you a Lie)
 That e'er took Bribe, Pension, or Salary.
 'Twas I that all your *Grievances* redrest,
 And did my self of my own Rights divest,
 'Twas I *Convoy'd*, and then *increas'd*, your Trade:
 None but my self did e'er your Rights Invade.
 'Twas I——— but 'tis too much, I will not boast
 What I have done for you to your own Cost.
 Let it suffice, I'll not put such a Stress
 On my own Merits as to Clog the Press.
 But since I find some of you seem to grutch,
 And think the Cause of my *Return's* too much,
 What think you of my Victory at Sea?
 Make that the Cause of your *Thanksgiving-day*.
 For my part I'm indifferent, chuse you whether;
 Or if you please, we'll twist them both together;
 There will enough be left to expatiate,
 For all must grant that this Campaign was great.
 'Twas not in *Hugger-mugger* what I've done,
 Since all the World knows 'twas in th' open Sun.

All with deep Admiration were struck dumb,
 The King admir'd too what at last would come.
 At length, after they'd *gaz'd* and *gap'd* a while,
 A Lord stood up, and with a Courtier's Smile,
 Great Sir, said he, 'tis now well understood,
 Whate'er your *Actions* are, your *Memory's* good:
 We now perceive how great's the *Obligation*
 Which justly's *owing* to you by the Nation.
 We're loth to break with you upon that score,
 And to our *Broken Merchants* add still more;
 But if you'll trust us still (for all that's past)
 We may perhaps be *even* with you at last.
 In the mean while,
 We will proclaim a Feast in your own way,
 And to so joyful a *Thanksgiving-day*
 Whole Tuns of *Grease* and *Kiching-stuff* we'll pay. }
 'Twas said, and it was done, and straight each Lord
 Made his low *Exit* from the Council-board.

Now good *Miss Muse* once more bring in your Aid,
 And shew your self a Well-bred Civil Maid ;
 For I'm oblig'd to squeeze more Reasons out,
 How this damn'd Proclamation came about.
Imprimis then, (for Method must be chose
 Whether we write in Verse, or write in Prose)
 We'll take these Matters fairly as they lye,
 Not all at once, but each successively :
 First then, (if I may say't without Offence)
 'Twere fit to thank the King for *going hence* ;
 For had he stay'd God knows what had been done,
Namur it self perhaps had not been won :
 But more of that hereafter. Next let's tell
 The sad Disasters which the *French* beset
 At Sea, I mean, for 'tis well known at Land
 They had both Wind and Weather at Command :
 Their Fleet came struggling 'gainst the Eastern VVind,
 And full Six VWeeks they tack'd about to find
 Our Navy out, which not a *Hundred* were,
 And they full *Four* and *Forty* Men of VVar.
 VVith Insolence upon our *Line* they bore,
 And whole Broadides with wondrous Fury pour :
 The Fight was sharp, and Fortune doubtful stood
 To which she'd give the Empire of the Flood,
 VVhen Mighty *Mass* descended in a *Mist*,
 And the Fierce Equal Combatants dismiss :
 VVe neither took, nor lost a Ship of ours ;
 Nor were we *Conquered*, or *Conquerors*.
 But *Neptune*, who of late a *Neuter* stood
 Between the *British* and the *Mogan* Blood,
 Finding both running in our King, cry'd out,
 Return you Tide, and bring the *French* about :
 Since *England* and my *Dutch* are join'd, what Foe
 Shall dare t'attack them and unpunish'd go ?
 I'll beat the *French* my self, and for their sake
 So strong a Tide in *Alderney* I'll make
 Their *Cables* all shall drag, and *Anchors* break.
 'Twas said, and it was done ; and the poor *French*
 Fir'd Sixteen Ships his dreadful Ire to quench.
 Thanks to the King then for *this Victory* won,
 For if this will not *pass*, I'Gad I've done.

Item,

Item, the Siege of *Namur* next come on,
 At last 'twas weak, at first damnably strong;
 So *Mons* at first was held impregnable,
 But when 'twas ta'en Faith 'twas scarce tenable.
 But howsoe'er it was, the King was there,
 And ne'er express'd a single Mark of Fear:
 He heard the Cannons roar, saw the Bombs fly,
 And that's a Demonstration he was nigh.
 'Tis true, the Town was lost, who can help that?
 The *French* stood in his VWay, so 'twas't his fault.
 The King of *France* our Monarch came to meet,
 And in the *Trenches* kiss his Conqu'ring Feet:
 But our good King thought fitter to forbear,
 And out of *Modesty* would not come there:
 But Thanks are due that he was pleas'd to own,
 And them *depose* to th'taking of the Town.
 For our Gazetts such strange Relations bring,
 A *Hundred Thousand Men* might doubt the thing,
 VVithout the *Attestation* of a King.

Item——

Two Hundred Thousand Pounds to *Savoy* sent,
 I will be sworn that Money was well spent,
 For with this *Aid* that Duke (like that great Man
 The King of *France*) with *Forty Thousand Men*
 Went down the Hill, and so came up again.
 'Tis true Duke S——berg then declar'd in *Print*,
 That to recover our *Rights* he there was sent,
 And promis'd if he took all *Dauphiny*,
 He firmly would establish *Popery*:
 Thanks t'him for *that*, or we had never known
 VVho fought for *Int'rest*, who *Religion*.
 Next our *Descent* at Sea appears, which ran
 (So much 'twas nois'd) from hence to *Ispahan*:
 Four Hundred Thousand Pounds (so great a Sum
 Into a measur'd Verse 'twill hardly come)
 Yet this, and more, and much in Debt was spent
 To furnish out this well-contriv'd *Descent*.
Louis, they say, was almost dead with Fear;
 And 'cause he thought *Versailles* might be too near,

He

He soon retir'd still further from the Foe,
 And went to *Hunt and Dance* at *Fountainbleau*.
 Some say he did *not* Fear; but if 'twere true,
 I'm sure our Thanks at least for *that* are due.
 Next bloody *Steinkirk* comes full in our VVay,
 Pox on't, we fought upon the *Sabbath-day*;
 And that's been ever held a Prophanation
 By our *True Protestant Reformed Nation*:
 That's the true Reason why we bore the Brunt,
 VVe see the *Godly Dutch* would ne'er have don't:
 They stood their Ground and *Pray'd* whilst we Fool
 (fought)

But we, forsooth, were better *Fed* than *Taught*:
 The *French* retir'd, and run away to *Mass*,
 Our *Lion's Paw* was *Headed* by an *Aff*.
 VVell, we were flogg'd and pepper'd too, 'tis true;
 But yet to give the *Devil* and *Dutch* their due,
 Had not they brought us off we might have lain
 Till we'd been wash'd away with VVinter's Rain.
 This then deserves a long *Thanksgiving-day*;
 For though we lost our *Men* we sav'd their *Pay*.
 And now our Hand is in, let's not forget
 To thank Count *S--mes* that we were *soundly beat*:
 Go on, brave Men, cry'd he, *Conquer or Die*,
 The Truth shall not be wrong'd whilst I *stand* by;
 And *stand* he did as firm as any *Post*,
 Till he saw all his *hated English* lost.
 Ah, Country-men, had I but time to prove
 How well the *Dutch* our poor Three Kingdoms love,
 There's not a Man but would forsake his Farms,
 And our dear *Dutch* embrace with open Arms.
 Now little *Furnes* thou shalt be called great,
 And future Ages shall thy Fame repeat:
 VVe little thought that our High-flown Descent
 (And now the Riddle's out) for thee was meant:
 Some Politicians laid 'twould land at *Bolen*,
 Others as wisely judg'd 'twould fail to *Colen*:
 Some were for *Brest*, *St. Maloes*, or the *Havre*,
 And laid great odds the *French* would never save her:
 Some for *La Hogue*; but others with less *Malice*,
 Only pretended to recover *Calais*: Some

Some were for *Bilboa*, but none thought of *Thee* ;
 This was *Design*, this was *Sheer-Policy* :
 The rest was given out for a Pretence,
 First to Surprize, and then to *Nab*, the *French*.
 And who in War or Poetry would rise,
 Take it from me, must do it by surprize.
 Thrice little *Furnes*, and great *Dixmuidthy* Brother,
 For whom *Ten Thousand Men* made such a *pothar*,
 You are the *Twins* which our Descent brought forth,
 The World must grant it was a mighty Birth :
Dunkirk and *Ghent* were Gossips, and some think
 The First may dearly pay the *Groaning-drink*.
 Then Thanks, Great Monarch, for whate'er they cost,
 These Forts declare our Money was not lost.

Lastly, and chiefly, (for 'tis fit at last
 The biggest Plumb should keep our Mouth in Taste)
 What Thanks are due for the King's Preservation
 From the *Granvallian* Assassination ?
 It was a strange Escape as e'er was heard,
 And yet 'twas strange the King too should be scar'd }
 With one Gun, who so many Guns had heard. }
 Nor would we fail to thanks that happy Spirit,
 Whose Vigilance did such *Entomiums* merit ;
 But that he look'd so stern one scarce could tell
 Whether he came from *Heaven* or from *Hell*.
 If from the last, we ought to thank the Devil
 That to our Monarch was so wondrous Civil.
 Thank *Granvall's* Powder which mistook its Aim,
 And made it self invisible; not him.
 Thank *Parker* that he left *St. Germain's Court*
 Three Days before the cautious *Witness* swore't.
 Thanks to the King too; that he took such Care
 To escape these private Dangers of the War.
 Poor Gentleman, he was much pity'd here ;
 And these Escapes have cost us many a Tear, }
 Heaven send him better luck for the next Year. }
 But hold my Muse, for should our Thanks run on, }
 They would amaze the All-beholding Sun, }
 And strike a Blush upon the Pale-fac'd Moon ; }

Then

Then modestly take up, and loudly tell
How we set forth our Joys by *Candl'* and *Bell*.

Scarce did the *Polish Northern Star* appear,
Which some great Authors call the *lesser Bear* :
Scarce had the Cock crow'd *once* or *twice* at most,
And *Phæbus* within ken o'th' *Eastern Coast* :
Or in plain *English*, scarce had the Clock struck Four ;
'Tis no great matter whether less or more,
When a litigious, jangling, ill-bred, Sound
Through all our Hills and Valleys did rebound ;
'Twas thought the *Devil's Arse* o'th' *Peak* had got
Some rumbling Wind or Collick in his Gut,
And by successive Raptures did foretel
Downful of Church, as by the Sound of Bell.
Some thought the *Body-Politick* in a Fit,
And the *Soul-Bell* knelling its last *Exit*.
'Twas not ill Guest, for *Church* and *State* may find
There are *strange Sounds* in your *Rebellious Wind* ;
And 'tmight be prov'd by easie *Metaphor*,
Wind may be said to ring, and Bells to roar.
Others scarce well awake judg'd it the Groan
Of drowsie *Sackbut*, or the *Bag-pipes* Drone :
Some swore (who lately had ta'en a larger *Sup*)
The *Glasses* *clink'd* round the *Indented Cup*.
In short, they were the *City Choristers*,
Which thus untimely lugg'd us by the Ears ;
The Bells I mean that early thus were finging
Their *Lauds* and *Mattins*, which some Men call
ringing.

(Sun

Thus pass'd the chirping *Morn*. Now when the
Was driving up to our *Meridian*,
Some went to Church to hear the *New Pray'rs* read ;
Others, who lik'd the *Old*, lay close in Bed.
Some shut their Shops, which was a silent Token
That if those Days came oft they'd all be broken.
The Cannons from the Tower broke through the Wind,
And roar'd their Thanks *that they were left behind*.

Lambeth return'd the Complement, and fir'd
 Volleys of Blessings as they'd been inspir'd.
 High Pr—— of *Mars* sprung from *Samaria's* Race,
 Thou still dost love t'adore in the *High Place* :
 Thou *thunder'st* out thy *Gospel* in our Ears,
 And those loud *Organs* tun'd thy *new-made* Prayr's
 Thou *worst* and *first* of *Canterbury's* Race,
 That with a *Wife* divided *Lambeth's* Grace,
Mars and *Bellona* ne'er before had met,
 Roaring and Singing on the High Priest's Seat.
 Thou Man of *Faith*, could we believe like you,
 Who would not turn a Circumcised *Jew*?

Lastly, for now my Muse is almost weary,
 And too much Labour makes a Mare miscarry,
 I should say something of the *Blessed Night*,
 How 'twas set forth with *Artificial Light* ;
 'Twas *mothy* at the best, not of a piece,
 Some *black*, some *white*, checquer'd like *Fox* and *Geese*.
 The Lights were not of *Virgin-Wax*, 'tis true,
 For *Hybla's Bee* works not for such a *Crew* ;
 Nor of your precious *Aromatick Gums*,
 Nor your *Sweet Oil* which from *Oneglia* comes.
 In short they were of *greasie Kitchen-stuff*,
 Most *proper* for th'*Occasion*, that's enough.
 May those who love them see no better *Light* ;
 For my part I have done, and so good *Night*.

On the Death of the Queen.

DUM Regina subit constanti pectore mortem,
 Opprimit Innocuus te, Gulielme, Pudor :
 Fœmina Virque Animos si commutasse videntur,
 Cor habet hic tenera Conjugis, illa Viri.

In English.

THE Queen deceas'd so Pleas'd, the King so Griev'd,
 As if the Hero Dy'd, the Woman Liv'd:
 Alas! We err'd i'th' choice of our Commanders,
 He should have knotted, and She gone to *Flanders*.

*England's late Jury.**A Satyr.*

Wisely an Observator said,
 (Who knew our State full well)
England need never be afraid,
 Or seek out for an Aid,
 Our Dangers to repel.

But then he never did suppose
 Our Army near so small;
 Or Statesmen to oblige their Foes,
 Should with Seven Thousand wipe our Nose,
 A Force like none at all.

This Vote made *Lewis* give a Smile,
 And laugh within his Sleeve;
 Scarce did he credit it a while,
Britain shou'd for his Glory toil,
 Which now he does believe.

But when again such Men were chose
 As did our Force Disband,
 He found our Ruin follow'd close,
 And had no Reason to oppose
 Such as went Hand in Hand.

S——r forgets he was a Slave,
When in his younger Years
 He was the Sp——r and a K——,
 And not so much inclin'd to save,
Or think upon our Fears.

But then there lay a Patent by
To gratifie his Pride,
 On which he often cast an Eye,
 And on the Stop did wonder why
Torness was not supply'd.

Resenting an Affront like this
He forthwith veers about,
 Mad that he did Preferment miss,
 (A Feather fit for Pride like his)
 And courts the fickle Rout.

But his Designs are understood,
 The Matter's very plain,
 Pretending for his Country's good,
 He since has acted all he cou'd
 To keep his Prince in Pain.

For a long time he cou'd not Swear,
 With a nice Conscience bred,
 Nor take an Oath against an Heir
 That to a Monarch did repair,
 At least till he was Dead.

But when All-conquering Gold was brought,
 Which glitter'd in his Eyes,
 Quickly a Miracle was Wrought,
 (*Exeter* knows it was no Fault)
 They that have Wealth are Wise.

M——s——ve has Parts and Eloquence,
 And others say speaks well;

Tho' young *Kir* met a Recompence
To bring his Father to his Sense,
Spight did the Guilt repel.

Nothing can bias Stout Sir *Kir*;
Civility is vain,
For he must exercise his Wit,
And sometimes did at Random hit,
Which Credit did obtain.

H———r pretends unto the Law,
And makes a fearful Din ;
As little Sense as e'er I saw,
His Judgment brittle as a Straw,
And oftner out than in.

F———ch he has Sense and Rhetorick,
And seems of *S———m———r's* Kidney;
His Lungs do to the Quarrel stick,
And once was very Politick,
And some think hard on *Sidney*.

H———m———nd he runs among the Herd,
Is Violent and Strong ;
Wou'd fain seem Grave without a Beard ;
But he needs never to be fear'd,
His Judgment is too young.

J— H— sets up for one of Sense,
Does for a *Patriot* stand ;
Most wonder at his Impudence,
That he thereto should lay Pretence
Who was the Court's Disband.

He who was reckon'd the Buffoon
In former Parliaments,
Fickle and changing like the Moon ;
Till *French* Gold came he was undone,
Now vents his Discontents.

But most Men wonder that Sir Batt
So eager is to rail :

Yet why should we admire at that,
Since his Profession is to chat,
But seldom does prevail ?

Some (he had heard) by Speeches rise,
And to Preferment leap ;
But such had *Merit*, and were Wise,
And did not Foreigners despise,
Nor after Faction creep.

Never for Rebels did Harangue,
Nor Tenter-hook the Law,
But left the Criminal to hang,
Till one Foot did the other bang,
To keep Mankind in awe.

The fam'd *Civilian*, who can write
Of Parliamentary Power,
If he has Judgment, he has Spite,
And goes beyond the Matter quite,
A Sort of second *S H O W E R*.

Upon Records he spends his Ink,
He writes at such a rate,
To prove what few did ever think,
Unless depriv'd of Sense in Drink,
Yet of a plodding Pate.

Gr—nu—le, he strols unto the Fairs
To get himself Renown ;
Yet for this Faction he declares,
And to their Club at Night repairs,
To regulate the Crown.

The Times are likely sure to mend
 When *Pr——r* rules the State;
Pr——r the Noble *D O R S E T*'s Friend,
 (For whom the Learned World contend)
 Justly deserves his Hate.

Bl——r, with proud imperious Face,
 And Forehead made of Brass,
 Forgets the Honour of his Place,
 Does all true Policy disgrace,
 And for a Fool may pass.

P——s shall marshal up the Rear
 With Rhetorick Debate;
 And tho' good-natur'd he appear,
 Yet all his Services will steer
 To undermine the State.

These are the Jury which were struck
 To try *Britannia's* Claim:
 And how cou'd we expect good Luck
 From such as did with *L E W I S* truck,
 To their Eternal Shame?

Conclusion.

O Thers below the Dignity of Rhime,
 Shall 'scape my Satyr till another time:
 Twelve Men like these a Nation might undo,
 And let 'em, if again we trust 'em, too.
 No, no, fair *Britain* at her Wrongs awakes,
 Finds what ye mean, and other Methods takes.
 Your Popularity at last expires,
 And Men of better Tempers she requires:
 Despis'd at home, mutter your Discontent,
 And know the Nation spoke her Mind by *KENT*.

S A T Y R.

D eclining *Venus* has no Force o'er Love,
 The tender *Ganymede* now rules above :
 By Influence we die for amorous Boys,
 Changing to Godlike Pleasures from vain Toys :
 Besides, 'tis Interest, and by that we steer,
 To love with Princes is to gain their Ear.
 He's an ill Courtier who can have a Passion
 For nauseous Petticoat when out of Fashion ;
 B—s are still the Stamp of Revolution.
 Submissive Woman artfully invites
 Each gazing Fop, and every Look requites ;
 Yielding to Nature, is no more confin'd,
 Foe to Despair, in all her Actions kind.
 Else *Tel-ton* should never lead the Van,
 Stinted throughout, the Miniature of Man :
 The Widow *Le-son* that vain Brat would charm,
Dil—ds Arrival dreaded for more harm ;
 But *Faustus Farmer* by his Magick Art
 Levels Two Bellies to come at One Part.
R—fs is so good 'tis pity here to name her,
 She drinks as well as does, no Soul can blame her :
S——wich is willing, but slow Lovers spoil
 Her good Intentions, such are *How* and *Boyle* ;
 Poor *Br——don*'s Fate, she loves a batter'd Bully,
 An ill Performer, yet by Descent no Cully.
W——ham, incestuous Jew, now Beauty's gon,
 Prevails o'er Politicks with grunting *John*.
Ri——ond could make no Steps, she was so sore,
 Where Earls, Knights, Priests, and Pox, has been before :
 So qualify'd, to Grandeur she had Claim ;
 Those Princes never wed to meaner Fame.
R——liffe on Mount resembles *Whetstone's Park*,
 Painted and patch'd, with *Ba——r* for her Spark :
 So have I seen a Cit at Door with Trull,
 By Noon as drunk, and of themselves as full.
Ch——l has lost her long prevailing Art,
 And now for Drudgery keeps Booby Hart :

So P—brook sends her unknown Gems to pawn
 To mollifie that coſtlye Clown De———
 Thus Beauty fading falls from ſtep to ſtep,
 At firſt is paid, then takes its turn to keep;
 For Counteſſes Dowagers, and Maids at Court,
 The never-failing Lovers of the Sport,
 They feel the Malice of deſpairing Fits,
 When ill Succeſſes turns Lovers into VVits.
 This ſtingleſs Satyr's Author, if you'd know,
 The Dial ſpeaks not, but it points

Jack H—

A new Ballad, call'd, The Brawny Bishops Complaint.

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

1.

W^Hen B——r perceiv'd the beautiful Dames,
 VVho flock'd to the Chapel of Holy St. James,
 On their Lovers the kindeſt Looks did beſtow,
 And ſmil'd not on him while he bellow'd below,
 To the Princeſſes he went
 VVith Pious intent

This dangerous Ill in the Church to prevent:
 O Madam! quoth he, our Religion is loſt
 If the Ladies thus ogle the Knights of the Toaſt.

2.

Your Highneſſe obſerves how I labour and ſweat
 Their Affections to raiſe, and new Flames to beget;
 And ſure when I preach all the VVorld will agree,
 That their Ears and their Eyes ſhould be pointed on me:
 But now I can't find
 One Beauty ſo kind

As my Parts to regard, or my Preſence to mind:
 Nay, I ſcarce have a ſight of any one Face,
 But thoſe of old Oxford, and ugly Argias.

3. Theſe

3.
 These sorrowful Matrons with Hearts full of Truth
 Repent for the manifold Sins of their Youth :
 The rest with their Tattle my Harmony spoil;
 And *Bur—ton*, *An—sey*, *K—gston* and *B—le*
 Their Minds entertain
 With thoughts so profane,
 'Tis a Mercy to find that at Church they contain ;
 Ev'n *Hen—ham*'s Shapes their weak Fancies intice,
 And rather than me they will ogle the * *Vice*.

4.
 These Practices, Madam, my Preaching disgrace ;
 Shall Laymen enjoy the just Rights of my Place :
 Then all may lament my Condition for hard,
 To thresh in the Pulpit without a Reward.
 Then pray condescend
 Such Disorders to end,
 And from their ripe Vineyards such Labourers send ;
 Or build up the Seats, that the Beauties may see
 The Face of no brawny Pretender but me.

5.
 The Princess by rude Importunities press'd,
 Tho' she laugh'd at his Reasons, allow'd his Request :
 And now *Britain*'s Nymphs in a Protestant Reign
 Are lock'd up at Pray'rs like the Virgins in *Spain*,
 And all are undone
 As sure as a Gun.
 Whenever a Woman is kept like a Nun,
 If any kind Man from Bondage will save her,
 The Lass in Gratitude grants him the Favour.

* *Mr. B—ty*, Vice Chamberlain.

*On the Death of the Queen and Marshal
Luxemburgh.*

BEhold, *Dutch* Prince, here lye th' unconquer'd
Pair,
Who knew your Strength in Love, your Strength in
War!
Unequal Match, to both no Conquest gains,
No Trophy of your Love or War remains.

*On the Report of King James's sending a
Plenipotentiary to the Treaty of Ryf-
wick.*

King *JAMES*, say the *Jacks*, as other Kings do,
To the Treaty must send an Ambassador too.
But where can we find a Person so wise
As is fit to take on him an Office so nice,
To act from a Prince whom Nobody owns,
But those whose Advice before lost him his Thrones;
To beg that the Princes would grant him a share
In a Treaty of Peace, who had none in the War?
And since for Religion he quitted his Throne,
And foster'd a Bastard instead of a Son,
To pray they'd consider his Losses at home,
And send him with Pass-ports to *Warsaw* or *Rome*
For a Crown, or a Cap, or some such like thing,
That since he can't live, he may look, like a King:
For the Kingdoms he lost t'allow him another,
And make him a Monarch of some thing or other:
For truly (an't please you) the Envoy must say,
Our Protestant Friends are hang'd out of the way;
Our Servants forsake us, our Allies deny us,
And if the good Catholicks will not stand by us

Our Queen will run Mad, our Self will want Bread,
 Our Heir too, in spite of the Bargain we made,
 Must home to his Father, and work at his Trade. }

*Upon the Burning of White-Hall,
 Jan. 4. 1697.*

Englisht from the Latin.

WHile leud *White-Hall*, burning in justest Flames,
 Heav'n's Wrath 'gainst Force, and Lust, and
 Fraud, proclaims;
 In Eagles shape, the Genius of our Isle,
 Clapping its Wings, with Joy flew round the Pile:
 No Chapel, Room of State or Ease, exempt.
 But when the Banquet-house the Flames attempt,
 Hold! (cry'd the Angel) for this Sacred Place,
 Where Ty—r's Blood wash'd out my Isle's Disgrace,
 Shall every Fire (but the World's last) outface. }

*A new Answer to an Argument against a
 Standing-Army.*

Would they who have Nine Years look'd Sore
 Against a French and Popish Power,
 Make Friends with both in half an Hour?

This is the time.

Would they directly break the Sword
 By which their Freedom was restor'd,
 And put their Trust in *Lewis's* Word?

This is the time.

Would they leave *England* unprotected,
To shew how well they are affected,
And get themselves next bout elected?

This is the time.

Would they preserve their Wives and Pullets
Against the Soldiers Lufts and Gullets,
And break our Guns to save our Bullets?

This is the time.

Would they oblige a Winter-Sea
Their prudent Orders to obey,
And keep a standing Wind in pay?

This is the time.

Would they but say what they're pursuing,
Whom they're advancing, whom undoing,
What pack of Knaves shall prove our Ruin?

This is the time.

A-God's Name let 'em shew their Games,
And fix to one of these Extrems
A Commonwealth, or else King *James*;

For now's the time.

On the Death of Mr. Dryden.

John Dryden Enemies had Three,
Sir Dick, old Nick, and Jeremy.
The Doughty Knight was forc'd to yield,
The other Two have kept the Field:
But had his Life been something holier,
He'd foil'd the Devil and the Collier.

A Congratulatory Poem to the Right Honourable Sir E. S. Esq.

THo' Poets praise those most who need it least,
 These by your Foes must all be Truths confess,
 That Nature form'd you vigorous and strong,
 And Strength of Nature makes you hold out long ;
 Who by her sage Dispensing Power obtain'd
 More Wit and Sense than your young Rival gain'd
 From all the painful Labours of the Schools,
 And made you early talk to Men, not Fools.
 With Judgment still, not Heat, your Course you run,
 To finish well that Race so well begun ;
 With equal Pace, and no ill-govern'd Heat,
 And with no Pompous Patent, Vainly Great ;
 With Wealth and Honour, still despis'd, you're
 crown'd,
 Yet want that still with which you most abound ;
 Not that a Man knows more their proper use,
 Or less those Mighty Blessings does abuse.
 You in your Merits most unkindly share
 Much of that Fate your faithful Friends do here,
 To whom the same regard, Great S I R, is shown,
 You oft have met with when the Work was done.
 In vain, in solid Sense, and nervous Prose,
 We pour'd our Forces on your Rhiming Foes ;
 Those made of late few Ministers of State,
 Verse was more powerful, or importunate :
 Verse made th' once humble Mouse a Rat in haste,
 And Verse made him, who made the House, at last,
 From *Channel-row* he ne'er had cross'd the Main,
 Nor from flat *Rhenish* else reach'd brisk *Champaign* :
 Verse made his Pastoral Patron rise apace,
 With equal Merit, and with equal Grace :
 With a more glorious Rod t' adorn his Hand
 Than the *Caducean Mercury's* Golden Wand.

Black Rods and White oft work most wondrous
Things,

When given by Ruling Gods, or Regent Kings.
Verse the Fam'd *Fleckno* rais'd, the Muses Sport,
From drudging for the Stage, to drudge at Court;
And most deserv'dly crown'd him Laureat now,
Who *Sternbold* has outdone, and *Hopkins* too.
Verse like some Spell rais'd old King *Arthur's* Train,
Made his *Round Table Knights* t' appear again,
And dub the Man, who more than *Callibourn* had
slain.

By Verse mad *Clito* strove t' advance the Cause,
To Rhime away Religion, Kings, and Laws;
'Mongst these the bold *Corinthian* too might pass,
A Minor Poet of th' Inferior Class,
Who, not like *Horace*, rais'd his Monument of Brass.
This vast Success of Verse our Poets had,
Statesmen at Home, and Envoys all Abroad;
To which no Prose had parallel Success,
And makes us now accost you thus in Verse.
The best of Princes, who first made you Great,
Whom you best serv'd, and with him too the State,
Dismiss'd you coldly to a kind Retreat —
The following Reign confess'd your grave Advice
Was wanting in so tender Case and Nice,
Where Loyalty the Standard did display,
But wild Destruction charg'd in full Array.
Th' unwary *Greeks* their Errors thus confess,
And still consult *Ulysses* in Distress;
Thus oft their exil'd Patriots they recall,
And *Aristides*, when distress'd, their All:
Thus too their *Grecian* Prince to *Ammon* straight
Repair'd for to resolve his doubtful Fate.
Nor could our Monarch thus perplex'd advise
In Place more proper, or a Man more wise.
Near to that dangerous *Sedgmore* down he came
For to consult an Oracle of Fame,
Where, had your sage Advice been wisely took,
No King had Subjects; Subjects King forsook.

When to th' Extreame of Conscience, and of State,
The labouring Kingdom was reduc'd by Fate,
You took the wisest, or the happiest, Way,
And with your Western Legions join'd *Torbay*,
For which the Knighted Bard extends your Fame,
And makes th' Old *Britons* to record your Name.
True to your Country still, true to the State,
[For who can question Truths we prov'd so late?]
All your Designs still honourably Good,
Th' Apostate Statesman, not the King, withstood.
Thus spake your self; —thus to the Conqueror spake,
And pleaded Freedom for Deliverance sake,
Freedom for *England*, Freedom for her Crown,
[That's most enslav'd when most precarious grown]
This Service great with the frank Speech was weigh'd,
And both with equal Courtesie repaid.
Your much lov'd *ISCA* truly made your own,
And you made Master of your Mistress Town;
Where freed from Cares of State, secur'd to sleep,
The Town's *Palladium* you might safely keep,
Till Warlike *Caledon* assum'd the Charge,
And set the confin'd Governour more at large.
Your great Effort of Courage next was shown,
[For bold was he who then dar'd serve the Crown]
The Royal Martyr owes his Thanks to you,
Th' Oblivion Act, the Regicide *Ludlow* too,
His old Commission else had been renew'd,
And the Royal Signet seal'd to Royal Blood.
Nor did your *English* Spirit brighter shine
In the Defence of *England's* Royal Line,
Than to your Country's Aid and Interest true,
[So much the Patriot rul'd the Courtier too]
It timely came to aid th' unequal Fight,
And help the injur'd Commons to their Right.
To such great Actions something more is due,
And somewhat more may be reserv'd for You
In a more glorious Reign than hath been seen
Since bright *ELIZA's* Days, our *English Queen*:
Whilst *ANNA*, like *ELIZA*, Worth regards,
Only the Valiant, Wise, and Good, Rewards;

With

With the like awful Grace adorns the Throne,
 And makes Her Subjects Happiness Her own ;
 With the same Awe, with the like Love, obey'd,
 And a wise Senate to Advise and Aid ;
 Whilst *England's* Church and State triumphant
 stand,

And *France* and *Spain* dread her victorious Hand,
 And *ORMOND* fills with Terror Sea and Land,
 Hard would it be to lose then Ground at Home,
 From such good Seed to see th' Old Tares to come ;
 To see the curst Advice again revive,
 And the worst Men again preferr'd and thrive ;
 See *Old and Modern Whigs* again preferr'd,
 And poor *Tom Double* fairly hang'd or starv'd.

The Negative Prophecie found under the Ruins of White-Hall.

I Sing NOT of *Jove's* mighty Thunder,
 The new made Lords, or *Vigo* Plunder ;
 Nor of the C——ns Godly Frolick,
 To settle *Christ's Church* Apostolick ;
 Nor of the Pious Convocation,
 Clearer than Doves from Gall or Passion :
 How those Grave Rabbies, to a Wonder,
 Kept *Heresies* and *Schisms* under :
 How *Binks* and *Kimberly* did shine
 In that dark Orb with Rays Divine :
 With what Devotion and Behaviour
 The sawcy Priest blasphem'd our *Saviour* :
 How each his Talent did exert
 With Arguments not worth a F—rt,
 To prove that plainly *a Majori*
 No Reverence was due *Superiori*.

Whether it was for Ostentation,
 Or to promote our Reformation ;

Or to repent for telling Tales,
 And drinking N—ts to th' Pr— of W—s :
 That M—w, top full of Grace,
 In Royal Chair refus'd her Place.
 I tell not why the ——— content
 To share with her the Government :
 Nor do I care how many Scars
 Our Beaus do bring from Field of Mars ;
 Whether the noisie Fops at Wills
 Do go to Hell to pay their Bills ;
 When they'll take *Antwerp* or *Ostend*,
 VVhen Matters on the *Rhine* will mend,
 Or when the VVar will have an End.

}

VVhen *Leopoldus* will grow VVise,
 The *Swede* lay by his *French* Disguise,
 The *Czar* well bang'd to make him quiet,
 The *Poles* by Bleeding and low Diet,
 VVith the dull *Swiss*, restor'd agen,
 Shake off the *Ass*, and act like *Men*.
Eugenius with his *Ver'rans* sent
 To make the *French* a *Carpi* Complement ;
 When we shall get In——e,
 An A——y with more Sense ;
 Courtiers have less Knavery,
 Sea-Captains shew more Bravery ;
 When High Church-Rampant shall agree
 T' have Partners in their Roguery ;
 J——H——and S——r with the rest Decree,
 Neither to Bribe, nor punish Bribery ;
 When under Cloaks and Cassocks there shall lye
 Nothing but Faith and sound Divinity,
 Then shall the Golden Age once more be seen,
 Then Heaven and Earth shall sing , *God save the*
 (QUEEN.

A Consultation of the Bishops.

TO give the last Amendment to the Bill,
 Which to the Saints portended so much ill;
 To curb the Commons, and their Ends defeat,
 Right Reverend Twelve last Night at *Lambeth* met.
 Tho' much of Lawn did round the Room appear,
 Yet none but Modern Men of God were there,
 Nor had been Mitred more than Thirteen Year;
 The Ten remov'd, the Grave Assembly sat,
 The Business of the Day was in Debate;
 This way and that their various Censures rend,
 And some would pass the Bill, but more would mend
 At length, with usual Vehemence, aloud
 A Brawny Bishop thus Harangu'd the Croud.
 Far off from us let Persecution Reign;
 Slav'ry in *France*, and Bigottry in *Spain*.
 The best of Kings the best of Gifts bestow'd,
 And Toleration by a Law allow'd,
 And bid us go to God which way we would.
 Must Mod'rate Men from Top-preferments fall
 Because they can't agree with us in all?
 We may esteem the Ore, yet flight the Dross;
 May be good Christians, yet condemn the Cross;
 May hate Cathedral Hymns, yet *Hopkins* sing,
 And propagate without the *Pagan* Ring.
 No doubt this Bill by some well-meaning Men
 Was but sent up to be sent down agen.
 It needs must give weak Consciences offence,
 Rogues can't be so without a vast Expence.
 The Sacramental Test caus'd no Debates,
 That but their Souls, this touches their Estates.
 Should this Unchristian bitter Bill succeed,
 'Twould be a Woe to Hypocrites indeed.
 Away with't then; 'tis one of *Bonner's* Bills:
 I'm not for saving Saints against their Wills.

This said, they all with a consenting Nod
 The Reformation Writer's Thoughts applaud ;
 When straight a most melodious Sound was heard,
 And lo ! in White a Rev'rend * Form appear'd,
 A Cross his Hand, a Mitre deck'd his Head,
 And while sweet Odours round the Room were }
 (spread,

Thus to them all the Sacred Shadow said.

Since Time at length turns up the happy Hour,
 And Providence has put it in your Pow'r,
 To cote your Flocks, and sever from the Fold
 The prowling Wolf, will you your Hands withhold ?
 Forbid it Heav'n it ever should be said
 That the pure Church, for which the Martyr bled,
 And for which too I sacrific'd my Head,
 Should be by'ts Bishops into Bondage led.
 Think such a Time may never come agen,
 Seldom such Senates, never such a Queen.
 Your Church's Fate you falsely fear from Rome,
 Out of the North more likely 'tis to come,
 One Faith's Defender having hurt it more,
 Than all the Kings that ever reign'd before.
 Make then your legal Dams 'gainst Schism so high,
 No Spring-tides of Succession may destroy.

He ceas'd, and lo a Cloud refulgent bright
 Bore up the Saint to Realms of lasting Light.
 Fear and a just Confusion shook each Soul,
 And Samuel's Truth with Trembling fell on all.
 Shame and Confusion sat on ev'ry Face,
 And even S——um felt some Shocks of Grace.
 The Heav'nly Vision quite had chang'd their Will,
 And all without Amendments now would pass the Bill.
 When strange!

After an Earthquake and a Flash of Flame,
 Into the Room a Meager † Phantom came,
 His bending Bulk and Purple Robe hung o'er,
 And he in's Hands the Regal Ensigns bore.

Struck with Surprize each Rev'rence arose,
 And Homage paid, and recogniz'd his Nose.
 When casting on them all a direful Look,
 With Indignation thus the Spectre spoke.

Falſe to your Faith, and your Creation too,
 To be to what's againſt your Int'reſt true :
 Have I been labouring Thirteen Years and more
 That to deſtroy, which you would now reſtore ?
 Did I not cull you out among the Croud,
 To make you all Right Rev'rend Things in God ?
 Did I not thro' the Surplice ſee the Saint,
 Churchmen in ſhow, but *Calvins* in your Cant ?
 Forc'd you the Chair Episcopall to fill,
 And Mitred you almoſt againſt your Will ?
 And will you now at laſt Apoſtatize ?
 Think better on't ; my former Friends, be wiſe ;
 Is this a Reign in which you e'er can riſe ?
 Can *W—ſter* tell with his Prophetick Vein
 When he ſhall be Lord Almoner again ?
 Do *G—ter*, *Br—tol*, or *St. Aſaph*, know
 The happy Time when they ſhall not be ſo ?
 Off with the Mask then, boldly now appear
 The very Men the World once thought you were.
 This ſaid, in ſhapeleſs Air the Royal Bubble broke,
 And the thin Form their wond'ring Eyes forſook.

*On the Duke of Savoy's declaring
 againſt France.*

Long has great *Lewis* form'd the vaſt Deſign
Europa's Liberty to undermine.
 Some he has conquer'd in the Field of War,
 Tho' ſtill himſelf he kept from Dangers far.
 Others by Bribes he has his Vaffals made,
 But moſt of all by Breach of Faith betray'd.
 Sov'reigns in Battel ſam'd, for Sums of Gold
 Their People, Country, and themſelves, have ſold.

Ev'n *Savoy's* Duke his Neck did seem to bow,
 And tacitly an universal Throne allow.
 But O! how hard a thing it is to find
 A Prince whom common Principles can bind!
 By the Example of his Silkworms taught,
 T' expire in Fetters which himself had wrought.
 Of elevated Rank they can despise
 Those feeble Chains we call Religious Ties.
 For Int'rest *Savoy* the *French* side did take,
 For Interest as bravely did forsake.
 The Monarch thus deceiv'd cry'd out in Rage,
 (Which *Maintenon* herself could not assuage)
 What! Can the Plains of *Lombardy* produce
 A Genius equal to the *Flower de Luce*?
 Can there be near the *Alps* a Heroe found
 Who scorns to be by Oaths and Treaties bound?
 A Man of Royal Mould, who wisely knows
 That Heav'n does laugh at Kings and Lovers Vows?
 My happy Reign has seen its Sixtieth Year,
 Treaties and Leagues have been my constant Care,
 Which none e'er knew more Artfully to make,
 Nor with more Skill and Judgment when to break:
 This darling Talent none e'er call'd in doubt,
 Tho' they have dar'd my Courage to dispute.
 Then *Lewis* fall! Then be for ever dumb!
 For sure thy Fatal Period is come,
 When keeping Faith betrays thee ———.

The Toasters.

Written by the Toasting-Club.

Lady Wharton.

W Hen *Jove* to *Ida* did the Gods invite,
 And in immortal Toastings pass'd the Night,
 With more than Bowls of *Nectar* they were bless'd,
 For *Venus* was the *Wharton* of the Feast.

N n

Lady.

Lady *Essex*.

The bravest Hero, and the brightest Dame,
From *Belgia's* happy Clime *Britannia* drew ;
One pregnant Cloud we find does often frame
The awful Thunder and the gentle Dew.

Lady *Essex*.

To *Essex* fill the sprightly Wine,
The Health's engaging and Divine :
Let purest Odours scent the Air,
And Wreaths of Roses bind our Hair.
In her chaste Lips these blushing lye,
And those her gentle Sighs supply.

Dutcheſs of *St. Albans*.

The Saints above can ask, but not beſtow ;
This Saint can give all Happineſs below.

Dutcheſs of *St. Albans*.

The Line of *Vere*, ſo long renown'd in Arms,
Concludes with Luſtre in *St. Albans* Charms :
Her conqu'ring Eyes have made their Race compleat ;
They roſe in Valour, and in Beauty ſet.

Lady *Mary Churchill*.

Faireſt and lateſt of the beauteous Race,
Bleſt with your Parents Wit, and her firſt blooming
Face,
Born with our Liberties in *William's* Reign,
Your Eyes alone that Liberty reſtrain.

Lady *Hyde*.

The God of Wine grows jealous of his Art,
He only fires the Head, but *Hyde* the Heart.
The Queen of Love looks on, and ſmiles to ſee
A Nymph more mighty than a Deity.

Lady Sunderland.

All Nature's Charms in *Sunderland* appear,
Bright as her Eyes, and as her Reason clear:
Yet still their Force, to Men not safely known,
Seems undiscover'd to herself alone.

Lady Harriot Godolphin.

Godolphin's easie and unpractis'd Air
Gains without Art, and governs without Care.
Her conqu'ring Race with various Fate surprise;
Who 'scape their Arms, are Captives to her Eyes.

Dutcheß of Richmond.

Richmond has Charms that continue our Claim.
To lay hold of the Toast that belongs to the Name.

Dutcheß of Bolton.

Love's keenest Darts are charming *Bolton's* Care,
Which the Fair Tyrant poisons with Despair;
The God of Wine the dire effect foresees,
And sends the Juice that gives the Lover Ease.

Lady Harper.

In *Harper* all the Graces shine,
Gay as our Mirth, and sparkling as our Wine;
Here's to the Fair—were Poyson in the Cup,
Might she be blest'd, thus would I drink it up.

Lady Manchester.

While haughty *Gallia's* Dames that spread
O'er their pale Checks an artful Red,
Behold this beauteous Stranger there,
In native Charms divinely Fair;
Confusion in their Looks they show'd,
And with unborrow'd Blushes glow'd.

Mrs. Barton.

Stamp'd with her reigning Charms, this Standard-Glass
Shall current through the Realms of *Bacchus* pass;

Full fraught with Beauty shall new Flame impart,
And mint her shining Image on the Heart.

Mrs. Digby.

Why laughs the Wine with which this Glas is crown'd?
Why leaps my Heart to hear this Health go round?
Digby warms both with Sympathetick Fires;
Her Name the Glas, her Form my Heart, inspires.

Mrs. Digby.

No wonder Ladies that at Court appear,
And in Front-Boxes sparkle all the Year,
Are chosen Toasts; 'twas *Digby's* matchless Frame,
That *Cæsar*-like but saw and overcame.

Mrs. Claverine.

Such Beauty join'd with such harmonious Skill
Must doubly charm, then doubly let us fill.
If Musick be Love's Food, as Lovers think,
When *Claverine's* nam'd, then toasting is his Drink.

Mrs. Tempest.

Venus contending for the Golden Ball,
Us'd *Hellen's* Charms to bribe her Judge withal:
Had she been bless'd with *Tempest's* brighter Eyes,
Unborrow'd Beauty would have gain'd the Prize.

Mrs. Tempest.

If perfect Joys from perfect Beauty rise,
View *Tempest's* Shape, her Motions and her Eyes:
Undoubted Queen of Love, but Honour's Slave;
While thousands languish she but one can save.

Mrs. Long.

Fill the Glas, let th' Hautboys sound,
While bright *Long's* Health goes round:
With eternal Beauty blest,
Ever blooming, still the best,
Drink your Glas, and think the rest.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Di-Kirk*.

Fair written Name, but deeper in my Heart,
A Diamond cannot cut like *Cupid's* Dart.
Quickly the Cordial of her Health apply,
For when I cease to toast bright *Kirk*, I die.

Mrs. *Di-Kirk*.

So many Charms *Di-Kirk* surround,
'Tis pity she's unkind,
Her conqu'ring Eyes not seeing Wound,
As Love darts home, tho' Blind.

Mrs. *Brudenel*.

Imperial *Juno* gave her matchless Grace,
And *Hebe's* youthful Bloom adorns her Face;
Bright as the Star that leads the Heav'nly Host,
Brudenel precedes the Glory of the Toast.

Mrs. *Brudenel*.

Look on the loveliest Tree that shades the Park,
And *Brudenel* you will find upon the Bark.
Look on the fairest Glass that's fill'd the most,
And *Brudenel* you will find the darling Toast.
Look on her Eyes, if you their Light can bear,
And Love himself you'll find sit toasting there.

Mademoiselle Spanheim.

Admir'd in *Germany*, ador'd in *France*,
Your Charms to brighter Glory here advance;
The stubborn *Britains* own your Beauties Claim,
And with their Native Toasts enroll your Name.

Dutchess of *Beaufort*.

Off-spring of a Tuneful Sire,
Blest with more than mortal Fire;
Likeness of a Mother's Face,
Blest with more than mortal Grace;
You with double Charms surprize,
With his Wit, and with her Eyes,

Lady Carlisle.

Carlisle's a Name can ev'ry Muse inspire,
To *Carlisle* fill the Glass, and tune the Lyre.
With his lov'd Bays the God of Day shall crown
A Wit and Lustre equal to his own.

Lady Carlisle.

Behold this Northern Star's auspicious Light,
Our fainter Beauties shine not half so bright;
Form'd to attract, yet certain to repel,
Her Charms are , but she guards 'em well.

Lady Carlisle.

She o'er all Hearts and Toasts must reign,
Whose Eyes outsparkle bright *Champaign*;
Or when she will vouchsafe to smile,
The Brilliant that thus writes *Carlisle*.

Lady Carlisle.

At once the Sun and *Carlisle* took their Way,
To warm the frozen North. and kindle Day;
The Flowers to both their glad Creation ow'd,
Their Virtue he, their Beauty she bestow'd.

Lady Bridgewater.

All Health to her, in whose bright Form we find
Excess of Charms with native Meekness join'd;
Whose tender Beauty safe in Virtues Care
Springs from a Race so fruitful of the Fair,
That all Antiquity can boast no more,
For *Venus* and the Graces were but Four.

Mrs. Dashwood.

Fair as the blushing Grape she stands,
Tempting the Gath'ers ready hands;
Blossoms and Fruit in her together meet,
As ripe as Autumn, and like *April* sweet.

Lady Carlisle.

Great as a Goddess, and of Form Divine,
Our Heads we bend, and all our Hearts resign :
Like Heav'n she rules with an Imperial Sway,
And teaches to adore and to obey.

Mrs. Dunch.

O Dunch ! if fewer with thy Charms are fir'd,
Than when by Godfrey's Name thou wast admir'd ;
'Tis not that Marriage makes thee seem less Fair,
But then we hop'd, and now we must despair.

Mrs. Dunch.

Fair Dunch's Eyes such radiant Glances dart
As warm the coldest Bosom with Desire :
Those Heav'nly Orbs must needs attract the Heart
Where Churchill's Sweetness softens Godfrey's Fire.

Mrs. Guibbons.

Could Grecian Masters from the Shades return
To copy Guibbons, 'twould advance their Art ;
There's never made but one with Passion burn,
But his best Venus conquers ev'ry Heart.

Mrs. Nicholas.

Unrival'd Nicholas, whose victorious Eyes
Love for a Place of Arms with Darts supply'd,
Does on the Toasters like Fair Phebe rise,
To rule their Wines, and Passion's mighty Tide.

Mrs. Barton.

Beauty and Wit strove each in vain
To vanquish Bacchus and his Train ;
But Barton with successful Charms
From both their Quivers drew her Arms ;
The roving God his Sway resigns,
And awfully submits his Vines.

Lady Orrory.

Here close the List, here end the Female Strife,
View her the Dawn of Heav'n, and Joys of Life.
Nature to warm the World into Desire,
Makes *Dorset's* Charms in her soft Sex conspire,
His youthful Form, and his immortal Fire. }

Lady Orrory.

Phæbus, from whom this Fair her Wit derives,
No Toast beholds, tho' round the World he drives,
That charms so much, or has such Conquest won,
As this bright Daughter of his Darling Son.

The Witchcraft.

NO wonder Winds more dreadful are by far
Than all the Losses of a Twelve Years War.
No wonder P——tes do the Church betray,
And St——men vote, and act a different way.
No wonder Magick Art surrounds the Th——,
Old Mother J——ings in her Gr——e is known.
Old *England's* Genius rouse, these Charms dispel,
Burn but the Witch, and all is well.

Orpheus and Margarita.

HAIL Tuneful Pair! Say by what wond'rous
Charms
One scap'd from Hell, and one from *Greber's* Arms.
When the soft *Thracian* struck the trembling Strings,
The VVinds were hush'd, and furl'd their ruffling
VVings;

And

And since the tawny *Tuscan* rais'd her Strain,
R——*A* furls his Sails, and dozes on the Main ;
 Treaties unfinish'd in the Office sleep,
 And *Sh* —— *el* yawns for Orders on the Deep.
 Thus equal Charms an equal Conquest claim,
 To him high Woods and bending Timber came,
 To her Shrub *H*——*s* and Pine *N*——*m*.

P A L L A S.

Pallas, destructive to the *Trojan* Line,
 Raz'd their proud Walls, tho' built with Hands
 Divine ;
 But Love's bright Goddess with propitious Grace
 Preserv'd a Hero to restore the Race :
 So the fam'd Empire where the *Iber* flows
 Fell by *Eliza*, and by *Anna* rose.

*A Prologue sent to Mr. Row, to his New
 Play, call'd, The Fair Penitent.
 Design'd to be spoken by Mr. Better-
 ton, but refus'd.*

Est & in Obscenos deflexa Tragædia Risus.
 Ovid.

Quacks set out Bills, Jack-Pudding makes Ha-
 (rangues,
 And Thief at *Tyburn* speaks before he hangs :
 I pray you then give Ear to what I say,
 For this to me is Execution-Day.

Tyburn the Stage is, Boxes, Galleries, Pit,
 Where You, our Judges, and our Hangmen, sit ;
 Of Nonsense tender, tho' severe to Wit ;
 To day we fear you not, we've hit your Taste,
 And when that's pleas'd, we cannot sure be cast.

Meanly contented with the vulgar Way,
 Some make the *Heroine Virtuous* in a Play.
 But the bold Tragic-Genius of our Stage,
 With Novelty resolves t' oblige the Age,
 And with a * *Heroine Punk* the Ladies will engage.
 He from the *Sock* the PROSTITUTE transplants,
 And swells the *humble Whore* with Buskin'd Rants.
 His Whore, indeed, repents the slippery Fault ;
 But, like the rest, it is not till she's caught.
 She is not sorry that sh' has plaid the *Whore*,
 But that, discover'd, she can do't no more.
 Thus while his Punk, in Buskins boldly Ramps,
 Like † *Bajazet*, his Hero cuckold'd stares and stamps.
 He with no Lawrel Wreaths his Brow adorns,
 But while those vulgar Ornaments he scorns,
 Above his Brethren he exalts his Horns.
 Confederate Cuckolds then come Clap this Play
 Our lucky Bard devote; to You this Day.
 No * *Doodle*, * *Dashwood*, * *Wiseacre*, is here,
 Or any of the puny Race that us'd t' appear.
 The Cuckold now assumes a haughtier Air,
 With brandish'd Dagger stabs the yielding Fair,
 So little Woman's Frailty is his Care.
 Ye Horned Herd, from *Wapping* to *White-Hall*,
 Approach in Triumph, he invites You all ;
 So strong a Party made, he cannot fear his Fall.

* The *Heroine* of his Play lyes with a Fellow before Marriage, continues the Intrigue, and is propos'd as the Picture of the Ladies by the Author, &c.

† This the Author suppos'd from the Character of an Italian Husband, but the Poet has made him as tame a Nykee as ever was seen.

* The *Comick Cuckolds*, which the Stage till now only knew.

Some envious Critic here perhaps exclaims,
 If you shou'd punish thus the City-Dames,
 You'd make a Desolation in the Land,
 And Bars, and Counters, would unfurnish'd stand.
 But, Ladies, you with Ease that Fear remove,
 If you use Caution in the Thefts of Love;
 Since only she that's caught that Punishment will
 (prove.)

Danger adds Fewel to the amorous Fire,
 And Difficulties only raise Desire.

Besides, pass'd Merits you shou'd not despise,
 For † *Solomon*, and ‖ *William* in Disguise,
 From his lov'd Pen regal'd your Ears and Eyes.
 What tho' nor *Art*, nor *Nature*, there were found,
 He scorns by *Art* or *Nature* to be bound.
 Let others toil beneath the Load of Thought
 Of what is *Just*, what *Natural*, what *not*,
 They're dull *Mechanic* Things, below *Regard*,
 From such a *Bold*, and such a *Lucky*, Bard.
 Uncumber'd with those Fetters still he'll write,
 While Ignorance ensures his hood-wink'd Flight.
 He fears no Danger, for he none foresees,
 In happy Ignorance secure to please,
 Without their Foreign Aid, th' Indulgent Town,
 With *Heroes*, and with *Language*, all his own.
 The hooded Falcon, so, in haste let fly,
 Tow'rs swift aloft, undaunted, to the Sky,
 With upright Wing, till lost to humane Eye.

From THRONES he *sauntring, talking*, Heroes
 (chose,
 But for an active *Heroine* now rakes the STEWS;
 And whence he'll fetch the *Next* — he only knows:
 Yet * *Creswell*, sure, of infamous Renown,
 Or some more antique Matron of this Town,

† In the Step-mother.

‖ Tamerlane.

* A Famous Bard of Thirty Years ago.

May reasonably invoke his Pen,
 To do her Justice in his LOFTY SCENE.
 Nor can she, sure, his *Lofty Scene* disgrace,
 Since Bawd, in breeding, still of Whore takes Place.
 For Bawd's arriv'd to the Grave *Doctor's State*,
 While Whore is but an *Under-Graduate*;
 Bawd's maudlin Tone, from Penitential Cart,
 Like *Thespis*, Founder of the Tragick Art,
 Must have the Force to move each *Amorous Heart*.

But what is it that Poets cannot do,
 Caress'd by Us, and so extoll'd by You?
 T'encourage MERIT nobly you disdain,
 It is Pedantick, and below your Vein:
 And, faith, to tell the Truth, *We* love our Gain.
 As with the *Saints*, so 'tis, we find, with You,
 For here, alas! th' *Elect* are very few,
 And those without your Reason, by your Will
 (fav'd too.)

The less of proper Merit they can boast,
 The more secure they are from being lost.

While *Farce* and *Bombast* best can please the Age,
 We'll Cook no other Dishes for the Stage.
 When to your Smiles just Poets y'admit,
 And flock in Shoals to *Nature*, and to *Wit*,
 All *Poetasters* then we will discard,
 And here encourage only the *True Bard*.
 For, sure, in Us it must seem Impudence
 To Cherish *Merit*, and to play good *Sense*,
 When from Your Taste we hope for all our Pence.

**The History and Fall of the Conformity-
Bill. Being an Excellent New Song,
to the Tune of Chivy-Chase.**

GOD blefs our Gracious Sovereign **A N N E**,
- For fo I fhall her call,
Who Ruleth in our *English* Land,
An *English* Heart withal.

The Prince, her Turtle Mate, I trow,
I alfo pray God blefs,
And eke the Duke of *Marlborough*,
Both his and her good Grace.

And now I think within this Realm
I need pray for no more,
For they who do fit at the Helm
Are Two out of thefe Four.

And yet I mayn't omit the Church
To pray for in my Pray'rs,
Which has of late been left i'th' lurch
By her own Sons and Heirs.

Ah Bifhops! Bifhops, you I mean,
They fay you were poffefs'd,
As one may fay, like Birds unclean,
To foul thus your own Nef.

For unto you a choice Bill came,
Sent from the Commons Houfe,
And yet you did reject the fame,
As if not worth a Loufe.

And

And now to tell I do intend
How they this Bill did bring in,
By that you'll find the very end
Of this my Tale's beginning.

Few happy in this VWorld there are,
And fewer in the next ;
The first Experience does declare,
The last the Gospel-Text.

And therefore some Great Men of Note
VVhom I shall name anon,
Did in the Senate stoutly vote
For Christian Union.

Now Conscience is a Thing we know
Like to a Mastiff Dog,
VVhich if ty'd up, so fierce he'll grow
He'll bite his very Clog.

VVherefore some wiser Men than some,
Thought they could give good Reason
How that this Bill just now did come
A little out of season.

Dissenters they were to be press'd
To go to Common-Prayer,
And turn their Faces to the East,
As God were only there :

Or else no place of Price or Trust
They ever could obtain ;
Which shews that Saying very just,
That Godliness is Gain.

Now some, I say, did think this hard,
And strove with all their Might
That Subjects might not be debarr'd
Of Freedom, nor of Right.

For who can think our Lord can care
From whence the Voice does found,
Tho' we should pray as Seamen swear
The Compass Points around ?

Sure he, I say, our Pray'rs can hear
Whenever we do call ;
For if so be the Heart's sincere,
Oh ! that is all in all.

But yet to see how the World goes,
Right is by Might devour'd ;
And they who did this Bill oppose,
Alas ! were overpower'd.

St. Stephen first was in degree
That Persecution felt ;
And persecuted so was he
He better had been gelt.

Oh ! better had it been for he
I'll say while I have breath,
Ten times unstoned for to be,
Than stoned unto Death.

But let that pass, and mark me well ;
For things unknown before,
And strange and true, I now shall tell,
Or ne'er believe me more.

How Stephen stoned was you've heard ;
Now to atone that Guilt,
A Chapel of those Stones is rear'd
By which his Blood was spilt.

And Stephen's Chapel is it height,
And stands in *Westminster*,
Near to that Place where want of Sight
Makes Justice sometimes err.

Now

Now how these Stones make hard the Heart
Of Burgeſs, or of Knight,
And do by Influence impart
Their perſecuting Spight,

It's hard to tell the Cauſe thereof,
Like other Myſteries ;
Nor would I aim at that, although
That I were ne'er ſo wiſe.

But yet 'tis true, or tell me now,
How could ſuch Zeal Inſpire
Sir E—— S——r, or J—— H——,
Of *Glouceſterſhire* Eſquire?

With divers Men of leſſer Note,
Tho' Equal in Deſert,
Who did their Voices for to Vote,
With Clamours loud exert.

None of whoſe Lives I think can boaſt,
That they have much Religion,
Or value more the Holy Ghoſt
Than *Mahomet* his Pigeon.

Ev'n H——y's ſelf, I ſay, would ſcarce
Be made a *Smithfield* Martyr ;
For proof, clap Faggots to his A——
You'd find you've caught a Tartar.

Now this ſame Bill compleatly Cook'd,
To the Peers Houſe is follow'd,
And they who brought it thither look'd
It forthwith ſhould be ſwallow'd.

But as a Haſty Pudding's ſpoilt
If there do fall ſome Soot in't,
Or if burnt to, ſo this was ſpoilt
By Biſhop B——t's Foot in't.

For he with Toe Episcopal
 Thereto gave such a Zeft,
 Their Lordships straight grew squeamish all,
 Nor could the same digest.

In vain brisk N—— did speak,
 Who is so tall and slim;
 In vain did G—— silence break,
 Who is so like to him.

Their Words, alas! went for no more
 Than does the News of Grubster,
 Or than in Commons House before
 Went H——s Voice the Shrubster.

The wise and valiant Lord of th' North
 With little better Luck,
 In windy Words did Bluster forth,
 So did his Grace of Buck.

For to tell Truth, some Peers did smoke
 That this same Bill's Progression
 Might by degrees at length have broke
 The Protestant Suc——on.

Such Snakes in Grass were for to bite
 Those who could not discern 'em,
 Wherefore this Bill was kick'd out quite,
Pro nunc & sempiternum.

Now God preserve our Queen, I say,
 And grant her long to reign;
 And God keep Popery, I pray,
 On t'other side the Main.

[And grant Presbytery may stay,
 And all the Canting Breed,
 For ever, and also for ay,
 On t'other side the Tweed.]

Sic Cecinit

Rob. Wisdom.

*On the Countess of Dorch--er.**By the E. of D----t.*

PRoud with the Spoils of Royal Cully,
 With false Pretence to Wit and Parts,
 She Swaggers like a batter'd Bully,
 To try the Tempers of Mens Hearts.

Tho' she appear as glittering fine
 As Gems, and Jests, and Paint, can make her,
 She ne'er can win a Breast like mine,
 The Devil and Sir *David* take her.

*The Petition of the Distress'd Merchants
 of London to the Lord High Trea-
 surer, against the Commissioners of the
 Customs.*

From Go-----n, that Wasp, whose Talent is
 Notion;
 From snarling Tool Cl-----ke, at the other's De-
 votion;
 From Republican *Bén*, the old Clergy Teazer,
 Whose true Christian Name, you must know's
Abenezzer;
 From the flatt'ring false H-----ley, who sneaks to
 Church-Party,
 And for but half Salary Vows to be hearty;
 From fearful proud N-----port, who spits out his
 Curses;
 From T-----dy Bully C-----ford, and the Rogues
 that he Nurfs;

From

From so motly a Crew, so imperious a Board,
 Deliver this lab'ring Country, good Lord,
 And thy Staff shall like *Hercules's* Club be ador'd;
 And that no grain of Merit fall by this Petition,
 Leave *Manwaring* only to grace the Commission.

S O N G.

THE *Cestrian* Roach will prove a fine Fish,
 And Game not in Season will make a good Dish
 For the Court of *St. Germans*, if serv'd up in State,
 With Forty-four Covers of *Cornish* Church-Plate,
 And guarded by *Scots* that are highly provok'd,
 With design that a Female of Note may be choak'd.
 The Sauce takes its Relish from the Hogo of *How*,
 And S——r the Coals of the Kitchen will blow;
 The Grace will be said by *Nonjuring Ken*,
 And all the High-Fliers will soon say *Amen*.

Tofts and Margarita.

MUlick has learnt the Discords of the State,
 And Consorts jar with Whig and Tory Hate.
 Here *Devonshire* and *Somerset* attend
 The *British Tofts*, and ev'ry Note Commend;
 To Native Merit just, and pleas'd to see
 We've Roman Arts from Roman Bondage free.
 There fam'd *L'Epine* does equal Skill imploy,
 While list'ning Peers croud to th' extatick Joy.
 B——d to hear her Song his Dice forsakes,
 And N——m's transported when she shakes:
 Lull'd Statesmen melt away their Drowsie Cares
 Of *England's* Safety in *Italian* Airs.
 Who would not fend each Post blank Passes o'er,
 Rather than keep such Strangers from our Shore?

An Address.

M A D A M,

WE Address you to Day in a very new Fashion,
 And tell you of nothing but Force and In-
 vasion, (Occasion.)

Though some Folks will laugh when they hear the
 Violation's the Word; not a Tittle o'th' Church;
 For, as *Johnny* says plainly, you've left us i'th' lurch.
 The Sham's at an end which made such a pother,
 And we're plaguily put to our Trumps for another.
 But since the curs'd Lords have thrown out the Bill,
 And chose a Committee that piss in a Quill,
 Who, if we be silent, will find out the Plot,
 Then N——m's Merit will soon be forgot,
 And some of us surely must then go to pot,
 We are forc'd to invent in this dangerous Crisis
 Some pretty new Whims to confound their Devices.
 Why, *Madam*, you're ravish'd, your Queenship's
 invaded,

And we must squeel out till of this you're persuaded.
 But who are the Villains perhaps you will ask?
 If we did not tell you 'twould be a hard Task
 To guess or perceive you had any Abuse,
 So we come on purpose to tell you the News.
 'Tis the whole H— of Lords, those Damnable Lords,
 Who have done the sad thing on most of our Words;
 O, *Madam*, take care of your Prerogative Royal,
 We ne'er were before so confoundedly Loyal,
 For extending your Power to be humbly Addressing,
 And you see we conform on Occasion so pressing;
 To glut our Revenge, Moderation to Foil,
 The Peers to Affront, the State to Imbroil,
 This Glorious Quarrel we come to advance,
 Which is as dear to us as that against *France*.

The Comparison.

That fitting Measures might be taken
 To save a certain Prince's Bacon,
 Three Heroes, all true Sons of *Mars*,
 As e'er look Enemy i'th' *A——e*,
 Met lately to concert Affairs:
Eug—— the Eldest Child of Fame,
 Who Conquers with his very Name,
 Is once more come to help at a Dead Pinch,
 And means to play the Devil with the *French* ;
 With *M——b* known far and near,
 For Great Atchievements fam'd in War,
 Who's wisely March'd the Lord knows where,
 With Troops as good as ever Fought,
 Full Fifty Thousand Men,
 He's gone to do the Lord knows what,
 And will return I don't know when.
 Ev'n Warlike *Lewis*, whose Designs
 Were never yet to hurt his Friends,
 Who fighting wisely can refrain,
 And Hunt while *German* Towns are ta'en.

These Three, all Men of mighty Deeds,
 Together wisely laid their Heads,
 To make a smart Campaign :
 So the Three Famous Wits of late
 Clubb'd Brains together to Compleat,
 A Fourth as Wise Trelooby ;
 And one 'may Wager a good Sum on't,
 Some mighty Matters soon will come on't,
 If current Rumour true be.

You'll see e'er this Campaign is o'er
 Deeds worthy to be crackt on ;
 Three Loobies writ a Farce before,
 Three Gen——ls now will Act one.

On D----- M-----.

When a Church on a Hill to the *Danube* ad-
 (vance,
 Then's near to his Ruin the best Coëk of *France*;
 Then Three shall beat Five, being Anger'd in *Spain*,
 And Five out of Eight run to *Paris* again;
 Then the Witch of *St. Albans* a Princess shall be,
 In Right of her Husband by the Father of Three.
 This Prophecie long* since was found under-ground
 By one who was lately in *Packington's* Pound.

On the Duke of B-----'s House.

Sic fiti lætantur Lares.

Happily Hous'd these *Lares* are,
 To feed on *Vista's* and fresh Air,
 To Dine with *Humphrey's* Duke each Day,
 And Gaze their Supper-time away.
 Wou'd *Ceres* bring her * Sheafs of Corn
 Twou'd better *Sheffield's* House Adorn;
 To which if *Bacchus* Grapes wou'd bring
 Then might the *Lares* Laugh and Sing.

From

* His Coat of Arms is the Wheat-Sheaf.

From Captain C----- to Mrs. P-----,
upon her being Whipt by Sir
Christopher.

M A D A M,

I'VE heard how fullen Knight
Did ill your Kindnesses requite,
And rudely taking up your Smock,
Belabour'd furiously your Dock,
Whilst I who constantly have born
The Servants Drubs, and Ladies Scorn,
VVould gladly Kiss that very Part
VWhich lately felt the cruel Smart.
Tho' Postern Puffs fright *Irish* more
Than Guns, and dreadful Cannons Roar,
Th' unfavoury VWhiffs I shou'd not fear,
Because the Remedy lyes near.
As Scorpions carry what ne'er fails
To Cure the Poison of their Tails,
So Dogs in *Italy* they say
With Noxious Vapours faint away ;
But dipt into a Neighb'ring Spring,
Grow Brisk and Gay as any thing.
Three Goddesses I somewhere Read
To show their Buttocks were agreed ;
Had you engag'd in that Dispute,
To you the Judge had given the Fruit.
How shall I hope to overcome
A Heart that's harder than your Bum?
Employ my Arm, and if he is Unruly,
I'll make the peeping Knight of *Coventry* look
(Bluely.

The Seven VVise Men. From a Correct Copy.

SEVEN Sages in these latter Times are seen,
 The Glory and Support of *Albion's* Queen,
 Whose Wisdom will the *Gordian Knot* undo,
 And be our Isles *Palladium* 'gainst the Foe.
 Unstable *Britain* may like *Dilos* float,
 Yet still *she's* safe while *Patriots* guide the *Boat*.

First stands Recorded in the *List* of Fame
 The Gen'rous, Brave, the Humble S——'s Name,
 Learnings good Ornament, the Muses Pride,
 By Nature form'd in Councils to preside.
 The *Poets* who in Crowds his *Table* throng
 Are ravish'd with the *Accents* of his *Tongue*,
 The *Rhiming Guests* are fed with sumpt'ous Fare;
 Rewards can make his *Gibb'rish Language* clear.

A gentle D—— comes next in close Debate
 To search into the deep Intrigues of State,
 But scarce had he in Council taken place,
 When fond *Lucinda* call'd away his Grace;
 In Liberties of Love, she told her Lord
 His Talent was not for the Council-board.
 Her tender Limberham she did implore
 To quit those *Fallious Follies* at *Threescore*,
 And pleaded that his Name was only given
 To have one Man of *Honour* in the *Seven*.

Next giddy *Phaethon* begins his Flight,
 And boldly dares ascend the Orb of Light.
 But the rash Youth will soon inflame the Ball,
 And with Confusion from his Chariot fall.
 Those *Jackdaws* Eyes can never bear the *Test*,
 Tho' they were nourish'd in an *Eagle's Nest*.
 Those artless Hands, and that untimely Zeal,
 May harm, but ne'er preserve the *Commonweal*.

Then

Then to his Library let him confine
 The undigested Notions of his Brain,
 In curious Speculations spend his Days,
 And labour to preserve *J——s* *F-rb-s's* Praise.
 To Learning 'tis confess'd he's some Pretence,
 For he abounds in *Books*, tho' not in *Sense*.

O valiant *Sc——*! with unan'mous Voice
 The Nation does applaud the Senate's Choice.
 Grown old in Wars, thou must in Council sit,
 For Councils now, as once for Actions, fit.
 Thy penetrating Sense can soon unfold
 Mysterious Truth in thy own Cyphers told.

As a raw Youth of the *Patrician* Race
 In that *August Assembly* claims a Place,
 Only with awful Silence to attend,
 And by the Sire's wise Precepts form his tender Mind,
 Our modern *Sages* prudently admit.
 Young *T-—-d* shou'd, in the Committee sit,
 Provided still the first like Stamp he bear,
 And like the Infant *Carthaginian* swear
 Immortal hatred to his Father's Poes,
 And ever to support *The good Old Cause*.

Unheard came creeping next a crafty Bard,
 Who *Fallious* Business never did retard,
 An antient Stock, in covert *Sawpits* bold,
 In *Plots* consummate, and in *Tricks* grown old;
 Since among *K——es* he holds the foremost place,
 Old *Fer——n's* Footsteps who so well can trace?
 Tho' twice his Marriage-bed has been betray'd,
 Good reason still his Vengeance has allay'd.
 The Injury his former Spouse has done
 A large Estate most amply did atone.
 He is content his present Spouse thou'd strole,
 To gain young Bullies to the *Kit-kat Bowl*.

S——, thou mighty Genius, next arise,
 Nor let young *J——es* thy Vigilance surprize;

Let

Let neither Guilt, or Crime, nor sense of Pain,
 Distract the Projects of thy teeming Brain,
 Those Labours may be crown'd another Reign.
 With thy accustom'd Art expound the Laws,
 Weighing the Party's Merit, not the Cause.
 Above the *Common Honour* of a P——,
 Thy restless Soul disdains that *Humble Sphere*.
 A *Blazing Comet* to amaze the Sight,
 And with a *Fiery Tail* the People fright.
 Thus, for a *while*, thou may'st with Lustre shine,
 But *soon* to *Primitive Dregs* thou must return again.

O *Albion*, on these Shoulders ne'er Repose,
 These are thy *Dangerous, Intestine Foes*.;
 These are the *Tyrants* who would thee *Enthrall*,
 Resolve to *Govern*, or o'erthrow the *Ball*,
 Tho' they, like *Sampson*, in the Ruin fall.

Faction Display'd.

SAY, Goddess Muse, for thy All-searching Eyes
 Can Traytors trace thro' ev'ry dark Disguise,
 Can penetrate Intriguing Statesmens Hearts,
 Their deepest Plots, and all their wily Arts;
 Say how a Fierce *Cabal* combin'd of late,
 Imploy their anxious Thoughts t'embroil the State;
 What angry Pow'r inspires 'em to Complain
 In *Anna's* Gentle and Propitious Reign.

Faction, a restless and repining Fiend,
 Curdles their Blood, and gnaws upon their Mind;
 Off-spring of *Chaos*, Enemy to *Form*,
 By whose destructive Arts the World is torn.
 She taught the Giants to attempt the Sky,
 And *Jove's* avenging Thunder to descie;
 She rais'd the Hand that struck the Fatal Blow,
 Which *Martyr'd Jove's* Vicegerent here below;

She

He still pursues him with relentless Hate,
 Traights his Mem'ry, and insults his Fate.
 'Tis she that wou'd for ev'ry slight Offence
 Depose a True Hereditary Prince;
 That would *Usurpers* for their Treason Crown,
 Till Time and Vengeance drag them Headlong down,
 And *Exil'd Monarchs* reassert their Rightful Throne.

No Constitution in the World can boast
 A Scheme of Laws more Rational, more Just,
 Than *England's* are; where Sov'reign, Kingly Sway,
 Is mixt and qualify'd with such Allay,
 That Freeborn Subjects willingly Obey.
 Nor yet so basely mixt, as that our Kings
 Are only Tools of State, and Pow'rless Things.
 For tho' indeed they can have no Pretence
 With *Fundamental Contrasts* to Dispencc,
 (For that were Conquest) yet, those Rights maintain'd,
 Prerogative is high and unrestrain'd.
 In equal Distance from Extremes we move,
 No Tyranny nor Commonwealth approve.
 Nor Tyranny, that Savage Brutal Pow'r,
 Which not protects Mankind, but does devour.
 Nor Commonwealth, a Monster, *Hydra* State,
 Whose many Heads threaten each other's Fate,
 And load their Body unweildy weight.
 But a Successive Monarchy we own,
 With all the lawful Sanctions of a Crown.

Such was our old Establish'd *English* Frame,
 Which might have flourish'd Ages yet the same,
 But for this Envious Fiend, who still prepares
 To sow the Seeds of long Intestine VVars.

Near the Imperial Palaces remains,
 Where nothing now but Desolation reigns,
 (Fatal Prefage of Monarchy's decline,
 And Extirpation of the Regal Line!)
 There stands an Antique Venerable Pile,
 Whose Lords were once the Glories of our Isle:

But

But now it mourns, that Race of Hero's Dead,
 And droops, and hangs its melancholy Head.
 This Pile (howe'er for better Ends design'd,
 An Emblem of the Noble Founder's Mind)
 Is *Faction's* Refuge, where she keeps her Court,
 VVhere all her darling Votaries resort.
 Here, when their *Glorious N*—— fell, they met
 On new Resolves and Measures to debate.

Say then, my Muse, their secret Thoughts display
 Expose their dark Designs to open Day.

This grand *Cabal* was held at Dead of Night,
 (For Ghosts and Furies always shun the Light)
 Despair, and Rage, and Sorrow kept 'em Dumb,
 Till *Moro* rose (the Master of the Dome)
 A Stamm'ring, Hot, Conceited, Laughing L—— ;
 VVho prov'd his VVant of Sense in ev'ry VVord,
 VVhen hissing thus, his fetter'd Tongue broke loose,
 ' I take it as an Honour that you've chose
 ' For this Debate your humble Servant's House.
 ' The House henceforward shall recorded stand
 ' As the *Palladium* of the sinking Land,
 ' And I to future Ages be renown'd
 ' The Party's Bulwark, and the Nation's Mound.
 ' Now N——, ——, the Immortal N——'s gone,
 ' VVe justly his untimely Herse bemoan.
 ' O that I could restore his Life again!
 ' For who can bear a VVoman's servile Chain ?
 Full of such Stuff, he would have giv'n it vent,
 But that black *Ario's* Fierceness did prevent.
 A *Scotch* Seditious, Unbelieving Priest,
 The Brawny Chaplain of the *Calves-Head-Feast*,
 VVho first his Patron, then his Prince betray'd,
 And does that Church, he's sworn to guard, invade,
 VVarm with rebellious Rage, he thus began,
 ' To talk of calling Life again is vain.
 ' Peace to the *Glorious* Dead : VVe justly mourn
 ' His Ashes, ever Sacred be his Urn :
 ' But here, my L——, we are together met
 ' To vow to A——'s Sceptre endless Hate.

For since my Hope of *W——ton* is expir'd,
 With just Revenge and Indignation fir'd
 I'll write, and talk, and preach her Title down,
 My thund'ring Voice shall shake her in the Throne;
 Do you the Sword, and I'll engage the Gown.

Pause ensu'd, till *Pariarcho's* Grace
 Was pleas'd to rear his huge unweildy Mass;
 Mass unanimated with a Soul,
 Or else he'd ne'er be made so Vile a Tool;
 He'd ne'er his Apostolick Charge prophane,
 And *Atheists* and *Fanaticks* Cause maintain;
 At length, as from the Hollow of an Oak,
 The Bulky Pimate Yawn'd, and Silence broke.

I much approve my Brother's zealous Heat,
 Such is the Noble Ardour of the Great,
 On which Success and Praise will ever wait.
 But I'm untaught in Politician's Schools,
 Unpractis'd in their Arts and studied Rules,
 By which they make the VVisest of us Fools;
 The Task be therefore yours to forge some Plot,
 And I'll be ready with my trusty Vote,
 Nor e'er give your Commands a second Thought.
 Tho' I were Mute, you must confess I've stood
 Fixt as a Rock amidst the beating Flood.
 Witness *St. A——ph's* and *St. D——d's* Cause,
 Where obstinately I transgress'd the Laws,
 And did in either Case Injustice show,
 Here sav'd a Friend, there triumph'd o'er a Foe.

Then old *Mysterio* shook his silver Hairs,
 Loaded with Learning, Prophecy, and Years,
 Whom Factious Zeal to fierce *Unchristian* Strife
 Had hurry'd in the last Extream of Life.

Strange Dotage! Thus to sacrifice his Ease,
 When Nature whispers Men to crown their Days
 With sweet Retirement and religious Peace!
 Foreknowledge struggled in his heaving Breast
 E'er he in these dark Terms his Fears exprest.

The Stars roul Adverse, and Malignant shine,
 Some dire Portent! Some Comet I divine!

' I plainly in the *Revelations* find
 ' That A—— to the *Beast* will be inclin'd.
 ' Howe'er, tho' She and all her Senate frown,
 ' I'll wage eternal War with P———ton,
 ' And venture Life and Fame to pull him down.
 As he went on his Tongue a trembling seiz'd,
 And all his Pow'r and Utterance suppress'd.
 So when the *Sibyl* felt th' Inspiring God,
 She raving lost her Voice, and Speechless stood.

Unhappy Church, by such Usurpers sway'd!
 How is thy Prim'tive Purity decay'd?
 How are thy Prelates chang'd from what they were,
 When *Laud* or *Sancroft* fill'd the Sacred Chair?
Laud, tho' with some traduc'd, with Zeal adorn'd,
 Whilst *Patriarcho* is despis'd and Scorn'd,
 Shall be by me for ever Prais'd, for ever Mourn'd.
Sancroft's unblemish'd Life, divinely Pure,
 In its own Heav'nly Innocence secure,
 The Teeth of Time, the Blasts of Envy, shall endure.

When for th' Establish'd Faith they should contend,
 Meekness and Christian Charity pretend;
 But with a blind and unbecoming Rage,
 For *Schism* and *Toleration* they engage;
 With strange Delight and Eagerness espouse
Occasional Conformists shameful Cause,
 Oppress thy Friends, and Vindicate thy Foes.
 Thy guardian Laws to weaken they combine,
 And tamely thy Essential Rights resign;
 Thy ancient Truths with Modern Glosses blend,
 Destroying the Religion they would mend.

So have they broke thy Pale and Fences down.
 Such Arts have Christianity o'erthrown:
 For *Scepticism*, that now triumphant reigns,
 Condemns her Captive to inglorious Chains,
 Where she Forlorn, Contemn'd, Despairing lyes,
 Nor hopes a Refuge, but her Native Skies.

But, Muse, proceed, nor dwell on Thoughts too
That would inflame thy Satyrising Song. (long,

Clodio with kindling Emulation heard
What this Triumvirate of Priests declar'd.
Clodio, the Chief of all the Rebel-Race,
Uncheck'd by Fear, unhumbled by Disgrace;
Whose Working, Turbulent, Fanatick, Mind
No Tendernefs can move, no Ties can bind.
To gain a *Rake*, he'll Drink, and Whore, and Rant,
T'engage a Puritan, will Pray and Cant.
So Satan can in diff'ring Forms appear,
Or Radiant Light, or Gloomy Darknefs, wear.
Thrice he Blasphem'd, and Thrice he Franick Swore
By ev'ry Terrible Infernal Pow'r,
Then wav'd his Staff, and said,
'Tho' *N——*'s Death has all our Measures broke,
'Yet never will we bend to *A——*'s Yoke.
'The Glorious *Revolution* was in vain
'If Monarchy once more its Rights regain.
'Let all be Chaos, and Confusion all,
'E'er that damn'd Form of Government prevail.
'O had he liv'd to perfect his Design,
'We ne'er had been subjected to her Reign,
'But rooted out the *St——t*'s hated Line!
'Howe'er, since Fate has otherwise decreed,
'We may on his unfinish'd Scheme proceed;
'We may 'gainst Pow'r repos'd in One inveigh,
'And call all Monarchy Tyrannick Sway;
'We may the Praises of the *Dutch* advance,
'Rail at the Arbitrary Rule of *France*,
'Extol the Commonwealth in *Adria*'s Flood,
'Which for Ten Rowling Centuries has stood;
'Argue how th' *Roman* and *Athenian* State
'Were only when Republicks truly Great;
'Tis easie the Unreas'ning Mob to guide,
'For they are always on the Factionous Side.
'This labour'd here, 'twill be our next Resort
'To Manage and Cajole *S——*'s Court.

' *Toland* alone for such a Work is fit,
 ' In all the Arts of Villany Compleat.
 ' *The Scotch*, a Rough, Revolting, Stubborn, Kind,
 ' Have long at *England's* growing Pow'r repin'd.
 ' Nor need we with unnecessary Care
 ' Endeavour to foment Rebellion there;
 ' For scarce our N——'s Empire they endur'd,
 ' Tho' he their antient Liberties restor'd,
 ' And murr'ring now they ask a Foreign Lord.
 ' But (Health suppos'd) to * *Ireland* I'll repair,
 ' And right or wrong Usurp the Commons Chair;
 ' That Point once gain'd, we'll soon secure our Cause,
 ' Soon undermine our hot-brain'd tow'ring Foes.
 ' At least I'll substitute some *Wealthy Friend*,
 ' Who shall with Heat and Arrogance contend
 ' To thwart the Court in ev'ry just Command.
 So *Catiline* the Fate of *Rome* design'd,
 And when he'd form'd the Scheme within his Mind,
 In such a warm Harangue his Friends address'd,
 And open'd all the Secret of his Breast.
 This hit *Sigillo's* Thoughts, and made him cool,
 Tho' just before he scarcely could controul
 The stormy Passion swelling in his Soul;
 His restless Soul that rends his sickly Frame,
 Worn with a pois'nous and corroding Flame.
 And unjust J——e, and blemish of the M——,
 Witness the *Bankers* long depending Case,
 A shallow Statesman, tho' of mighty Fame,
 For who can e'er that curst *Par—on* name
 But to his foul Disgrace and to his Shame?
 Besides, in Spite of all his loud Defence,
 He shew'd a Want of Honesty or Sense,
 In passing ev'ry Plund'ring Courtier's *Grants*.
 He is (for Satyr dares the Truth declare)
 Deist, Republican, Adulterer.
 Thus his lov'd *Clodio* for his Speech he prais'd,
 And Joy and Wonder in the Hearers rais'd.

' There

* This Project was once Talk'd of.

' There spoke the Guardian Genius of our Cause,
 ' Whose ev'ry Word deserves Divine Applause.
 ' Not e'en * *Cethego's* self could form a Plot
 ' More nicely spun, more exquisitely wrought;
 ' Tho' he, to his immortal envied Fame,
 ' The Glory of the Revolution claim.
 ' 'Twas his profound unfathomable Wit
 ' Did *James* and all his *Jesuit* Train defeat.
 ' He knew Reveal'd Religion was a Jest,
 ' Impos'd upon the World by some designing Priest;
 ' Nor therefore fear'd, but to their Idols bow'd,
 ' Prevaricating with his King, his God.
 ' A *Proteus*, ever acting in Disguise,
 ' A finish'd Statesman, intricately Wise;
 ' A Second *Machiavel* who soar'd above
 ' The little Ties of Gratitude and Love;
 ' Whose harden'd Conscience never felt Remorse;
 ' Reflection is the Puny Sinner's Curse.
 ' But why should I *Cethego's* Praise pursue,
 ' When all his Virtues, *Clodio*, shine in you?
 ' You can another Revolution frame,
 ' The same your Principle, your Skill the same.
 ' Whilst, then the wav'ring *Irish* are your Care,
 ' Believe we'll use our utmost Efforts here,
 ' Nor Time, nor Pains, nor Health, nor Money, }
 ' (spare.)
 ' *Cethego* in your Absence shall preside
 ' O'er our Debates, and ev'ry Consult guide;
 ' Like the Supream directing Hand of *Jove*
 ' Shall act unseen, and all around him move.
 ' I, as the Moderator of the Laws,
 ' Will find a Way to sanctifie our Cause;
 ' Will prove, in *Passive Jacobites* Despight,
 ' Rebellion is a Freeborn Peoples Right.
 ' Then as we take our Circuits thro' the Land,
 ' We'll mould the Stern Freeholders to our Hand,
 ' Awe their Elections, and their Votes command. }

P p

' When

* The Person here Represented was living at the time of this Cabal.

' When with our Faithful City Friends we Dine
 ' We'll mingle Treason with the flowing Wine :
 ' We'll plant in ev'ry Coffeeshoule a Spy
 ' That boldly shall the Ministry decry ;
 ' Shall Praise the past, the present Reign Condemn,
 ' And all their Measures, all their Councils, Blame :
 ' Shall spread a Thousand idle, groundless, Tales
 ' Of Foreign Gold, the Pope, and P—ce of W—
 ' Shall never fail Objections still to raise,
 ' (Whatever is transacted with Success)
 ' And turn their greatest Honour to Disgrace,
 ' This Chymick Art, perverting Nature's Law,
 ' From sweetest Things will rankest Poisons draw.
Narcisse next, Magnificently Gay,
 Smil'd his Assent, but not a Word would say ;
 He fear'd to strain his Voice by talking loud,
 Nor was his Quail-pipe made for such a Crowd.
 A Battered Beau, yet Youthful in Decay,
 Who Dresses Whores, and Games his Time away.
 Fond of Sedition, but indulging Vice
 With all that Wealth, profusely spent, supplies.
 And yet this Debauchee pretends to claim
 An injur'd Patriot's Meritorious Name.
 Then squeal'd *Orlando*, but his furious Heat
 Shew'd him for cool mature Debates unfit,
 Nor will we here the Bluff'ring Speech repeat.
 A Bully L——, whose wild, mad, Looks proclaim
 His Bosom warm'd with more than Heroes Flame,
 Fighting and Railing are his Chief Delight,
 Promiscuously opposing wrong and right.
 Whate'er he does is always in Extreams,
 Sometimes the *Whig*, sometimes the *Tory*, damns.
 His various Temper and impetuous Mind
 To ev'ry Party is by Starts inclin'd.
 He never was, nor e'er will be, content
 With any Prince, with any Government.
 Last rose *Bathillo* deck'd with borrow'd Bays,
 Renown'd for others Projects, others Lays.
 A gay, pragmatical, pretending, Tool,
 Opinionatively wise, and pertly dull,

A Demy-Statesman, Talkative, and Loud,
Hot without Courage, without Merit proud,
A Leader fit for the unthinking Crowd.

With dapper Gesture, but with haughty Look,
His lewd Associates vainly he bespoke.

‘ Do you perform the Politicians Part,
‘ I’ll bring th’ Assistance of the Muses Art ;
‘ The Poet-Tribe are all at my Devoir,
‘ And write as I command, as I inspire.

‘ C——g——ve for me *Pastora*’s Death did Mourn,
‘ And her *white* Name with *Sable Verse* adorn.

‘ R—— too is mine, and of the *Whiggish* Train,

‘ ’Twas he that sung *Immortal Tamerlane*,

‘ Tho’ now he dwindles to an * humbler Strain.

‘ I help’d to polish G——th’s rough, awkward, Lays,

‘ Taught him in *Tuneful Lines* to Sound our Parties
(Praise.

‘ *VV——sh* Votes with us, who, tho’ he never writ,
‘ Yet passes for a Critick and a Wit.

‘ *Van*’s Bawdy, Plotless, Plays were once our Boast,
‘ But now the Poet’s in the Builder lost.

‘ On *A——son* we safely may depend,
‘ A Pension never fails to gain a Friend.

‘ Thro’ *Alpine Hills* he shall my Name resound,
‘ And make his Patron known in *Classick Ground*.

‘ These pay the Tribute to my Merit due,
‘ Call me their *Horace*, and *Mecenas* too.

‘ Princes but sit unsettled on their Thrones,
‘ Unless supported by *Apollo*’s Sons.

‘ *Augustus* had the *Mantuan* and *Venusian* Muse,
‘ And happier *N——* had his *M——gues*.

‘ But *A——*, that Ill-fated Tory Queen,
‘ Shall feel the Vengeance of the Poet’s Pen.

Triton, who, like the vast *Leviathan*,
Long wallow’d in the Treasures of the Main,
Was all Attention, and suspended hung,
For ev’ry Rebel Heart has not a Tongue.

Besides, there stood a numerous Train of P———,
Below the Notice of Recording Verse.

Beaus, Biters, Pathicks, B——rs, and Cits,
Tosters, Kit Kats, Divines, Buffoons, and Wits,
Compos'd the Medly Crew; but I forbear
To give 'em any Place or Mention here;
For since the Muse would blush to paint their Crimes,
Let Decency restrain th' Invektive Rhimes.

When thus their Chiefs had spoke, thro' all the
Repeated Peals of Acclamations rung. (Throng
Not antient *Demagogues* with more Applause
Asserted and Espous'd the Rabble's Cause.

Now the Assembly to adjourn prepar'd,
When *Bibliopolo* from behind appear'd,
As well describ'd by th' Old Satyrick Bard;
With leering Looks, Bull-fat'd, and Freckled Fair,
With Two Left Legs, and Judas-colour'd Hair,
With Frowzy Pores that taint the ambient Air.

Sweating and Puffing for a while he stood,
And then broke forth in this Insulting Mood.

' I am the Touchstone of all Modern Wit,
' Without my Stamp in vain your Poets write.
' Those only purchase everliving Fame
' That in my Miscellany plant their Name.
' Nor therefore think that I can bring no Aid
' Because I follow a Mechanick Trade, (Spread. }
' I'll Print your Pamphlets, and your Rumours }
' I am the Founder of your lov'd *Kit-Kat*,
' A Club that gave Direction to the State;
' 'Twas there we first instructed all our Youth
' To Talk Prophane, and Laugh at Sacred Truth.
' We taught them how to Tost, and Rhime, and Bite,
' To Sleep away the Day, and Drink away the Night.
Some this Fantastick Speech approv'd, some sneer'd,
The Wight grew Cholerick, and disappear'd.

Mean time the Fury smil'd, who all this while
Sat hov'ring on the Summit of the Pile,

A Secret and exulting Joy she finds
 To see her Influence brooding on their Minds;
 And the bare Prospect of such Noble Ills
 Her Thoughts with rapt'rous Speculations fills.
 Then She———

‘ With what Delight do I my Sons behold
 ‘ So resolutely Brave, so fiercely Bold?
 ‘ Sure nothing can resist their boundless Course,
 ‘ Nothing subdue their well united Force.
 ‘ *Volpone*, who will solely now command
 ‘ The Publick Purse, and T—f—e of the Land,
 ‘ Wants Constancy and Courage to oppose
 ‘ A Band of such exasperated Foes.
 ‘ For how should he that moves by Craft and Fear,
 ‘ Or ever greatly think, or ever greatly dare?
 ‘ What did he e’er in all his Life perform,
 ‘ But shrink at the Approach of ev’ry Storm?
 ‘ But when the tot’ring Church his Aid requir’d,
 ‘ With *Moderation Principles* inspir’d,
 ‘ Forsook his Friends, and decently retir’d.
 ‘ Nor has he any real just Pretence
 ‘ To that vast Depth of Politicks and Sense.
 ‘ For where’s the Depth, when Publick Credit’s High,
 ‘ To manage an o’erflowing T—f—y?
 ‘ Or where the Sense to know the Tricks of Game,
 ‘ Since S—ms, Sir Ja—es, and H—ll—way
 ‘ (may claim
 ‘ A knowledge as profound as his, as loud a Fame?
 ‘ I fear the Man who dares the Truth assert,
 ‘ Who never plays the Double-dealing Part;
 ‘ The Patriot’s Soul disdains the Trimmer’s Art.
 ‘ Such *Celsus* is; but I foresee his Fate
 ‘ To be supplanted by *Sempronia*’s Hate.
 ‘ (*Sempronia* of a lewd *procuring* Race,
 ‘ The Senate’s Grievance, and the Court’s Disgrace.)
 ‘ ’Tis well he cannot long his Ground maintain,
 ‘ For Hell wou’d then employ her Fiend in vain.
 ‘ He never knew to prostitute the State,
 ‘ Never by being Guilty to be Great

• Nor yet when publick Storms came rowling on,
 • Did he, or Danger, or his Duty, shun.
 • *Rome's* subtle Priests with Sophistry essay'd,
 • With Wealth and Honour in the Ballance laid,
 • To shock his Faith; but nothing could controul
 • The firm Resolves of his unbiass'd Soul,
 • True to his Conscience as the Needle to his Pole. }
 • Ally'd in Blood and Friendship to the Throne,
 • He nobly makes his Country's Cause his own;
 • Whilst others keep their Int'rest still in View,
 • And meaner Spirits meaner Ends pursue.
 • So the fixt Stars harmoniously comply
 • With the *first publick Motion* of the Sky,
 • Whilst wand'ring Planets oppositely move
 • Within the narrow Orbs of *private Love*.
 She stopp'd—— for now her Anger 'gan to rise,
 Flush'd in her Cheeks, and sparkl'd in her Eyes.
 And well it might a Fury's Passion raise,
 That she was forc'd the Worth she hates to praise.

The Dawn dispers'd the Crowd, she took her flight
 To the low Regions of Eternal Night.

O *England*, how revolving is thy State?
 How few thy Blessings? How severe thy Fate?
 O destin'd Nation, to be thus betray'd
 By those whose Duty 'ris to serve and aid!
 A griping, vile, degenerate, Viper-Brood
 That tear thy Vitals, and exhaust thy Blood.
 A varying Kind that no fixt Rule pursue,
 But often form their Principles anew;
 Unknowing where to lodge supream Command,
 Or in the King, or Peers, or Peoples Hand.
 One while the Peoples Sov'reignty they own,
 To vex and load a Peaceful Monarch's Crown;
 Who to his Subjects, when at length *Restor'd*,
 Without Distinction was their common Lord.
 What Party else to *David's* happy Throne
 Would have preferr'd a giddy *Abfalon*?
 But when a King is moulded to their Mind,
 Then they to him would have all Sway confin'd;

Nor in their own despotick boundless Reign
 Of Injur'd Rights and *Property* complain.
 Nay, with a *Standing Force* thy Sons wou'd awe
 The Subjects Slavery, the Tyrant's Law.
 But if nor King, nor Commons, will comply
 With their detested Acts of Villany,
 They strive the Peers declining Pow'r to raise,
 And get *Impeachments* voted into Praise.
 Blest Patriots these, who Liberty employ
 T' elude thy Laws, and Liberty destroy!

Where is the Noble *Roman* Spirit fled
 Which once inspir'd thy antient Patriot's dead?
 Who were above all private Ends, and joy'd
 When Bravely for the Publick Weal they dy'd:
 Who spread, like Branching Oaks, their Arms around,
 To shelter and protect the Parent Ground;
 Tho' Storms of Thunder rattl'd o'er their Head,
 Yet all was safe beneath their Guardian Shade:
 Or sure Historians on our Faith impose,
 And never such a Race of Men arose;
 Or Nodding Nature to a Period draws;
 Or Providence, incens'd by Guilty Times,
 Withholds his Grace, and dooms us to our Crimes.

Pardon (for Harmony will bring Relief,
 Will sooth thy anxious Cares, and charm thy Grief)
 If my Condoling, Mournful, Muse presume
 To visit thy *Marcellus's* Sacred Tomb,
 For his Hereditary Gifts alone
 Could have retriev'd thy Fame, and carried down
 The Glorious Scene of Triumphs *Anna* has begun.
 O may thy Angel Guard Her Royal Mind,
 That *Fav'rites* not Seduce, nor *Trimmers* Blind.
 For 'tis on Her thy Church and State depend,
 With Her will Flourish, and with Her will End.
 But my shock'd Thoughts the sad Idea shun,
 (The sad Idea gives Eternal Moan)
 When she shall late, but Ah! too soon, comply
 With Nature to Adorn her Kindred Sky.

For who can then pretend to wear her Crown?
 Who represent the Mother, but the Son?
 O! had the Pow'r that governs humane Fate
 His Years extend to a longer Date,
 To what Transcendence had his Genius sprung,
 Which was so Ripe, so Perfect, yet so Young?
 But when fresh blooming Youth seem'd to proclaim
 The lasting Structure of his Beauteous Frame,
 When Health and Vigour with a kind Prefage
 Promis'd the hoary Happiness of Age,
 Then with a momentary swift Decay
 Thy Pride, thy darling Hope, was snatch'd away.
 So by the Course of the revolving Spheres,
 Whene'er a new discover'd Star appears,
 Astronomers with Pleasure and Amaze
 Upon the Infant Luminary gaze.
 They find their Heav'n enlarg'd, and wait from thence
 Some blest, some more than common, Influence;
 But suddenly, alas! the fleeting Light
 Retiring leaves their Hopes involv'd in endless Night.

Mully of Mountown. *A Poem. By*
the Author of the Tale of a Tub.

I.

Mountown! Thou Sweet Retreat from Dublin
 (Cares,
 Be Famous for thy Apples and thy Pears,
 For Turnips, Carrots, Lettice, Beans, and Pease,
 For Peggy's Butter, and for Peggy's Cheese.
 May Clouds of Pigeons round about thee fly,
 But condescend sometimes to make a Pye.
 May fat Geese gaggle with melodious Voice,
 And ne'er want Gooseberries or Apple Sauce.
 Ducks in thy Ponds, and Chickens in thy Penns;
 And be thy Turkeys Numerous as thy Hens.
 May thy Black Pigs lye warm in little Strye,
 And have no Thought to grieve them till they die.

Mountown!

Mountown ! The Mases most delicious Theam,
Oh ! may thy Codlins ever swim in Cream.
Thy Rasp-- and Strawberries in Bourdeaux drown,
To add a redder Tincture to their own.
Thy White Wine, Sugar, Milk, together Club
To make that gentle Viand Syllabub.
Thy Tarts to Tarts, Cheesecakes to Cheesecakes, join
To spoil the Relish of the flowing Wine,
But to the fading Palate bring Relief
By thy Westphalian Ham, or Belgick Beef.
And to compleat thy Blessings in a Word,
May still thy Soil be Generous as its Lord.

II.

Oh Peggy, Peggy, when thou go'st to Brew,
Consider well what you're about to do ;
Be very Wise, very sedately think
That what you are about to make is Drink :
Consider who must drink that Drink, and then !
What 'tis to have the Praise of Honest Men :
For surely, Peggy, while that Drink does last
'Tis Peggy will be Toasted or Disgrac'd.
Then if thy Ale in Glass thou would'st confine,
To make its sparkling Rays in Beauty shine,
Let thy clean Bottle be entirely dry,
Lest a white Substance to the Surface fly,
And, floating there, disturb the Curious Eye.
But this great Maxim must be understood,
Be sure, nay, very sure, thy Cork be Good ;
Then future Ages shall of Peggy tell,
That Nymph, that Brew'd and Bottled Ale so well.

III.

How fleet is Air ! How many Things have Breath,
Which in a Moment they resign to Death ;
Depriv'd of Light, and all their happiest State,
Not by their Fault, but some o'er-ruling Fate !

Altho'

Altho' fair *Flowers*, that justly might invite,
 Are Cropt, nay, Torn away for *Man's* Delight ;
 Yet still those *Flowers*, alas, can make no Moan,
 Nor has *Narcissus* now a Power to Groan.
 But all those things which breathe in *different* Frame,
 By Tye of *Common* Breaths *Man's* Pity claim.
 A Gentle *Lamb* has *Rhetorick* to plead,
 And when she sees the *Butcher's* Knife decreed,
 Her Voice entreats him not to make her bleed ;
 But Cruel Gains, and Luxury of *Taste*,
 With *Pride*, still lays *Man's* *Fellow Mortals* waste :
 What *Earth* and *Waters* breed, or *Air* inspires,
Man for his *Palate* fits by Torturing *Fires*.

MULLY, a Cow sprung from a Beauteous Race,
 With spreading Front did *Mowntown's* Pastures Grace.
 Gentle she was, and with a gentle *Stream*,
 Each Morn and Night gave *Milk* that equall'd *Cream*.
 Offending None, of None she stood in Dread,
 Much less of *Persons* which she daily Fed :
 But Innocence cannot it self Defend
 'Gainst Treacherous Arts veil'd with the Name of
 (Friend.

ROBIN of *Darbyshire*, whose Temper shocks
 The Constitution of his Native Rocks,
 Born in a * *Place*, which if it once be named,
 Wou'd make a Blushing Modesty ashamed :
 He with Indulgence kindly did appear,
 To make poor *Mully* his peculiar Care,
 But inwardly this Sullen Churlish Thief
 Had all his Mind plac'd upon *Mully's* Beef :
 His Fancy fed on her, and thus he'd cry,
Mully, as sure as I'm *Alive* you *Die* ;
 'Tis a brave Cow, O *Sirs*, when *Christmas* comes,
 These *Shins* shall make the *Porridge* grac'd with
 (Plumbs,
 Then midst our *Cups*, while we we profasely *Dine*,
 This *Blade* shall enter deep in *Mully's* *Chine* :

What

* The Devil's Arse of Peak,

What *Ribs*, what *Rumps*, what *Bak'd*, *Boil'd*, *Stew'd*
(and *Roast* ?

There shan't one single *Tripe* of her be lost.

When *Peggy*, Nymph of *Mowntown*, heard these
(Sounds,

She griev'd to hear of *Mully's* future Wounds ;

What Crime, says she, has gentle *Mully* done ?

Witness the Rising and the Setting *Sun*,

That knows what *Milk* she constantly would give,

Let *that* quench *Robin's* Rage, and *Mully* live.

Daniel, a Sprightly Swain, that us'd to flash
The Vigorous Steeds that drew his Lord's Calash,

To *Peggy's* side inclin'd ; for 'twas well known

How well he lov'd those Cattle of his own.

Then *Terrence* spoke Oraculous and Sly,

He'd neither Grant the Question, or Deny ;

Pleading for *Milk*, his Thoughts were on *Mince-Pye* ;

But all his Arguments so dubious were,

That *Mully* thence had neither Hopes nor Fear.

You've spoke, says *Robin*, but now let me tell ye

'Tis not fair-spoken Words that fill the *Belly* ;

Pudding and Beef I love, and cannot stoop

To recommend your *Banny-Clapper* Soup ;

You say she's *Innocent*, but what of *that*,

'Tis more than *Crime* sufficient that she's *Fat* ;

And that which is prevailing in this Case.

Is, there's another *Cow* to fill her Place.

And granting *Mully* to have *Milk* in store,

Yet still this other *Cow* will give us more ;

She *Dies*—— stop, here my *Muse*, forbear the rest,

And vail that Grief which cannot be exprest.

The

The Benefits of a Theatre.

PRithee *Jerry* be quiet, cease Railing in vain,
 Nor Banter the Stage with Invectives again ;
 I find thou art ignorant still of its Merit,
 And Rail but as Quakers when warm'd with the
 (Spirit.
 Shall a Place be put down when we see it affords
 Fit VVives for Great Poets, and VV——s for Great
 Since *Angelica* blest with a singular Grace (Lords ?
 Had by her fine Acting preserv'd all his Plays,
 In an Amorous Rapture Young *Valentine* said,
 One so fit for his Plays might be fit for his Bed ;
 He warmly pursu'd her, she yielded her Charms,
 And blest the kind Youngster in her kinder Arms :
 But at length the poor Nymph did for Justice implore ;
 H'as Married her now, tho' he'd —— her before.
 If such things will help to Reform thy ill Nature,
 Prithce *Jerry* enquire the Truth of the Matter.
 Ask D——n the Rake what he means at Three-
 (score ?
 Or prithce ask C——n what made her turn VV—— ?
 To be kept by a D——ke there is much to be said
 (for't,
 Especially too since she soundly is paid for't ;
 Since her Voice and her Eyes cou'd his G——ce so be-
 (witch,
 'Twas better snap him than be mumbld by R——ch.
 Next ask honest P——ce what the Devil he thinks on
 To let his Dear *Betty* be Stallion'd by K——n ?
 VVhat Philtres his Lordship made use of to win her,
 That one so demure shou'd he turn'd to a Sinner ?
 A Saint in appearance, but true *Flesh and Blood*,
 VVho resisted the Devil as long as she cou'd.
 So long he attack'd her, the Matter is clear,
 She perfectly long'd to be —— by a P——.

The QUIETUS.

How fleeting is Honour? Who'd strive to be *Great*,
Or Glitter with Pomp in a *Car* of the *State*,
When so oft 'tis attended with *Phaeton's* Fate?

Applauses and Glory may Prop 'em awhile,
The *King* and the *Council* alike on 'em smile,
Till at length they are caught and trapp'd in a *Toil*.

When *S——s* first handled the *Purse* and the *Mace*,
His Wit might have told him in *Clarendon's* Case,
He attempted to fit in a Quicksilver Place.

But my Lord he was Mortal, and each has his Failing,
He adher'd to the Court, and practis'd wrong Dealing,
Old *S——r* and *M——ve* both fell a Railing.

To his *Quietus* he was forc'd to submit,
He'd *Blots* in his *Tables* he knew wou'd be hit,
Which *H——w* and some others wou'd never acquit.

The *King* and the *Council*, as some do surmise,
Do Juggle together, and seem to Advise,
While a Crafty Old Fox Rules all in Disguise.

The Measures are taken from *S——d's* Nod,
Who in Old *Machiavel's* Maxims has Trod;
To Pleasure his Prince he'd Forfeit his God.

A Politick *Jack*, who in Times is a Peeper,
Own'd *S——s* had Faults, but *W——ts* wou'd be
(deeper,
Then whip goes the *Seal*, and adieu my Lord *K——r*.

The Nine K---s.

WILL's wasted to *Holland* on some State In-
 (trigue,
 Or gone for to Visit his *Hog---ns* at *Hague*;
 For fear in his Absence his Subjects Repine,
 He Canton'd his Kingdom, and left 'em to Nine, }
 Eight Ignorant P---rs, and a Blockish D---ne. }
 To make up the *Hydra*, there's *Cant*, that dull *Tool*,
 VVho Governs the *Church* as the *State* he does Rule.
 To make their *Commissions* more glibly run down,
 'Twas wisely contriv'd to hedge in the Gown;
 P---ke the *Sage*, who o'er all does Preside,
 Fluth'd with *Champaign* is a Giddy Rash Guide.
 If the *Goblet* but Airs his Brain and his Pulse,
 The *State's* in an Ague, and we are Convuls'd.
 D---n the Haughty, the Blustering Rake,
 Is just fit to Govern the *Arse* in the *Peak*;
 VVho tortures his Tenants, and nought will defray,
 VVe quickly shall see how a *Sceptre* he'll Sway.
 The K--- had better have kept to the Law, }
 To Banter a VVitness, and find out a Flaw, }
 What he knows in the State I'd not give him a }
 (Straw.)
 'Tis true, he's Translated by some lucky Hit,
 Like the Frog in the *Fable* he'll swell 'till he split;
 The Conclusion will prove him to be a stark Ass,
 He'd better have kept to his Fees and his Glafs.
 The Monarch was Mad, or he'd ne'er have employ'd
 A *Blab* in the State, or one that his Secrets discry'd.
 Now M---b's advanc'd, yet most of the VVise
 VVill have him to Rule as his VVife does Advise.
 Some Lady at Court perhaps may Repine,
 She's a Lord Justice as well as the *Nine*.

On Mr. C. and Mrs. B.

Mirtilla lov'd by e'ery Swain,
 Envy'd by e'ery Maid,
 To move with tuneful *Verse* in vain
 Young *Thirsis* oft Essay'd.

At length, (for who can Love resist,
 Or Poetres to Charms,)
 She bid the Youth be more than blest,
 And sunk into his Arms.

But Ah, th' uncertain State of Joys,
 Which Humane Things afford ;
 The Nymph amidst Loves Extasies
 Dissolv'd into a T——.

Soon as th' ungrateful Odour past
 To the Nice Shepherd's Nose,
 From her cold Arms that held him fast
 With eager haste he rose.

Viewing with colder Eyes the Maid,
 For Love was now no more ;
 Sure none was ever cur'd, he said,
 So strange a way before.

Uncommon Remedies alone
 Cou'd quench my fierce Desire ;
 Those Flames which Water cannot drown,
 We smother in the Mire.

F I N I S.

